Morning Noon Night

By: Sidney Sheldon

Category: Fiction Thriller

Synopsis:

The Stanford family is one of the most respected in
America - but behind
the facade of fame and glamour lies a hidden web of
blackmail, drugs and
murder.. When Harry Stanford, one of the wealthiest men in
the world,
mysteriously drowns while cruising on his yacht off the
rugged.coast of
Corsica, it sets off a chain of events that reverberates
around the
globe. At the family gathering following the funeral in
Boston, a
strikingly beautiful young woman appears. She claims to be
Stanford's
daughter and entitled to a share of the tycoon's estate.
Is she genuine,
or is she an imposter? Sweeping from the splendours of the
Italian
Riviera, to the fashion salons of Paris and New York, and
the
opulence of Boston and Florida, Morning, Noon & Night
twists and turns
its way through intrigue, smoke and mirrors to a surprise
ending you'll
never forget... 'Sheldon is a writer working at the height
of his
power.. powerful enough to drag us along with him. I hung
on till the
very end.'

Last printing: 05/06/02
`:4<3' Morning, Noon & Night

Books by

Sidney Sheldon IF TOMORROW COMES MASTER OF THE GAME RAGE
OF ANGELS
BLOODLINE A STRANGER IN THE MIRROR THE OTHER SIDE OF
MIDNIGHT THE NAKED
FACE WINDMILLS OF THE GODS THE SANDS OF TIME MEMORIES OF
MIDNIGHT THE
DOOMSDAY CONSPIRACY THE STARS SHINE DOWN NOTHING LASTS
FOREVER

SIDNEY
SHELDON Morning, Noon & Night a Harper Collins Publication
HarperCollinsPublishers 77-85 Fulham Palace Road,
Hammersmith,
London,W6 &JB Special overseas edition 1996 This paperback
edition 1996

1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2 First published in Great Britain by
HarperCollinsPublishers 1995

ISBN: 0-1898- 00 649806 X Set in Times
Roman by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds,
Suffolk Printed
and bound in Great Britain by Caledonian International
Book
Manufacturing I.Ad, Glasgow

on the
subsequent purchaser.

To Kimberly with love

Allow the morning sun to
warm. Your heart when you are young And let the soft winds noon Cool
your passion, But beware the night For death lurks there, Waiting,
waiting, waiting.,
ARTHUR RiMBAUD MORNING

Chapter One.

Dmitri asked, ' you know we're being followed, NIT Stanfordt '.' He had
been aware of them for the past twenty-four hours. The two men and the
woman were dressed casually, attempting to blend in with the summer
tourists strolling along the cobbled streets in the early morning, but
it was difficult to remain inconspicuous in a place as small as the
fortified village of St.-Paul-de-Vence. Harry Stanford had first noticed
them because they were too casual, trying too hard not to look at him.

Wherever he turned, one of them was in the background. Harry Stanford
was an easy target to follow. He was six feet tall, with white hair
lapping over his collar and an aristocratic, almost imperious face. He
was accompanied by a strikingly lovely young brunette, a pure-white
German shepherd, and Dmitri Kaminsky, a six-foot four-inch bodyguard
with a bulging neck and sloping forehead. Hard to lose us, Stanford
thought. He knew'who had sent them and why, and he was filled with a

sense of imminent danger. He had learned long ago to trust his
instincts. Instinct and intuition had helped make him one of the
wealthiest men in the world. Forbes magazine estimated the value of
Stanford Enterprises at six billion dollars, while the Fortune 500
appraised it at seven billion. The Wall Street Journal, Barron's, and
the Financial Tbnes had all done profiles on Harry Stanford, trying to
explain his Mystique, his amazing sense of timing, the ineffable acu-
men that had created the giant Stanfofd Enterprises. None had fully
succeeded. What they all agreed on was that he had an almost palpable,
manic energy. He was inexhaustible. His philosophy was simple: A day
without making a deal was a day wasted. He wore, out his competitors,
his staff, and everyone else who came in contact with him. He was a
phenomenon, larger than life. He thought of himself as a religious man.

He believed in God, and the God he believed in wanted him to be rich and
successful, and his enemies dead, Harry Stanford was a public figure,
and the press knew everything about him. Harry Stanford was a private
figure, and the press knew nothing about him. They had written about his
charisma, his lavish life-style, his private plane and his yacht, and
his legendary homes in Hobe Sound, Morocco, Long Island, London, the
South of France, and of course his 4 magnificent estate, Rose Hill, in
the Back Bay area of Boston. But the real Harry Stanford remained an
enigma. ' are we going?' the woman asked. He was too

preoccupied to
answer. The couple on the other side of the street was using the
cross-switch technique, and they had just changed partners again. Along
with his sense of danger, Stanford felt a deep anger that they were
invading his plivacy. They had dared come to him in this place, his
secret haven from the rest of the world. St.-Paul-de-Vence is a
picturesque, medieval village, weaving its ancient magic on a hilltop in
the Alps Maritimes, situated inland between Cannes and Nice. it is
surrounded by a spectacular and enchanting landscape of hills and
valleys covered with flowers, orchards, and pine forests:-The village
itself, a cornu- copia of artists' studios, galleries and wonderful
antique shops, is a magnet for tourists from all over the world. Harry
Stanford and his group turned onto the Rue Grande. Stanford turned to
the woman Sophia, ' you like museums?' 4yes, caro.' She was eager to
please him. She had never met anyone like Harry Stanford. Wait until I
fell my giry'friends about hbm I didn't think there was '' anything left
for me to learn about sex, but my God, he's so creative! He's wearing me
out! They went up the hill to the Fondation maeght art museum, and
browsed through its renowned collection Of Paintings by Bonnard and
Chagall and many other contemporary artists. When Harry Stanford
casually glanced around, he observed the woman at the other end Of the
gallery, earnestly studying a Mir6. Stanford turned to Sophia.

"Hungry?' '. If you are.' Must not be pushy. '. We'll have lunch at La
Colombe d'Or.' La Colombe d'Or was one of Stanford's favorite
restaurants, a sixteenth-century house at the entrance to the old
village, converted into a hotel and restaurant. Stanford and Sophia sat
at a table in the garden, by the pool, where Stanford could admire the
Braque and Calder. Prince, the white German shepherd, lay at his feet,
ever watchful. The dog was Harry Stanford's trademark. Where Stanford
went, Prince went. it was rumored that at Harry Stanford's command, the
animal would tear out a person's throat. No one, wanted to test that
rumor. Dmitri sat by himself at a table near the hotel entrance,
carefully observing the other patrons as they came and went., Stanford
turned to Sophia. ' I order for you, my deart 611lease.1 Harry Stanford
prided himself on being a gourmet. He ordered a green salad
andfricass,6e de lotte for both of them. As they were being served their
main course, Danielle Roux, who ran the hotel with her husband, Franr,
ois, approached the table and smiled. '. Is everything all right,
Monsieur Stanfordt ', Madame Roux.' And it was going to be. They are
pygmies, trying to fell a giant. They're in for a big disappointment.
Sophia said, ''ve never been here before. It's such a lovely village-'
Stanford turned his attention to her. Dmitri had picked her up for him
in Nice a day earlier. '. Stanford, I brought someone for you.' '
problemt. Stanford had asked. Dmitri had grinned. '." He had seen her in

the lobby of the Hotel Negresco, and had approached her. ' me, do you
speak English?' '.' She had a lilting Italian accent. ' man I work for
would like you to have dinner with him.' She had been indignant. ''m not
a puttana! I'm an actress she had said haughtily. n fact, she had had a
walk-on part in Pupi Avati's last film, and a role with two lines of
dialogue in a Giuseppe Tornatore film. ' would I have dinner with a
stranger?' Dmitri had taken out a wad of hundred-dollar bills. He pushed
five into her hand. ' friend is very generous. He has a yacht, and he is
lonely.' He had watched her expression go through a series of changes
from indignation, to curiosity, to interest. ' it happens, I'm between
pictures.' She smiled. ' would probably do no harm to have dinner with
your friend."

"Good. He will be pleased.' ' is he?' '.-Paul-de-Vence.' Dmitri had
chosen well. Italian. In her late twenties. A sensuous, catlike face.
Full-breasted figure. Now, looking at her across the table, Harry
Stanford made a decision. ' you like to travel, Sophia?' ' adore it."

"Good. We'll go on a little trip. Excuse me a moment.' Sophia watched as
he walked into the restaurant and to a public telephone outside the
men's room. Stanford put ajeton in the slot and dialed. ' operator,
please.' Seconds later, a voice said, ' lop6atrice maritime.' ' want to
put in a call to the yacht Blue Skies. Whiskey bravo lima nine eight
zero ...' The conversation lasted five -minutes, and when

Stanford was
finished, he dialed the airport at Nice. The conversation was shorter
this time. When Stanford was through talking, he spoke to Dmitri, who
rapidly left the restaurant. Then he returned to Sophia. ' you ready?'
'. ''s take a walk.' He needed time to work out a plan. It was a perfect
day. The sun had splashed pink clouds across the horizon and'rivers of
silver light ran through the streets..

They strolled along the Rue Grande, past the tgjise, the beautiful
twelfth-century church, and stopped at the boulangerie in front of the@
Arch to buy some fresh baked bread '. When they came out, one of the
three watchers ' standing outside, busily studying the church.

Dmitri was also waiting for them. Harry Stanford handed the bread to
Sophia. ' don't you take this up to the house? I'll be along in a few
minutes! ' right! She smiled and said softly, ', caro! Stanford watched
her leave, then motioned to Dm itri. ' did you find ouff "The woman and
one of the men are staying at Le Hameau, on the road to La Colle! Harry
Stanford knew the place.-. It was a whitewashed farmhouse with an
orchard a mile west of St.-Paul-de-Vence. ' the other onet ' Le Mas
d'Artigny.' Le Mas d'Artigny was a Provenw mansion on a hillside two
miles west of St.-Paul-de-Vence. ' do you want me to do with them, sirt
'. I'll take care of them.' Harry Stanford's villa was on the Rue de
Casette, next to the mairie, in an area of narrow cobblestone streets

and very old houses. The villa was a five-level house made of old stone
and plaster. Two levels below the main house were a garage and an old
cave used as a wine cellar. A stone staircase led to upstairs bedrooms,
an office, and a tiled-roof terrace.

The entire house was furnished in French antiques and filled with
flowers. When Stanford returned to the villa, Sophia was in his bedroom,
waiting for him. She was naked. ' took you so long?' she whispered.

In order to survive, Sophia Matteo, often picked up money between film
assignments as a call girl, and she was used to faking orgasms to please
her clients, but with this man, there was no need to pretend. He was
insatiable, and she found herself climaxing again and again. When they
were finally exhausted, Sophia put her 10 arms around him and murmured
happily, ' could stay here forever, caro.' I wish I could, Stanford
thought, grimly. a They had dinner at Le C66 de la Place in Plaza du
General-de-Gaulle, near the entrance to the village. The dinner was
delicious, and for Stanford the danger added spice to the meal. When
they were finished, they made their way back to the villa. Stanford
walked slowly, to make certain his pursuers followed. At one A. m., a
man standing across the street ' the lights in the villa being, turned
off, one by one, until the building was in total darkness. At four
thirty in the morning, Harry Stanford went into the guest bedroom where
Sophia slept. He shook her gently. ' ... T She opened her

eyes and
looked up at him, a smile of anticipation on her face, then frowned. He
was fully dressed* She sat up. ' something wrong?' ', MY dear.
Everything is fine. You said you liked to travel. Well, were going to
take a little trip.' She was wide awake now. ' this hourr '. We must be
very quiet.' '@i .. ! '.' Fifteen minutes later, Harry Stanford, Sophia,
Dmitri, and Prince were moving down the stone.

Chapter Two.

Half an hour later, at Nice airport, a converted Boeing 727 was slowly
taxiing down the runway to the takeoff point. Up in the tower, the
flight controller said, ' certainly are in a hurry to get that plane off
the ground. The pilot has asked for a clearance three times. 9 "Whose
plane is itt ' Stanford *King Midas himself.' ''s probably on his way to
make another billion or two.' The controller turned to monitor a Lea@et
taking off, then picked up the microphone.

"Boeing eight nine five Papa, this is Nice departure control. You are
cleared for takeoff. Five left. After departure, turn right to a heading
of one four zero.' Harry Stanford's pilot and copilot exchanged a
relieved look. The pilot pressed the microphone button. '. Boeing eight
nine five Papa is cleared for takeoff. Will turn Fight to one four
zero.' A moment later, the huge plane thundered down the runway and
knifed into the gray dawn sky. 14 The copilot spoke into the microphone
again. 413eparture, Boeing eight nine five Papa is

climbing out of three
thousand for flight level seven zero.' The copilot turned to the pilot.

"Whew! Old Man Stanford was . anxioui for us to get off the ground,
wasn't het The pilot shrugged. ' not to reason why, ours but to do and
die. How's he doing. back theret The copilot rose and stepped to the
door of the cockpit, and looked into the cabin. ''s resting.' They
telephoned the airport tower from the car. '. Stanford's plane ... Is it
still on the groundt ', monsieur. It has departed.' ' the pilot file a
flight plant ' course, monsieur.' ' where?' ' plane is headed for JKF.'
' you.' He ' to his companion. '.

We'll have people there to meet him.' When the Renault passed the
outskirts of Monte Carlo, speeding toward the Italian border, Harry
Stanford said, ''s no chance that we were followed, Dmitrit ', sir.
We've lost them.' '.' Harry Stanford leaned back in his seat and r ..
There was nothing to worry about. They would be tracking the plane. He
reviewed the situation 15 in his mind. It was really a question of what
they knew and when they knew it. They were jackals following the trail
of a lion, hoping to bring him down. Harry Stanford smiled to himself.
They had underestimated the man they were dealing with. Others who had
made that mistake had paid dearly for it. Someone would also pay this
time. He was Harry Stanford, the confidant of presidents and kings,
powerful and rich enough to make or break the economies of a dozen

countries. The 727 was in the skies over Marseilles. The pilot spoke
into the microphone. ', Boeing eight nine five Papa is with you,
climbing out of flight level one nine zero for flight level two three
zero.' '.' The R ' reached San Remb shortly after dawn. Harry Stanford
had fond memories of the city, but it had changed drastically. He
remembered a time when it had been an elegant town with first-class
hotels and restaurants, and a casino where black tie was required and
where fortunes could be lost or won in an evening. Now it had succumbed
to tourism, with loud-mouthed patrons gambling in their shirtsleeves.
The Renault was approaching the harbor, twelve miles from the
French-Italian border. There were two marinas at the harbor, Marina
Porto Sole to the east, and Porto Communale to the west. In Porto Sole,
a 16 marine attendant directed the berthing. In Porto Communale, there
was no attendant. ' one?" Dmitri asked. ' Communale,' Stanford directed.
Ae fewer people around, the better. ', sir.' A few minutes later, the
Renault pulled up next to the Blue Skies, a sleek hundred-and7zghty-foot
motor yacht.

Captain Vacarro and the crew of twelve were lined UP on deck. The
captain burned down the gangplank to greet the new arrivals. ' morning,
Signor Stanford,' Captain Vacarro said. ''ll take your luggage, and .. '
luggage. Let's shove off.' ', sir.' ' a minute.' Stanford was studying
the crew. He frowned. ' man on the end. He's new, isn't he?' ', sir. Our

cabin boy got sick in Capri, and we took on this one. He's highly -' '
rid of him,' Stanford ordered. The captain looked at him, puzzled. ' ...
?' ' him off.

Let's get out of here.' Captain Vacaffo nodded. ', sir.' Looking around,
Harry Stanford was filled with an increasing -sense of foreboding. He
could almost reach out and touch it. He did not want any strangers near
him. Captain Vacarro, and his crew had been with him for years. He could
trust them. He turned to look at the girl. Since Dmitri had picked her
up at random, 17 here was no danger there. And as for Dmitri, his
faithful bodyguard had saved his life. more than once.

Stanford turned to Dmitri.-'Stay close to me.' ', sir.' Stanford took
Sophia's arm. ''s go aboard, my dear.' - Dmitri Kaminsky stood on deck,
watching the crew prepare to cast off. He scanned the harbor, but he saw
nothing to be alarmed about. At this time of the morning, there was very
little activity. The yacht's huge generators burst into life, and the
vessel got under weigh. The captain approached Harry Stanford.

"You didn't say where we were heading, Signor Stanford.' ,, I didn't,
did 1, captaint He thought for a moment. '.' ', sir.' ' the way, I want
you to maintain strict radio silence.' Captain Vacarro frowned. '
silence? Yes, sir, but what if ... T Harry Stanford said, "Don't worry
about'it. Just do it. And I don't want anyone using the satellite
phones.' ', sir. Will we be laying over in Portofinot

"I'll let you
know, captain.' Harry Stanford took Sophia on a tour of the yacht. It
was one of his prized possessions, and he enjoyed 18 vessel. It had a 91
Sbowm' it off. It was a breathtaking luxuriously appointed master suite
with a sitting room and an office. The office was spacious and
comfortably hirnished with a couch, several easy chairs, and a desk, ,
which was enough equipment to run a small town. On the wall was a large
electronic map with a small moving boat showing the current position of
the yacht. Sliding glass doors opened from the master suite onto an
outside veranda deck furnished with a chaise longue and a table with
four chairs. A tea k railing ran along the outside. On balmy days, it
was Stanford's custom to have breakfast on the veranda.

There were six guest staterooms, each with hand painted silk panels,
picture windows, @and a bath with a Jacuzzi. The large library was done
in koa wood. The dining room could seat sixteen guests. A fully
equipped. fitness salon was on the lower deck. The yacht also contained
a wine cellar and a theater that was ideal for running films. Harry
Stanford had one of the world's greatest libraries of pornographic
movies. T"he furnishings throughout the vessel were exquisite, and the
paintings -would have made any museum proud- ', now you've seen most of
it,' Stanford told Sophia at the end of the tour. ''ll show you the rest
tomorrow.1 She was awed. ''ve never seen anything like it! It's ... it's
like a city!' Harry Stanford smiled at her enthusiasm. '

19 steward will
show you to your cabin. Make yourself comfortable. I have
some work to
do.' Harry Stanford returned to his office and checked the
electronic
map on the wall for the location of the yacht. Blue Skies
was in the
Ligurian Sea, heading northeast. 7hey won't know where Fve
gone,
Stanford thought. They'll be waiting for me at JFK When we
get to
Portofino, F11 straighten everything out. Thirty-five
thousand feet in
the air, the pilot of the 727 was getting new
instructions. ' eight nine
five Papa, you are cleared directly to Delta India
November upper route
forty as filed.' '. Boeing eight nine five Papa is cleared
direct Dinard
upper route forty as filed.' He turned to the copilot. '
clear.' The
pilot stretched, got up, and walked to the cockpit door.
He looked into
the cabin. "How's our passenger doing?' the copilot asked.
' looks
hungry to me."

Chapter Three the.

Ligurian coast is the Italian Riviera, sweeping in a
semicircle from the
French-Italian border around to Genoa, and then continuing
down to the
Gulf of La Spezia. The beautiful long ribbon of coast and
its @Wrkling
waters contain the storied ports of Portofino, Vernazza,
and beyond them
Elba, -Sardinia, and Corsica. Blue Skies was approaching
Portofino,
which even from a distance was an impressive sight, its
hillsides
covered with olive trees, pines, cypresses and palms.
Harry Stanford,
Sopbia, and Dniitri were on deck, studying -the

approaching coastline.

"Have you been to Portofino oftent Sophia asked. ' few times.' 619there
is your main home?' Too personat ''ll enjoy Portofino, Sophia. It's
really quite beautiful! Captain Vacarro, approached them. ' you be
having lunch aboard, Signor Stanfordt ', we'll have lunch at the
Splendido.' 21 ' good. And shall I be prepared to weigh anchor right
after lunch?' ' think not. Let's enjoy the beauty of the place." Captain
Vacarro, studied him, puzzled. One moment Harry Stanford was in a
terrible hurry, and the next moment he seemed to have all the time in
the world. And the radio shut down? Unheard of! Pazzo. When Blue Skies
dropped anchor in the outer harbor, Stanford, Sophia and Dmitri took the
yacht's launch ashore. The small seaport was charming, with a variety of
amusing shops and outdoor trattorie lining the single road that led up
to the hills. A dozen or so small fishing boats were pulled up onto the
pebbled beach. Stanford turned to Sophia. ''ll be lunching at the hotel
on top of the hill. There's a lovely view from there.' He nodded toward
a taxi stopped beyond the docks. ' a taxi up there, and I'll meet you in
a few minutes.' He handed her some lire. ' well, caro." His eyes
followed her as she walked away; then he turned to Dmitri. ' have to
make a call.' But notfrom the ship, Dmitri thought. The men went to the
two phone booths at the side of the dock. Dmitri watched as Stanford
stepped inside one of them, picked up the receiver, and inserted a

token. 40perator, I would like to place a call to someone at the Union
Bank of Switzerland in Geneva.' A woman was approaching the second phone
booth. 22 Dhlitri stepped in front of it, blocking her way.

"Excuse me,' she said. ' .. ''m waiting for a call.' She looked at him
in surprise. '.' She glanced hopefully at the phone booth Stanford was
in. , wouldn't wait,' Dmitri grunted. ''s going to be -on the telephone
for a long time., ' woman shrugged and walked. away.

6Hello?9 Dmitri was watching Stanford speaking into the mouthpiece.
@Peter? We have a little problem.' Stanford closed the door to the
booth. He was speaking very fast, and Dmitri could not hear what he was
saying. At the end of the conversation, Stanford replaced the receiver
and opened the door. ' everything -all right, Mr. Stanford?" Dmitri
asked. ''s get some lunch.' The Splendido is the crown jewel of
Portofino, a hotel with a magnificent panoramic view of the emerald bay
below. The hotel caters to the very rich, and jealously guards its
reputation. Harry Stariford and Sophia had lunch out on the terrace.

"Shall I order for yout Stanford asked. ' have some specialties here
that I think you might enjoy.' ',' Sophia said. Stanford ordered the
trenelle al pesto, the local pasta, veal, andfocaccia, the salted bread
of the region. 23 ' bring us a bottle of Schram Eighty-eight." He turned
to Sophia. ' received a gold medal in the International Wine Challenge

in London. I own the vineyard.' She smiled. ''re lucky."
Luck had
nothing to do with it. 11 believe that man was meant to
enjoy the
gustatory delights that have been put on the earth.' He
took her hand in
his. ' other delights, too.' ''re an amazing man.' ' you.'
It excited
Stanford to have beautiful women admiring him. This one
was young enough
to be his daughter and that excited him even more. When
they had
finished lunch, Stanford looked at Sophia and grinned. ''s
get back to
the yacht.' ', yes!' Harry Stanford was a protean lover,
passionate and
.. His enormous ego made him more concerned about
satisfying a woman
than about satisfying himself He knew how to excite a
woman's erotic
zones, and he orchestrated his lovemaking in a sensuous
symphony that
brought his lovers-to heights they had never achieved
before. They spent
the afternoon in Stanford's suite, and when they we
finished making
love, Sophia was exhausted. Harry Stanford dressed and
went to the
bridge to see Captain Vacarro. @`Would you like to go on
to Sardinia,
Signor Stan- T the captain asked. ''s stop off at Elba
first.' ery good,
sir. Is everything satisfactory?' ' Stanford said.

"Everything is satisfactory! He -was feeling aroused
again. He went back
to Sophia's ,,,@stateroom. They reached Elba the followirs
afternoon and
AR anchored at Portoferraio. '@', M As the Boeing 727
entered North
American airspace, the pilot checked in with ground
control. ' York
Center, Boeing eight nine five Papa is with you, passing
flight level

two six zero for flight Jevel two four zero.' The voice of New York
Center came on. ', you are cleared to one two thousand, direct JFK. Call
approach on one two seven point four.' From the back of the plane came a
low growl. ', Prince. That's a good boy. Let's get this seat belt around
you.' There were four men waiting when the 727 landed.

They stood at different vantage points so they could watch the
passengers descend from the plane. They waited for half an hour. The
only passenger to come out was a white German shepherd. 24 25
portofcrraio is the main shopping center of Elba. The streets are lined
with elegant, sophisticated shops, and behind the harbor, the
eighteenth-century buildings are tucked under the craggy
sixteenth-century citadel built by the Duke of Florence. Harry Stanford
had visited the island many times, and in a strange way, he felt at home
here. This was where Napoleon Bonaparte had been sent into exile. ''re
going to look at Napoleon's house,' he told Sophia. ''ll meet you
there.' He turned to Dmitri. ' her to the Villa dei Mulini.' ', sir.'
Stanford watched Dmitri and Sophia leave. He looked at his watch. Time
was running out. His plane would already have landed at Kennedy. When
they learned that he was not aboard, the manhunt would begin again. It
will take thenr a while to pick up the trail, Stanford thought. By then,
everything will have been settled. He stepped into a phone booth at the
end -of the dock. ' want to place a call to London," Stanford told the
operator. ' Bank. One seven one ...' Half an hour later,

he picked up
Sophia and brought her back to the harbor. ' go aboard,' Stanford told
her. ' have another call to make.' She watched him stride over to the
telephone booth 26 beside the dock. "y doesn't he use the telephones on
the)wchi? Sophia wondered. Inside the telephone booth, Harry Stanford
was saying, ' Sumitomo Bank in Tokyo .. Fifteen minutes later, when he
returned to the yacht, he was in a fury. ' we going to be anchoring here
for the nightt Captain Vacarro asked. ',' Stanford snapped. '! Let's
head for Sardinia. Now!' The Costa Smeralda in Sardinia is one of the
most ' places along the Mediterranean coast. The ' town of Porto Cervo
is a haven for the wealthy, with a large part of the area dotted with
villas built by Aly Khan. The first thing Harry Stanford did when they
docked was to head for a telephone booth.. Dmitri followed him, standing
guard outside the booth. ' want to place a call to Banca. d'Italia in
Rome The phone booth door closed- , The conversation lasted for -almost
half an hour. When Stanford came out of the phone booth, he was grim.
Dmitri wondered what was going on. Stanford and Sophia had lunch at the
beach o f Liscia di Vacca. Stanford ordered for them. ''ll start with
malloreddus.' Flakes of dough made of hard-grain 27 wheat. ' the
porceddu.' Little suckling pig, cooked with myrtle and bay leaves. ' a
wine, we'll have the Vemaccia, and for dessert, we'll have sebadas."
Fried fritters filled with fresh cheese and grated lemon rind, dusted
with bitter honey and sugar. gbene, signor.' The waiter

walked away,
impressed. As Stanford turned to talk to Sophia, his heart suddenly
skipped a beat. Near the entrance to the restaurant two men were
seated at a table, studying him. Dressed in dark suits in the summer
sun, they were not even bothering to pretend they were tourists. Are
they after me or are they innocent strangers? I mustn't let my
imagination run away with me, Stanford thought. Sophia was speaking.

"I've never asked you before. What business are you int Stanford studied
her. It was refreshing to be with someone who knew nothing about him.

"I'm retired,' he told her. ' just travel around, enjoying the world."

"And you're all by yourselff Her voice was filled with sympathy. ' must
be very lonely.' It was all he could do not to laugh aloud. ', I am. I'm
glad you're here with me.' She put her hand over his. ', too, caro.' Out
of the comer of his eye, Stanford saw the two men leave. When luncheon
was over, Stanford and Sophia and Dmitri returned to town. 28 Stanford
headed for a telephone booth. ' want the Cr6dit Lyonnais in Paris ...'
Watching him, Sophia spoke to Dmitri. ''s a wonderful man, isn't het ''s
no one like him.' ' you been with him long?' ' years,' Dmitri said. ''re
lucky.' ' know.' Dmitri walked over an@ stood guard right outside the
telephone booth. He heard Stanford saying,'Ren& You know why I'm
calling ... Yes ... Yes ... You will? ... That's wonderful!' His voice

was filled with relief. ' ... not there.

Let's meet in Corsica. That's perfect. After our meeting, I can return
directly home. Thank you, Renv Stanford put down the receiver. He stood
there a moment, smiling, then dialed a number in Boston. A secretary
answered. "Mr. Fitzgerald's office.' ' is Harry Stanford. Let me talk to
him.' ', Mr. Stanford! I'm sorry, Mr. Fitzgerald is on vacation.

Can. someone else ... ?' .'No. I'm on my way back to-the States. You.
tell him 1 want him in Boston at Rose Hill at nine o'clock Monday
morning.

Tell him to bring a copy of my will and a notary.' ''ll try to -I "Don't
try. Do it, my dear.' He put down the reoeiver and stood there, his mind
racing. When he stepped out of the telephone booth, his voice was calm.
' have a 29 little business to take care of, Sophia. Go to the Hotel
Pitrizza and wait for me.' ' right,' she said flirtatiously. ''t be too
long.' ' won't.' The two men watched her walk away. ''s get back to the
yacht,' Stanford told Dmitri. ''re leaving.' Dmitri looked at him in
surprise. ' about ... T ' can screw her way back home.' When they
returned to the Blue Skies, Harry Stanford went to see Captain Vacarro.
''re heading for Corsica,' he said. ''s shove off.' @ ' just received an
updated weather report, Signor Stanford.. I'm afraid there's a bad
storm. It would be better if we waited it out and -' ' want to leave
now, captain.' Captain Vacaffo hesitated. ' will be a

rough voyage, sir.
It's a libecdo - the southwest wind. We'll have heavy seas and squalls.'
' don't care about that.'The meeting in Corsica was going to solve all
his problems. He turned to Dmitri. ' want you to arrange for a
helicopter to pick us up in Corsica and take us to Naples. Use the
public telephone on the dock."

"Yes, sir.' Dmitri Kaminsky walked back to the dock and entered the
telephone booth. Twenty minutes later, Blue Skies was under weigh.

Chapter Four.

His idol was Dan Quayle, and he often used the name as his touchstone. @
, ' don't care what you say about Quayle, he's the only politician with
real values. Family - that's what it's all about. Without family values,
this country would be up the creek even worse than it is. All these
young kids are living together without being married, -and having
babies. It's shocking. No wonder there's so much crime. If Dan Quayle
ever runs for president, he's sure got my vote.' It was a shame, he
thought, that he couldn't vote because of a stupid law, but, regardless,
he was behind Quayle all the way.. He had four children: Billy, eight,
and the girls - Amy, Clarissa, and Susan, ten, twelve, and fourteen.

They were wonderful children, and his greatestjoy was spending what he
liked to call quality time with them. His weekends were totally devoted.

to the children. He barbecued for them, played with them, took them to
movies and ball games, and helped them with their homework. All the
youngsters in the neighborhood adored him. He repaired their bikes and
toys, and 31 invited them on picnics with his family. They gave him the
nickname of Papa. On a sunny Saturday morning, he was seated in the
bleachers, watching the baseball game. it was a picture-perfect day,
with warm sunshine and fluffy cumulus clouds dappling the sky. His
eight-year-old son, Billy, was at bat, looking very professional and
grown up in his Little League uniform. Papa's three girls and his wife
were at his side. It doesn't get any better than this, he thought
happily. Why can't all fwnifies be like ours? It was the bottom of the
eighth inning, the score was tied, with two outs and the bases loaded.

Billy was at the plate, three balls and two strikes against him. Papa
called out, encouragingly,'Get'em, Billy! Over the fence!' Billy waited
for the pitch. It was fast and low, and Billy swung wildly and missed.

The umpire yelled, ' threel' The inning was over. ' were groans and
cheers from the crowd of parents and family friends. Billy stood there
disheartened, watching the teams change sides. Papa called out, ''s all
right, son. You'll do it next time!' Billy tried to force a smile. John
Cotton, the team manager, was waiting for Billy. ''re outta the game!'
he said. 32 ut, Mrcotton ...' @Go on. Get off the field.' Billy's father

watched in hurt amazement as his son the field.

He can't do that, he thought. He has to give pilly another chance. ru
have to speak to Mr. Cotton and At that instant, the cellular phone he
carried Valig. He let it ring four times before he answered it. Only one
person had the number..He knows I hate to

"W be disturbed on weekends, he thought angrily. R I tly, he lifted the
antenna, pressed a button, e uctan And spoke into the mouthpiece. ' I
line voice at the other end spoke quietly for several minutes. Papa
listened, nodding from time to time. Pinally lie said, '. I understand.
I'll take care of it.' He put the phone away. ' everything all right,
darling?' his wife asked. '. I'm afraid it isn't. They want me to work
over the weekend. I was planning a nice barbecue for us tomorrow., His
wife took his hand and said lovingly, ''t worry about it. Your work is
more important.' Not as important as my family, he thought stubbornly.
Dan Quayle would understand His hand began to itch fiercely and he
=atched it. Why does it do that? he wondered. r1l have to see a
dermatologist one of these days. John Cotton was the assistant manager
at the local supermarket. A burly man in his fiffies, he had agreed 33
to manage the Little League team because his son was a ballplayer. His.

team had lost that afternoon because of young Billy. The supermarket had
closed, and John Cotton was in the parking lot, walking toward his car,
when a stranger approached him, carrying a package. ' me,

Mr. Cotton.'
'?' ' wonder if I could talk to you for a moment?' `1The store is
closed.' ', it's not that. I wanted to talk to you about my son. Billy
is very upset that you took him out of the game and told him he couldn't
play again.' ' is your son? I'm sorry he was even in the game. He'll
never be a ballplayer.'_ Billy's father said earnestly,, "You're not
being fair, Mr. Cotton. I know Billy. He's really a fine ballplayer.
You'll see. When he plays next Saturday - t ' isn't going to play next
Saturday. He's out.' ' ... % ' buts. That's it. Now, if there's nothing
else ... ', there is.'Billy's father had unwrapped the package in his
hand, revealing a baseball bat. He said pleadingly, "This is the bat
that Billy used. You can see that it's chipped, so it isn't fair to
punish him because -' ', mister, I don't give a damn about the bat. Your
son is out!' Billy's father sighed unhappily.

"You're sure you won't change your -mind?' 34 ' chance.' As Cotton
reached for the door handle of his car, Billy's father swung the bat
against the rear window, gmashing it. Cotton stared at him in shock.

"What ... what the bell are you doine.' e ' up,' Papa explained.

He raised the bat swung it again, smashing it against Cotton's pjohn
Cotton screamed and fell to the ground, writh- in pain. ''re crazy!" he
yelled. '!' s father knelt beside him and said softly, ' more sound, and
I'll break your other kneecap.' -Cotton stared up at him

in agony,
terrified. ' my son isn't in the game next Saturday, I'll kill you and
I'll kill your son. Do I make myself cleart Cotton looked into the man's
eyes and nodded, , to keep from screaming with -pain.

"Good. Oh, and I wouldn't want this to get out. I@ve got friends.' He
looked at his watch. He had just enough time to catch the next flight to
Boston. His hand @6egan to itch again. At seven o'clock Sunday morning,
dressed in a vested sint and carrying an expensive leather briefcase, he
walked past Vendome, through Copley Square, and on to Stuart Street. A
half block past the Park Plaza Castle, he entered the Boston Trust
Building and approached the guard. With dozens of tenants in the 35 huge
building, them would be no way the guard at the rcception desk could
identify him. Good morning,' the man said. ' morning, sir. May I help
yout He sighed. ' God can't help me. They think I have nothing to do but
spend my Sundays doing the work that someone else should have done.' The
guard said, sympathetically, ' know the feeling.' He pushed a log book
forward. ' you sign in, pleaset He signed in and walked over to the bank
of elevators. The office he was looking for was on the fifth floor. He
took the elevator to the sixth floor, walked down a flight, and moved
down the corridor. The legend on the door read, RENQuist, RENQuis-r &
Fffz- GMALD, ATMRNEYS AT LAw. He looked around to make certain the
corridor was deserted, then opened his briefcase and took out a small
pick and a tension tool. It took him five seconds to open

the locked
door. He stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

The reception room was furnished in old-fashioned, conservative taste,
as befitted one of Boston's top law firms. The man stood there a moment,
orienting himself, then moved toward the back, to a filing room where
records were kept. Inside the room was a bank of steel cabinets with
alphabetical labels on the front. He tried the cabinet marked R-S. It
was locked. From his briefcase, he removed a blank key, a file, and a
pair of pliers. He pushed the blank key inside 36 sma cabinet lock,
gently turning it from side to side. After a moment, he withdrew it and
examined @':jbe black markings on it. Holding the key with the pliers,
he carefully filed off the black spots. put the key into the lock again,
and repeated the ure. He was humming quietly to himself as he the lock,
and he smiled as he suddenly realized he was humming: ' Away.

Places'. I'll take ",;fty family on vacation, he thought happily. A real
I'll bet the kidy w6uld love Hawaii. ' cabinet drawer came open, and he
pulled it toward him. It took only a moment to find the folder he
wanted. He removed a small, Pentax camera from @;,his briefcase and went
to work. Ten minutes later he was finished. He took several pieces of
Kleenex from the briefcase, walked over to the water cooler, and wet
them. He returned to the filing room and wiped up the steel shavings on
the floor. He locked the file cabinet, made his way out to the corridor,

locked. the front door to the offices, and left the building.

Chapter Five.

At sea, later that evening, Captain Vacarro came to Harry Stanford's
stateroom. ' Stanford .. '?' The captain pointed to the electronic map
on the wall. ''m afraid the winds are getting worse. The libecdo is
centered in the Strait of Bonifacio. I would suggest that we take
shelter in a harbor until -' Stanford cut him short. ' is a good ship,
and you're a good captain. I'm sure you can handle it." Captain Vacarro
hesitated. ' you say, signor. I will do my best.' ''m sure you will,
captain.' Harry Stanford sat in the office of his suite, planning his
strategy. He would meet Ren6 in Corsica and get everything straightened
out. After that, the helicopter would fly him to Naples, and from there
he would charter a plane to take him to Boston.

Everything is going to be fine, he decided. All I need is forty-eight
hours. Justfoqy-eight hours. 38 lie was awakened at 2 A.m. by the wild
pitching of the yacht and a howling gale outside. Stanford had been in
storms before, but this was one of the worst. Captain Vacarro had been
right. Harry Stanford got out of bed, holding on to the nightstand to
steady himself, and made his way to the wall map. The ship was in the
Strait of Bonifacio. We should be in Ajaccio in the nexifiew hours, he
thought. Once we're there, we'll be safe. The events that occurred later
that night were a matter of speculation. The papers strewn

around the
veranda suggested that the strong wind had blown some of the others away,
and ' Harry Stanford had tried to retrieve them, but because of the
pitching yacht he had lost his balance and fallen overboard. Dmitri
Kaminsky saw him fall into the water and immediately grabbed the
intercom. ' overboard!"

Chapter Six.

Captaine Frangois Durer, chef de Police in Corsica, was in a foul mood.

The island was overcrowded with stupid summer tourists who were
incapable of holding onto their passports@ their wallets, or their
children. Complaints had comd streaming in all day long to the tiny
police headquarters at 2 Cours Napol6on off Rue Sergent Casalonga. ' man
snatched my purse.' ' ship sailed without me. My wife is on board.' '
bought this watch from someone on the street. it has nothing inside.' '
drugstores here don't carry the pills I need.' The problems were
endless, endless, endless. And now it seemed that the capitaine had a
body on his hands. ' have no time for this now,' he snapped. ' they're
waiting outside,' his assistant informed him.

"What shall I tell them?, Capitaine Durer was impatient to get to his
mistress. His impulse was to say, ' the body to some other 40 ut he was,
after all, the chief police official the island. e well.' He sighed.
''ll see them briefly.' moment later, Captain Vacarro and Dmitri

@@]Kaminsky were ushered into the office. ;1".. &S. t 1 down,' Capitaine
Durer said, ungraciously. The two men took chairs. ' me, please, exactly
what occurred.' Captain Vacarro said, ''m not sure exactly. I didn't see
it happen.' He turned to Dmitri Kaminsky. ' E;1% was an eyewitness.
Perhaps he should explain it.' Dmitri took a deep breath.

"It was terrible. I work worked for the man.' ' what, monsieurt
"Bodyguard, masseur, chauffeur. Our yacht was caught in the storm last
night. It was very bad. He ' me to give him a massage to relax him.

Afterward, he asked me to get him a sleeping pill. They were in the
bathroom. When I returned, he was standing out on the veranda, at the
railing. The storm was tossing the yacht around. He had been holding
some papers in his hand. One of them flew away, and he reached out to
grab for it, lost his balance, and fell over the side. I raced to save
him, but there was nothing I could do. I called for help. Captain
Vacarro immediately stopped the yacht, and through the captain's heroic
efforts, we found him. But it was too late. He had drowned.' ' am very
sorry.' He could not have cared less. 41 captain vacarro spoke, up. '
wind, and the sea carried the body back to'the Yacht. It was pure luck,
but'now we would like permission to take the body home.' ' should be no
problem.' He would still have time to have a drink with his mistress
before he went home to his wife. I will have a death certificate and an
exit visa for the body prepared at once.' He picked up a

yellow pad.

-The name of the victim?' ' Stanford.' Capitaine Durer was suddenly very
still. He looked up. ' Stanfordr '.' ' Harry Stalnford?, "Yes.' And
Capitairke Durer's future suddenly became much brighter. The gods had
dropped manna in his lap. Harry Stanf,'Ord was an international legend!
The news of his deatil would reverberate around the world, and he,
Capitairle Durer, was in control of the situation. The immediate
question was how to manipulate it for the maximi4m benefit to himself
Durer sat there, staring into spac@e, thinking. ' soon c.-an you release
the bodyt Captain Vacarro asked. He looked up-_ '. That's a good
question.' How much time will it lake for the press to arrive?

Should I ask the yacht's c-,aptain to participate in the interview? No.

Why share Athe glory with him? I will handle this 42 ' is much to be
done,' he said regretfully. rs to prepare ...' He sighed. ' could well
be a ,"Rape k or more.' Captain Vacarro was appalled. ' week or more?
"'But you said ' are certain formalities to be observed," Durer said
sternly. ' matters can't be rushed. He picked . the yellow pad again. '
is the next of kint Captain Vacarro looked at Dmitri for help. I guess
you'd better check with his attorneys in Boston.' ' names?9 ', Renquist
& Fitzgerald."

Chapter Seven.

Although the legend on the door read RENQuw, RENQuist & Fffzgmald, the
two Renquists had been long, deceased. Simon Fitzgerald was still very
much alive, and at seventy-six, he was the dynamo that powered the
office, with sixty attorneys working under him. He was perilously thin,
with a full mane of white hair, and he walked with the sternly straight
carriage of a military man. At the moment, he was pacing back and forth,
his mind in a turmoil. He stopped in front of his secretary. ' Mr.
Stanford telephoned, didn't he give any indication of what he wanted to
see me about so urgently?' ', sir. He just said he wanted you to be at
his house at nine o'clock Monday morning, and to bring his will and a
notary.' ' you. Ask Mr. Sloane to come in.' Steve Sloane was one of the
bright, innovative attorneys in the office. A Harvard Law School
graduate in his forties, he was tall and lean, with blond hair, amusedly
inquisitive blue eyes, and an easy, graceful 44 He was the
troubleshooter for the firm, and Fitzgerald's choice to take over one
day. If I on had a son, Fitzgerald thought, I would have wanted -A to be
like Steve. He watched as Steve Sloane walked ''re supposed to be salmon
fishing up in New- Steve said. ' came up. Sit down, Steve. We have a
problem.' Steve sighed. ' else is new?' ''s about Harry Stanford.' Harry
Stanford was one of their most prestigious clients. Half a dozen other
law firms handled various Stanford Enterprises subsidiaries, but
Renquist, Renquist & Fitzgerald handled his personal affairs. Except for
Fitzgerald, none of the members of the firm had ever met

him, but he
was a legend around the office.

"What's Stanford done now?' Steve asked. ''s gotten himself dead." Steve
looked at him, shocked. ''s whatt ' just received a fax from the. French
police in Corsica. Apparently Stanford fell off his yacht and drowned
yesterday.' ' God!' ' know you've never met him, but I've represented
him for more than thirty years. He was a difficult man." Fitzgerald
leaned back in his chair, thinking about the past. ' were really two
Harry Stanfords - the 45 public one who could coax the birds off the
money tree, and the sonofabitch who took pleasurelin destroying people.
He was a charmer, but he could turn on you like a cobra. He had a split
personality - he was both the snake charmer and the snake.' '
fascinating.' ' was about thirty years ago - thirty-one, to be exact -
when I joined this law firm. Old Man Renquist handled Stanford then. You
know how people use the phrase "larger than life"? Well, Harry Stanford
was really larger than life. If he didn't, exist, you couldn't have
invented him. He was a colossus. He had an Ing energy and ambition. He
was a great athlete. He boxed in college and was a ten-goal polo player.
But even when he was young, Harry Stanford was impossible. He was the
only man I've ever known who wag totally without compassion. He was
sadistic and vindictive, and he had the instincts of a vulture. He loved
forcing his competitors into bankruptcy. It was rumored that there was
more than one suicide because of him.' ' sounds like a

monster.' ' the
one hand, yes. On the other hand, he founded an orphanage in New Guinea
and a hospital in Bombay, and he gave millions to charity - anonymously.
No one ever knew what to expect next.' ' did he become so wealthyt ''s
your Greek mythologyt ''m a -little rusty.' 46 of Oedipust ' know the
story Steve nodded. ' killed his father to get his mother.' '. Well,
that was Harry Stanford. Only he killed his father to get his mother's
vote.' Steve was staring at him. ' Fitzgerald leaned forward. ' the
early thirties, E""Harry's father had a grocery store here in Boston. It
did so well that he opened a second one, and pretty soon he had a small
chain of grocery stores. When H411M finished college, his father brought
him into the business as a partner and put him on the board of
directors. As I said, Harry was ambitious. He had big reams Instead of
buying meat from packing houses, he wanted the chain to raise its own
livestock. He wanted it to buy land, and grow its own vegetables, can
its own goods. His father disagreed, and they fought a lot. ' Harry had
his biggest brainstorm of all. He told his father he wanted the company
to build a chain of supermarkets that sold everything from automobiles
to furniture to life insurance, at a discount, and charge customers a
membership fee. Harry's father thought he was crazy, and he turned down
the idea. But Harry didn't intend to let anything get in his way. He
decided he had to get rid of the old man. He persuaded his father to
take a long vacation, and while he was away, Harry went to

work charming
the board of directors. ' was a brilliant salesman and he sold them on
47 his,-concept. He persuaded his aunt and uncle, who were on the board,
to vote for him. He romanced the other members of the board. He took
them to lunch, went fox hunting with one, golfing with another. He slept
with a board membees wife who had influence over her husband. But it was
his mother who held the largest block of stock and had the final vote.
Harry persuaded her to give it to him and to vote against her husband.',
"Mat's unbelievable!' ' Harry's father returned, he learned that his
family had voted him out of the company.' GMy God! s ''s more. Harry
wasn't satisfied with that.

When his father tried to get into his own office, he found that he was
barred from the building. And, remember, Harry was only in his thirties
then. His nickname around the company was the Iceman. But credit where
credit is due, Steve. He single-handedly built. Stanford Enterprises
into one of the biggest privately held conglomerates in the world. He
expanded the company to include timber, chemicals, communications,
electronics, and a staggering amount of real estate. And he wound up
with. all the stock.' ' must have been an incredible man,' Steve said.

"He was. To men - and to wornen.' ' he marriedt Simon Fitzgerald sat
there for a long time, remembering. When he finally spoke he said,
"Harry Stanford 48 married to one of the most beautiful women I've

,',,4ver seen. Emily Temple. They had three children, two boys and a
girl. Emily came from a very social family ""In Hobe Sound, Florida. She
adored Harry, and she to close her eyes to his cheating, but one day it
C. tot to be too much for her. She had a governess for 4he children, a
woman named Rosemary Nelson. Young and attractive. What made her even
more 4ttractive to Harry Stanford was the fact that she refused to go to
bed with him. It drove him crazy. He wasn't used to rejection. Well,
when Harry Stanford turned on the charm, he was irresistible. He finally
got Rosemary into bed. He got her pregnant, and she went to see a
doctor. Unfortunately, the doctor's son-in-law @was a columnist, and he
got hold of the story and printed it. There was one hell of a scandal.

You know Boston. It, was all over the newspapers. I still have clippings
about it somewhere.' ' she get an abortiont Fitzgerald shook his head.
'. Harry wanted her to have one, but she refused. They had a terrible
scene. He told her he loved her and wanted to marry her. Of course, he
had told that to dozens ofwomen. But Emily overheard their conversation,
and in the middle of that same night she committed suicide.' ''s awful.
What happened to the governess?' ' Nelson disappeared. We know that she
had a daughter she named Julia, at St. Joseph's Hospital in Milwaukee.
She sent a note to Stanford, but, I 49 don't believe he even bothered to
reply. By then, he was involved with someone new. He wasn't interested
in Rosemary anymore.' ' ... "

"The real tragedy is what happened later. The children rightfully blamed
their father for their mother's suicide. They were ten, twelve, and
fourteen at the time. Old enough to feel the pain, but too young to
fight their father. They hated him. And Harry's greatest fear was that
one day they would do to him what he had done to his own father. So he
did everything he could to make sure that never happened. He sent them
away to different boarding schools and summer camps, and arranged for
his children to see as little of one another as possible. They received
no money from him. They lived on the small trust that their mother had
left them. All their lives he used the carrot-and stick approach with
them. He held out his fortune as the caffot, then withdrew it if they
displeased him.' ''s happened to the children?' ' is a judge in the
circuit court in Chicago. Woodrow doesn't do anything. He's a playboy.
He lives in Hobe Sound and gambles on golf and polo. A few years ago, he
picked up a waitress in a diner, got her pregnant, and to everyone's
surprise, married her. Kendall is a successful fashion designer, married
to a Frenchman. They live in New York.' He stood up.

"Steve, have you ever been to Corsica?' 50 No.' Stan- ''d like you to
fly there. They're holding Harry 0is body, and the police refuse to
release it. I want u to straighten out the matter.' ' right.' If there's
a chance of your leaving today ... '. I'll work it out." fthank s. I
appreciate ' the Air France commuter flight from Paris to

COr- a travel
book about Corsica. st Sloane read eve ,".,He learned that the island
was largely mountainous, that its principal port city was Ajaccio, and
that it was te. The book was the birthplace of Napoleon Bonapar filled
With interesting statistics, but Steve was totally As.

the plane unprepared for the beauty Of the island approached Corsica,
far below he saw a high solid wall te Cliffs of Dover. of white rock
that resembled the Whi It was breathtaking- and a taxi took The plane
landed at Ajaccio airport the Cours Napol6on, the main street that Steve
down stretched from place General de Gaulle northward to the train
station. He had made arrangements for a plane to stand by to fly Harry
Stanford's body back to Paris, where the coffin would be transferred to
a plane to Boston. All he needed was to get a release for the body. Ste
had the taxi drop him off at the Pruccturc building on Cours Napol6on.

He went up One flight 51 of stairs and walked into the reception office.

A uniformed sergeant was seated at the desk. '. Puisje vous aider?' ' is
in charge heret ' Durer.' ' would like to see him, please.' ' what is it
of concern in relationship tot The sergeant was proud of his English.
Steve took out his business card.

"I'm the attorney for Harry Stanford. I've come to taike his body back
to the States.' The sergeant frowned. ', please.' He disappeared into
Capitaine Durer's office, carefully closing the door

behind him.

The office was crowded, filled with reporters from television and news
services from all over the globe. Everyone seemed to be speaking at the
same time. ', why was he out in a storm when ... ?' ' could he fall off
a yacht in the middle of ... T ' there any sign of foul playt ' you done
an autopsy?, ' else was an the ship with ... ', gentlemen.' Capitaine
Durer held up his hand. ', gentlemen. Please.' He looked around the room
at all the reporters hanging on his every word, and he was ecstatic. He
had dreamed of moments like this. If I handle this properly, it will
mean a big promotion and - The sergeant interrupted his thoughts. '.' 52
,,He whispered in Durer's ear and handed him Steve Sloane's card.

Capitaine Durer studied it and frowned. ' can't see him now,' he
snapped. ' him to come back tomorrow at ten o'clock.' ', sir." Capitaine
Durer watched thoughtfully as the sergeant left the room. He had no
intention of -letting anyone take away his moment of glory. He turned
back to the reporters and smiled. ', what were you asking ... T I In the
outer office, the sergeant was saying to Sloane, ' am sorry, but
Capitaine Durer is very busy immediately. He would like you to expose
yourself here tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. Steve Sloane looked at
him in dismay. ' morning? That's ridiculous - I don't want to-wait that
long.' The sergeant shrugged. ' is of your chosen, monsieur.' Steve
frowned. ' well. I don't have a hotel reservation. Can you

recommend a
hotelt 16mais oui. I am pleased to have recommended the Colomba, eight
Avenue de Paris.' T Steve hesitated.

"Isn't there some way ... ' o'clock tomorrow morning.1 - Steve turned and
walked out of the office. In Durer's office, the capitaine was happily
coping with the barrage of reporters' questions.

53 A television reporter asked, ' can you be sure it was an accidentt ,
Durer looked into the lens of the camera. ', there was an eyewitness to
this terrible event. Monsieur Stanford's cabin has an open veranda.
Apparently some important papers flew out of his hand, onto the terrace,
and he ran to retrieve them. When he reached out, he lost his balance
and fell into the water. His bodyguard saw it happen and immediately
called for help. The ship stopped, and they were able to retrieve the
body.' ' did the autopsy showt ' is a small island, gentlemen. We are
not properly equipped to do a full autopsy.

However, our medical examiner reports that the cause of death was
drowning. We found seawater in his lungs. There were no brvises or any
signs of foul play.' ' is the body nowt - , ' are keeping it in the cold
storage room until authorization is given for it to be taken away! One
of the photographers said, ' you mind if we take a picture of you,
capitainet Capitaine Durer hesitated for a dramatic moment. '.

Please, gentlemen, do what you must.' And the cameras began to flash. He

had lunch at La Fontana on Rue NOtre Dame, and with the rest of the day
to kill, started exploring the town. 54 -Ajaccio was a colorful
Mediterranean town that still basked in the glory of having been
Napoleon Bonaparte's birthplace. I think Harry Stanford would have
-identfied with this place, Steve thought. it was the tourist season in
Corsica, and the streets were crowded with visitors chatting away in
French, Italian, German and Japanese. That evening Steve had an
Italiaii'dinner at Le Boccaccio and returned to his hotel. ' messagest
he asked the room clerk, optimistically. ', monsieur.' He lay in bed
haunted by what Simon Fitzgerald had told him about Harry Stanford. Did
she get an abortion? No. Harry wanted her to have one, but sherefused
They had a terrible scene. He told her he loved her and wanted to marry
her. Of course, he had told that to dozens of women. But Emily overheard
their conversation, and in the middfe of that same night she commit-
ted suicide. Steve wondered how she had done it. He finally fell asleep.
At ten o'clock the following morning, Steve Sloane appeared again at the
Pr6fecture. The same sergeant was seated behind the desk. ' morning,'
Steve said. 55 ', monsieur. Can I help to assist yout Steve handed the
sergeant another business card. ''m here to see Capitaine Durer.' '
moment.' The sergeant got up, walked into the inner office, and closed
the door behind him. Capitaine Durer, dressed in an impressive new
uniform, was being interviewed by an RAI television crew from Italy. He

was looking into the camera. ' I took charge of the case, the first
thing I did was to make certain that there was no foul play involved in
Monsieur Stanford's death.' The interviewer asked, ' you were satisfied
that there was none, capitainet "Completely satisfied. There is no
question but that it was an unfortunate accident.' The director said, '.
Let us cut to another angle and a closer shot.' The sergeant took the
opportunity to hand Capitaine Durer Sloane's business card. ' is
outside.' ' is the matter with yout Durer growled. ''t you see I'm busy?
Have him come back tomorrow.' He had just received word that there were
a dozen more reporters on their way, some from as far away as Russia and
South Africa. '.' '.' ' you ready, capitaine?' the director asked.
Capitaine Durer smiled. ''m ready.' The sergeant returned to the outer
office. ' am sorry, monsieur. Capitaine Durer is out of business today.'
56 ' am I,' Steve snapped. ' him that all he has to do is sign a paper
authorizing the release of Mr. Stanford's body, and I'll be on my way.
That's not too much to ask, is itt - ' am afraid, yes. The capitaine has
many responsibilities, and ''t someone else give me the authorizationt
', no, monsieur. Only the capitaine can do the authority-, ISteve Sloane
stood there, seething. ' can I see himt ' suggest if you try again
tomorrow morning. The phrase ' again' grated on Steve's ears. ''ll do
that,'he said. ' the way, I understand there was an eyewitness to the
accident - Mr. Stanford's bodyguard, a Dmitri Kaminsky.'
'. es.@ ' would

like to talk to hiin. Could you tell me where he's staying. '.' ' that a
hoteff ', monsieur.' There was pity in his voice. ' is a country.,
Steve's voice rose an octave.

"Are you telling me that the only witness to Stanford's death was
allowed by the police to leave here before anyone could interrogate
himt ' Drurer interrogated him.' Steve took a deep breath.

"Thank you.' 57 "No problems, monsieur.' When@ Steve returned to his
hotel, he reported back to Simon Fitzgerald. ' looks like I'm going to
have to stay another night here.9 ''s going on, Stevet "The man in
charge seems to be very busy. It's the tourist season. He's probably
looking for some lost purses. I should be out of here by tomorrow."

"Stay in touch.' In spite of his irritation, Steve found the island of
Corsica enchanting. It had almost a thousand miles of coastline, with
soaring, granite mountains that stayed snow-topped until July. The
island had been ruled by the Italians until France took it over, and the
combination of the two cultures was fascinating. During his dinner at
the Cr8perie U San Carlu, he remembered how Simon Fitzgerald had
described Harry Stanford. He was the only man I've ever known who was
totally without compassion ... a sadistic and vindictive man. Well,
Harry Stanford is causing a hell of a lot of trouble even in death,
Steve thought. On the way to his hotel, Steve stopped at a news- stand
to pick up a copy of the International Herald Tribune. The

headline
read: WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE STANFORD EMPIRE? He paid for the
newspaper, and as he turned to leave, his eye was caught by the
headlines 58 V@ some of the foreign papers on the Stand. He picked them
up and looked through them, stunned. Every tories about the single
newspaper had front-page s death of Harry Stanford, and in each one of
them, his photocapitaine Durer was prominently featured aravh beaming
from the pages. So that's what's keeping him so busy! We'll see about
that. At nine forty-five the followini' morning, Steve returned to
Capitaine Durer's reception office. The sergeant was not at his desk,
and the door to the inner office was ajar. Steve pushed it open and
stepped inside. The capitaine was changing into a new uniform, preparing
for his morning press interviews. He looked up as Steve enteread.

"Quest-ce que vous jaites ici? Cest un bureau privo Allez-vous-en!' ''m
with the New York Times" Steve Sloane said. Instantly, Durer brightened.

"Ali, come in, come in. You said your name is ... T '. John Jones."

"Can I offer you something, perhaps? Coffee? Cognac?' ', thanks" Steve
said. ', please, sit down.' Durer's voice became somber.

"You are here, of course, about the terrible tragedy that has happened
on our little island. Poor Monsieur Stanford.' 59 ' do you plan to
release the body9'Steve asked. Capitaine Durer sighed. ', I am afraid

not for many, many days. There are a great number of forms to fill out
in the case of a man as important as Monsieur Stanford. There are
protocols to be followed, you understand.' ' think I do,' Steve said.

"Perhaps ten days. Perhaps, two weeks.' By then the interest of the
press will have cooled down. ''s my card,' Steve said. He handed
Capitaine Durer a card. The capitaine glanced at it, then took a closer
look. ' are an attorney. You are not a reportert '. I'm Harry Stanford's
attorney.' Steve Sloane rose. ' want your authorization to release his
body.' ', I wish I could give it to you,' Capitaine Durer said,
regretfully. ',.my hands are tied. I do not see how "Tomorrow.' ' is
impossible! There is no way ...' ' suggest that you get in touch with
your superiors in Paris. Stanford Enterprises has several very large
factories in France. It would be a shame if our board of directors
decided to close all of them down and build in other countries.'
Capitaine Durer was staring at him. ' ... I have no control over such
matters, monsieur.' ' I do,' Steve assured him. ' will see that Mr. 60
Stanford, s body is released to me tomorrow, or you're going to find
yourself in more trouble than you can possibly imagine." Steve turned to
leave. '! Monsieur! Perhaps in a few days, I can "Tomorrow.' And Steve
was gone. Three hours later, Steve Sloane received a telephone call at
his hotel. ' Sloane? Ali, I have w@nderful news for you! I have managed
to arrange for Mr. Stanford's body to be released to you

immediately. I
hope you appreciate the trouble ' you. A private plane will leave here
at eight o'clock tomorrow morning to take us back. I assume all the
proper papers will be in order by then.' ', of course. Do not worry. I
will see to '.' Steve replaced the receiver. Capitaine Durer sat there
for a long, time.

Merdef What bad luck! I could have been a celebrityfor at least another
week. When the plane carrying Harry Stanford's body landed at Logan
International Airport in Boston, there was a hearse waiting to meet it.

Funeral services were to be held three days later. Steve Sloane reported
back to Simon Fitzgerald. ' the old man is finally home,' Fitzgerald
said. ''s going to be quite a reunion. 61 ' reuniont '. It should be
interesting,' he said. ' Stanford's children are coming here to
celebrate their father's death. Tyler, Woody and Kendall."

Chapter Eight.

Judge Tyler Stanford had first seen' the story on Chicago's station
WBBM. He had stared at the television set, mesmerized, his heart
pounding. There was a picture of the yacht Blue Skies, and a news
commen- tator was saying, in a storm, in Corsican waters, when the
tragedy occurred. Dmitri Kaminsky, Harry Stanford's bodyguard, was a
witness to the accident, but was unable to save his employer. Harry
Stanford was known in financial circles as one of the shrewdest ...

Tyler sat there, watching the shifting images,
remembering, remembering
... It was the loud voices that had awakened him in the
middle of the
night. He was fourteen years old. He had listened to the
angry voices
for a few minutes, then crept down the upstairs hall to
the staircase.

In the foyer below, his mother and father were having a
fight. His
mother was screaming, and he watched his father slap her
across the
face. 63 "It', The picture on the television set shifted.
There was a
scene of Harry Stanford in the Oval Office of the White
House, shaking
hands with President Ronald Reagan. ' of the cornerstones
of the
president's new financial task force, Harry Stanford has
been an
important adviser to.. They were playing football in back
of the house,
and his brother, Woody, threw the ball toward the house.
Tyler chased
it, and as he picked it up he heard his father, on the
other side of the
hedge..'I'm in love with you. You know thatv He stopped,
thrilled that
his mother and father were not fighting, and then he heard
the voice of
their governess, Rosemary. ''re married. I want you to
leave me alone.'
And he suddenly felt sick to his stomach. He loved his
mother and he
loved Rosemary. His father was a terrifying stranger. The
picture on the
screen flashed to a series of shots of Harry Stanford
posing with
Margaret Thatcher ... President Mitterrand ... Mikhail
Gorbachev ... The
announcer was saying, ' legendary tycoon was equally at
home with
factory workers and world leaders.' He was passing the

door to his
father's office when he heard Rosemary's voice. ''m
leaving.' And then
his 64 father's voice, ' won't let you leave. You've got
to be
reasonable, Rosemary! This is the only way that you and I
can ' won't
listen to you. And I'm keeping the baby!' Then Rosemary
had disappeared.

The scene on the television set shifted again. There were
old clips of
the Stanford family in front of a church, watching a
coffinbeing lifted
into a hearse. The commentator was saying,'... Harry
Stanford and the
children beside the coffin ... Mrs. Stanford's suicide was
attributed to
her faili pig health. According to police investigators,
Harry Stanford
...' In the middle of the night, he had been shaken awake
by his father.
' up, son. I have some bad news for you., The
fourteen-year-old boy
began to tremble. ' mother had an accident, Tyler.' It was
a lie. His
father had killed her. She had committed suicide because
of his father
and his affair with Rosemary. The newspapers had been
filled with the
story. It was a scandal that rocked Boston, and the
tabloids took full
advantage of it. There was no way'to keep the news from
the Stanford
children. Th? ir classmates made their lives hell. In just
twenty-folir
hours, the three young children had lost the two people
they loved most.
And it was their father who was to blame. 65 ' don't care
if he is our
father.' Kendall sobbed. ' hate him.' ', too!' "Me, too!'
They through -ht
about running away, but they had nowhere to go. They
decided to rebel.

Tyler was delegated to talk to him. ' want a different father. We don't
want you.' Harry Stanford had looked at him and said, coldly, ' think we
can arrange that.' Three weeks later, they were all shipped off to
different boarding schools. As the years went by, the children saw very
little of their father. They read about him in newspapers, or watched
him on television, escorting beautiful women or chatting with
celebrities, but the only time they were with him was on what he called
'' - photo opportunities at Christmas time or other holidays - to show
what a devoted father he was.

After that, the children were sent back to their different schools and
camps until the next ''. Tyler sat hypnotized by what he was watching.
On the television screen was a montage of factories in different parts
of the world, with pictures of his father. '... one of the largest
privately held conglomerates in the world. Harry Stanford, who created
it, was a legend ... The question in the minds of Wall Street experts
is, What is going to happen to the family-owned company 66 now that its
founder is gone? Harry Stanford left three children, but it is not known
who will inherit the multibillion-dollar fortune that Stanford left
behind, or who will control the corporation He was six years old. He
loved roaming around the large house, exploring all the exciting rooms.
The only place that was off-limits to him was his father's office. Tyler
was aware that important meetings went on in there. Impressive-looking

men dressed in dark suits were constantly coming and going, meeting with
his father. The fact that the office was off-limits to Tyler made it
irresistible. One day when his father was away, Tyler decided to go into
the office. The huge room was overpowering, awesome. Tyler stood there,
looking at the large desk and at the huge leather chair that his father
sat in. One day Im going to sit in that chair, and I'm going to be
important like Father. He moved over to the desk and examined it. There
were dozens of official-looking papers on it. He moved around to the
back of the desk and sat in his father's chair. It felt wonderful. I'm
important now, too! '91hat the hell are you doing? Tyler looked up,
startled. His father stood in the' doorway, furious. ' told you you
could sit behind that desk?' The young boy was trembling. ' ... I just
wanted to see what it was like." 67 His father stormed over to him. ',
you'll never know what it's like! Never! Now get the hell out of here
and stay outv Tyler ran upstairs, sobbing, and his mother came to his
room. She put her arms around him. ''t cry, darling. It's going to be.
all right.' ''s ... it's not going to be all right,' he sobbed. ' ... he
hates me!' '.

He doesn't hate you.' ' I did was to sit in his chair.' ''s his chair,
darling. He doesn't want anyone to sit in it.' He could not stop crying.
She held him close and said, ', when your father and I were married, he
said he wanted me to be part of his company. He gave me one share of

stock. It was kind of a family joke. I'm going to give you that share.
I'll put it in a trust for you. So now you're part of the company, too.
All rightt There were one hundred shares of stock in Stanford
Enterprises, and Tyler was now a proud owner of one share. When Harry
Stanford heard what his wife had done, he scoffed, ' the hell do you
think he's going to do with that one share? Take over the company?'
Tyler switched off the television set and sat there, adjusting to the
news. He felt a deep sense of satisfaction. Traditionally, sons wanted
to be successful to 68 please their fathers. Tyler Stanford had longed
to be a success so he could destroy his father. As a child, he had a
recurring dream that his father was charged with murdering his mother,
and Tyler was the one who would pass sentence. I sentence you to die in
the electric chair! Sometimes the dream would vary, and Tyler would
sentence his father to be hanged or poisoned or shot. The dreams became
almost real. The military school he was sent to was in Mississippi, and
it was four years of pure hell. Tyler hated the discipline and the rigid
life-style. In his first year at school, he seriously contemplated
committing suicide, and the only thing that stopped him was the
determination not to give his father that satisfaction. He killed my
mother. He's not going to kill me. It seemed to Tyler that his
instructors were particularly hard on him, and he was sure his father
was responsible. Tyler refused to let the school break him. Although he

was forced to go home on holidays, his visits with his father grew more
and more unpi_(@sant. His brother and sister were also home for
holidays, but there was no sense of kinship. Their father had destroyed
that. They were strangers to one another, waiting for the holidays to be
over so they could escape. Tyler knew that his father was a
multi billionaire but the small allowance that Tyler, Woody, and Kendall
had came frqm their mother's estate. As he grew older, 69 Tyler wondered
whether he was entitled to the family fortune. He was sure he and his
siblings were being cheated. I need an attorney. That, of course, was
out of the question, but his next thought was, rm going to become an
attorney. When Tyler's father heard about his son's plans, he said, ',
you're going to become a lawyer, huh? I suppose you think I'll give you
a job with Stanford Enterprises. Well, forget it. I wouldn't let you
within a mile of id' When Tyler was graduated from law school he could
have practised in Boston, and because of the family name he would have
been welcomed on the boards of dozens of companies, but he preferred to
get far away from his father. He decided to set up a law practice in
Chicago. In the beginning, it was difficult. He r&fused to trade on his
family name, and clients were scarce. Chicago politics were run by the
Machine, and Tyler very quickly learned that it would be advantageous
for a young lawyer to become involved with the powerful central Cook
County Lawyers Association. He was given a job with the district

attorney's office. He had a keen mind and was a quick study, and it was
not long before he became invaluable to them. He prosecuted felons
accused of every conceivable crime, and his record of convictions was
phenomenal. He rose rapidly through the ranks, and finally the 70 day
came when he* received his reward. He was appointed Cook County circuit
court judge. He had thought his father finally would be proud of him. He
was wrong. '? A circuit court judge? For God's sake, I wouldn't let you
judge a baking contest!' Judge Tyler Stanford was a short, slightly
overweight man with sharp, calculating eyes and a hard mouth. He had
none of his father's charisma or attractiveness. His outstanding feature
was a deep, sonorous voice, perfect for pronouncing sentence. Tyler
Stanford was a private man who kept his thoughts to himself. He was
forty years old, but he looked much older than his years. He prided
himself on having no sense of humor. Life was too grim for levity. His
only hobby was chess, arth once a week he played at a local club, where
he invariably won. Tyler Stanford was a brilliant jurist, held in high
esteem by his fellow judges, who often came to him for advice. Very few
people were aware that he was one of the Stanfords.

He never mentioned his father's name. The judge's chambers were in the
large Cook County Criminal Court Building at Twenty-sixth and California
streets, a fourteen-storey stone edifice with steps leading up to the
front entrance. It was in a dangerous neighborhood, and a notice outside

stated: BY JUDICIAL 71 ORDER, ALL PERSONS ENTERING THIS BUILDING S14ALL
SUBMIT TO SEARCH. This was where Tyler spent his days, hearing cases
involving robbery, burglary, rape, shootings, drugs and murders.

Ruthless in his decisions, he became known as the Hanging Judge. All day
long he listened to defendants pleading poverty, child abuse, broken
homes, and a hundred other excuses. He accepted none of them. A crime
was a crime and had to be punished. And in the back of his mind, always,
was his father. Tyler Stanford's fellow judges knew very little about
his personal life.. They knew that he had had a bitter marriage and was
now divorced, and that he lived alone in a small three-bedroom Georgian
house on Kimbark Avenue in Hyde Park. The area was surrounded by
beautiful old homes, because the great fire of 1871 that razed Chicago
had whimsically spared the Hyde Park district. He made no friends in the
neighborhood, and his neighbors knew nothing about him. He had a
housekeeper who came in three times a week, but Tyler did the shopping
himself. He was a methodical man with a fixed routine. On Saturdays, he
went to Harper Court, a small shopping mall near his home, or to Mr. G's
Fine Foods or Medici's on Fifty-seventh Street. From time to time, at
official gatherings, Tyler would meet the wives of his fellow jurists.

They sensed that 72 he was lonely, and they offered to introduce him to
women friends or invite him to dinner. He always declined. ''m busy that

evening.' His evenings seemed to be full, but they had no idea what he
was doing with them. ' isn't interested in anything but the law,' one of
the judges explained to his wife. ' he's just not interested in meeting
any women yet. I heard he had a terrible marriage.' He was right. After
his divorce, Tyler had. sworn to himself that her would never become
emotionally involved again. And then he had met Lee, and everything had
suddenly changed. Lee was beautiful, sensitive and caring - the one
Tyler wanted to spend the rest of his life with. Tyler loved Lee, but
why should Lee love him? A successful model, Lee had dozens of admirers,
most of them wealthy. And Lee liked expensive things. Tyler had felt
that his cause was hopeless. There was no way to compete with others for
Lee's affection. But overnight, with the death of his father, everything
could change. He could become wealthy beyond his wildest dreams. He
could give Lee the world. Tyler walked into the chambers of the chief
judge. ', I'm afraid I have to go to Boston for a few 73 days. Family
affairs. I wonder if you would have someone, take over my caseload for
me.' ' course. I'll arrange it,' the chief judge said. ' you.' That
afternoon, Judge Tyler Stanford was on his way to Boston. On the plane,
he thought again about his father's words on that terrible day: I know
your dirty little secret.

Chapter Nine.

it was raining in Paris, a warm July rain that sent pedestrians racing

along the street for shelter or looking for nonexistent taxis. Inside
the auditorium of a large gray building on a comer of Rue Faubourg St.
Honor6, there was panic. A dozen half-naked models were running around
in a kind of mass hysteria, while ushers finished setting, up chairs and
carpenters pounded away at last-minute bits of carpentry. @veryone was
screaming and gesticulating wildly, and the noise level ' painful. In
the eye of the hurricane, trying to bring order out of chaos,,was the
maitresse herself, Kendall Stanford Renaud. Four hours before the
fashion show 4s scheduled to begin, everything Nyas falling apart.

Catastrophe: John Fairchild. of Wwas unexpectedly going to be in Paris,
and there was no seat for him. Tragedy: the speaker system was not
working. Disaster: one of the top models was ill. Emergency: two of the
make-up artists were fighting backstage and were far behind schedule. 75
Calamity: all the seams on the cigarette skirts were tearing. In other
words, Kendall thought wryly, everything is normal Kendall Stanford
Renaud could have been mistaken for one of the models herself, and at
one time she had been a model. She exuded carefully plotted elegance
from her golden chignon to her Chanel pumps. Everything about her - the
curve of her arm, the shade of her nail polish, the timbre of her laugh
- bespoke well-mannered chic. Her face, if stripped of its careful
make-up, was actually plain, but Kendall took pains to see that no one
ever realized this, and no one ever did. She was

everywhere at once.

"Who lit that runway, Ray Charlest ' want a blue backdrop ...' ' lining
is showing. Fix it!' ' don't want the models doing their hair and
make-up in the holding area. Have Lulu find them a dressing room!"
Kendall's venue manager came hurrying up to her. ', thirty minutes is
too long! Too long! The show should be no more than twenty-five
minutes.' She stopped what she was doing. ' do you suggest, Scott?' '
could cut a few of the designs and '. I'll have the models move faster.'
76 She heard her name called again, and turned.

"Kendall, we can't locate Pia. Do you want Tami to switch to the
charcoal gray jacket with the trouserst '. Give that to Dana. Give the
cat suit and tunic to Tami.' ' about the dark gray jersey?"

"Monique. And make sure she wears the dark gray stockings.' Kendall
looked at the board holding a set of Polaroid pictures of the models in
a variety of gowns. When they were set, the pictures would be placed in
a precise order. She ran a practiced eye over the board. ''s change
this. I want the beige cardigan, out first, then the separates, followed
by the strapless silk jersey, then the taffeta evening gown, the
afternoon dresses W) th matching jackets ...' Two of her assistants
hurried up to her. ', we're having an argument about the seating. Do you
want the retailers together, or do you want to mix them with the
celebritiest The other assistant spoke up. ' we could mix

the
celebrities and press together.' . Kendall was hardly listening.

She had been up for two nights, checking everything to make sure nothing
would go wrong. ' it out yourselves,' she said. She looked around at all
the activity and thought about the show that was about to begin, and the
famous names from all over the world who would be there to applaud what
she had created. I should thank 77 my father for all this. He told me I
would never succeed ... She had always known that she wanted to be a
designer. From the time she was a little girl, she had had a natural
sense of style. Her dolls had the trendiest outfits in town. She would
show off her latest creations for her mother's approval. Her mother
would hug her and say, ''re very talented, darling. Someday you're going
to be a very important designer.' And Kendall was sure of it. In school,
Kendall studied graphic design, structural drawing, spatial conceptions,
and color coordination. ' best way to begin,' one of her teachers had
advised her, ' to become a model yourself. That way, you will meetall
the top designers, and if you keep your eyes open, you will learn from
them.' When Kendall had mentioned her dream to her father, he had looked
at her and said, '? A model! You must be joking!' When Kendall finished
school, she returned to Rose Hill. Father needs me to run the house, she
thought. There were a dozen servants, but no one was really in charge.
Since Harry Stanford was away a good deal of the time, the staff was

left to its own devices. Kendall tried to organize things.

She scheduled the household activities, served as hostess for her
father's parties, and did everything she could to make him comfortable.

78 She was longing for his approval. Instead, she suffered a barrage of
criticisms. ' hired that damned chef? Get rid of him.' ' don't like the
new dishes you bought. Where the hell'is your taste ... 9' ' told you
' told you
you could redecorate my bedroom? Keep the hell out of there.' No matter
what Kendall did, it was never good enough. __1 It was her father's
domineering cruelty that finally drove her out of the house. It had
always been a loveless household, and her father had paid no attention
to his children, except to try to control and discipline them.

One night, Kendall overheard her father saying to a visitor, ' daughter
has a face like a horse. She's going to need a lot of money to hook some
poor sucker.' It was the final straw. The following, day, Kendall left
Boston and headed for New York. Alone in her hotel room, Kendall
thought, All right. Here I am in New York. How do I become a designer?
How do I break into the fashion industry? How do I get anyone even to
notice me? She remembered her teacher's advice. I'll start as a model.
That's the way to begin. The following morning, Kendall looked through
the yellow pages, copied a list of modeling agencies, and began making
the rounds. I have to be honest with 79 them, Kendall thought.

r1l tell them that I can stay with them only temporarily,
until Iget
started designing. She walked into the office of the first
agency on her
list. A middle-aged woman behind a desk said, ' I help
yout '. I want to
be a model.' ' do I, dearie. Forget it.' '?' ''re too
tall.' Kendall's
jaw tightened. ''d like to see whoever is in charge here.'
''re looking
at her. I own this joint.' The next half a dozen stops
were no more
successful. ''re too short.' ' thin.' ' fat.' ' young.' '
old.' ' type.'
By the end of the week, Kendall was getting desperate.
There was one
more name on her list.

Paramount Models was the top modeling agency in Manhattan.
There was no
one at the reception desk. A voice from one of the offices
said, ''ll be
available next Monday. But you can have her for only one
day. She's
booked solid for the next three weeks.' Kendall walked
over to the
office and peered inside. 80 A "Man in a tailored suit was
talking on
the phone. '. I'll see what I can do.' Roxanne Marinack
replaced the
receiver and looked up. ', we aren't looking for your
type." Kendall
said desperately, ' can be any type you want me to be. I
can be taller
or I can be shorter. I can be younger or older, thinner
Roxanne held up
her hand. ' it.' ' I want is a chance. I really need
this.' Roxanne
hesitated. There was an appealing eagerness about the girl
and she did
have an exquisite figure. She was not beautiful, but
possibly with the
right make-up ... ' you had any experiencet "Yes. I've

been wearing
clothes all my life.' Roxanne laughed. ' right. Let me see your
portfolio..' Kendall looked at her blankly. ' portfolio?' Roxanne
sighed. ' dear girl, no self-respecting model walks around without a
portfolio. It' s your bible. It's what your prospective clients are
going to look at.' Roxanne sighed again. ' want you to get two head
shots - one smiling and one, serious. Turn around."

"Right.' Kendall began to turn. '.' Roxanne studied her. ' bad.

I want a photo of you in a bathing suit or lingerie, whatever is the
most flattering for your figure.' ''ll get one of each,' she said
eagerly. Roxanne had to smile at her earnestness. ' right. 81 You're ...
er ... different, but you might have a shot.' ' you.' ''t thank me too
soon. Modeling for fashion magazines isn't as simple as it looks. It's a
tough business.' ''m ready for it.' ''ll see. I'm going to take a chance
on you. I'll send you out on some go-sees.' ''m sorry?, ' go-see is
where clients catch up on all the new models. There will be models from
other agencies there, too. It's kind of a cattle call.' ' can handle
it.' That had been the beginning. Kendall went on a dozen go-sees before
a designer was interested in having her wear his clothes. She was so
tense, she almost spoiled her chances by talking too much.' ' really
love your dresses, and I think they would look good on me. I mean, they
would look good on any woman, of course. They're wonderful! But I think

they'll look especially good on me.' She was so nervous that she was
stammering. The, designer nodded sympathetically.

"This is your first job, isn't itt ', sir.' He had smiled. ' right. I'll
try you. What did you say your name wast ' Stanford." She wondered if he
would make 82 the connection between her and the Stanfords, but of
course, there was no reason for him to. Roxanne had been right. Modeling
was a toujlh business. Kendall had to learn to accept constant
rejdction, go-sees that led nowhere, and weeks without work. When she
did work, she was in make-up at six A. M., finished a shoot; went on to
the next, and often didn't get through until after midnighl,, One
evening, after a long day's shoot with half a dozen other, models,
Kendall looked in a mirror and groaned, 11 won't be able to work
tomorrow. Look how puffy my eyes are!' One of the models said, "Put
cucumber slices over your eyes. Or you can put some camomile tea bags in
hot water, let them cool, and put them over your eyes for fifteen
minutes.' In the morning, the puffiness was gone. Kendall envied th@
models who were in constant demand. She would hear Roxanne arranging
their bookings: ' originally gave Scaasi a secondary on Michelle. Call
and tell them that she will be available, so I'm moving them up to a
tentative.' Kendall quickly learned never to criticize the clothes she
was modeling. She became acquainted with some of the top photographers
in the business, and had a photo composite made to go with her

portfolio. She carried a model's bag filled with necessities - clothes,
83 make-up, a nail-care bag, and jewelry. She learned to blow-dry her
hair upside down to give it more body, and to add curl to her hair with
heated rollers. There was a lot more to learn. She was a favorite of the
photographers, and one of them pulled her aside to give her some advice.

"Kendall, always save your smiling shots for the end of the shoot. That
way, your mouth will have less creasing.' Kendall was becoming more and
more popular. She was not the conventional drop-dead beauty that was the
hallmark of most models, but she had something more, a graceful
elegance. ''s got class,' one of the advertising agents said. And that
summed it up. She was also lonely. From time to time she went out on
dates, but they were meaningless. She was working steadily, but she felt
she was no nearer to her goal than she was when she had first arrived in
New York. I have to find a way to make contact with the top designers,
Kendall thought. ' have you booked for the next four weeks," Roxanne
told her. ' loves you.' ' ...' ', Kendall?"

"I don't want to do this anymore.' Roxanne stared at her disbelievingly.

"What!' ' want to do runway modeling.' 84 Runway modeling was what most
models aspired to. It was the most exciting and the most lucrative form
of modeling. Roxanne was dubious. ''s almost impossible to break into
and ''m going to.' Roxanne studied her. ' really mean it, don't you?'

'.' Roxanne nodded. ' right. If you'fe serious about this, the first
thing you have to do is learn to walk the beam.' ' Roxanne explained.
That afternoon, Kendall bought a six-foot narrow wooden beam,
sandpapered it to avoid splinters, and placed it on her floor. The first
few times she tried to walk on it, she fell off. This is not going to be
easy, Kendall decided. But I'm going to do it' Each morning she got up
early and practiced walking the beam on the balls of her feet. Lead with
the pelvis. Feel with the toes. Lower the heel. Day by day her balance
improved. She strode up and back in front of a full-length mirror, with
music playing. She learned to walk with a book on her head. She
practiced changing rapidly from sneakers and shorts to high heels and an
evening gown. 85 When Kendall felt that she was ready, she went back to
Roxanne. ''m sticking my neck out for you,' Roxanne told her. ' is
looking for a runway model. I recommended you. He's going to give you a
chance.' Kendall was thrilled. Ungaro was one of the most brilliant
designers in the business. The following week, Kendall arrived at the
show. She tried to seem as casual as the other models. Ungaro handed
Kendall the first outfit she was to wear and smiled. ' luck."

"Thanks.' When Kendall went out on the runway, it was as though she had
been doing it all her life. Even the other models were impressed. The
show was a big success, and from that time on- Kendall was a member of
the elite. She started working with the giants of the

fashion industry -
Yves Saint Laurent, Halston, Christian Dior, Donna Karan, Calvin Klein,
Ralph Lauren, St. John. Kendall was in constant demand, traveling to
shows all over the world. In Paris, the haute couture shows took place
in January and July. In Milan, the peak months were March, April, May
and June, while in Tokyo, shows peaked in April and October. It was a
hectic, busy life, and she loved every minute of it. 86 Kendall kept
working and she kept learning. She modeled the clothes of famous
designers and thought about the changes she would make if she were the
designer. She learned how clothes were supposed to fit, and how fabric
was supposed to move and swing around the body. She learned about cuts
and drapes and tailoring, and what body parts women wanted to hide, and
what parts they wanted to show. She made sketches at home, and the ideas
seemed to. flow. One day, she took a portfolio of her sketches to the
head buyer at I Magnin's. The buyer was impressed. ' designed theset she
asked. , did! ''hey're good. They're very good! Two weeks later, Kendall
went to work for Donna Karan as an Issistant and began to learn the
business side of the garment trade. At home, she kept designing clothes.
One year later, she had her first fashion show. It was a disaster. The
designs were ordin4ry and nobody cared. She gave a second show, and no
one came. I'm in the wrong profession, Kendall thought. One day you're
going to be a very famous designer. What am I doing wrong?

Kendall wondered. The epiphany came in the middle of the

night. Kendall
awakened and lay in bed, thinking, I'm designing dresses for models -to
wear. I should be designing for real women with realjobs and
realfamilies. Smari, but comfortable. Chic, but practical. 87 It took
Kendall about a year to get her next show on, but it was an instant
success. Kendall rarely returned to Rose Hill, and when she did, the
visits were dreadful. Her father had not changed. If anything, he had
gotten worse. ''t hooked anybody yet,, eh? Probably never will.' It was
at a charity ball that Kendall met Marc Renaud. He worked at the
international desk of a New York brokerage house, where he dealt with
foreign currencies. Five years younger than Kendall, he was an
attractive Frenchman, tall and lean. He was charming and attentive, and
Kendall was immediately attracted to him. He asked her to dine the next
evening, and that night Kendall went to bed with him. They were together
every night after that. - One evening, Marc said,'Kendall, I'm madly in
love with you, you know.' She said softly, ''ve been looking for you all
my life, Marc.' ' is a serious problem. You are a big success.

I don't make anywhere near as much money as you. Perhaps one day -"
Kendall had put her finger to his lips. ' it. You've given me more than
I could ever have hoped for.' On Christmas Day, Kendall took Marc to
Rose Hill to meet her father. ''re going to marry him?' Harry Stanford
exploded. ''s a nobody! He's marrying you for the money he thinks you're

going to get.' If Kendall had needed any further reason to marry Marc,
that would have been it. They got married in Connecticut the following
day. And Kendall's marriage to Marc gave her happiness she had never
known before. ' mustn't let your father bully you,' he had told Kendall.
' his life, he has used his money as a weapon. We don't need his money.'
And Kendall had loved him for that. Marc was a wonderful husband - kind,
considerate, and caring. I have everything, Kendall thought happily. The
past is dead. She had succeeded in spite of her father. In a few hours,
the fashion world was going to be focused on her talent. The rain had
stopped. It was a good omen. The show was stunning. At its end, with
music playing and flash bulbs popping, Kendall walked out onto the
runway, took a bow and received an ovation.

Kendall wished that Marc could have been in Paris with her to share her
triumph, but his brokerage house had refused to give him the time off.

89 When the crowd had left, Kendall went back to her office, feeling
euphoric. Her assistant said, ' letter came for you. It was
hand-delivered.' Kendall looked at the brown envelope her assistant
handed her, and she felt a sudden chill. She knew what it was about
before she opened it. The letter read: Dear Mrs. Renaud, I regret to
inform you that the Wild Animal Protection Association is short Of funds
again. We will need $100,000 immediately to cover our expenses. The
money should be wired to account number 804072-A at the

Cr6dit Suisse
bank in Zurich. There was no signature. Kendall sat there, staring at
it, numb. It's never go M*g to stop. The blackmail is never going to
stop. Another assistant * came hurrying into the office. '! I'm so
sorry. I just heard some terrible news.' I can't bear any more terrible
news, Kendall thought. ' ... what is it?' ' was an announcement on
Radio-T616 Luxembourg. Your father is ... dead. He drowned.' It took
Kendall a moment for it to sink in. Her first thought was, I wonder what
would have made him prouder? My success or the fact that I'm a murderer?

Chapter Ten.

Peggy Malkovich had been married to, Woodrow '' Stanford for two years,
but to the residents of Hobe Sound, she was still referred to as 'that
waitress'. Peggy had been waiting on tables at the Rain Forest Grille
when Woody first met her. Woody Stanford was the golden boy of Hobe
Sound. He lived in the family villa, had classical good looks, was
charming and greganous, and a target for all the eager debutantes in
Hobe Sound, Philadelphia, and Long Island. It was therefore a seismic
shock when he suddenly eloped with a twenty-five-year-old waitress who
was plainlooking, a high-school dropout, and the daughter of a day
laborer and a housewife. It was even more of a shock because everyone
had been expecting Woody to marry Mimi Carson, a beautiful, intelligent
young heiress to a timber fortune who was madly in love with Woody. As a

rule, the residents of Hobe Sound preferred to gossip about, the
affairs of their servants rather than' their peers, but in Woody's case,
his marriage was so. outrageous that they made an exception. The 91
information quickly spread that he had gotten Peggy Malkovich pregnant
and then married her. They were quite sure which was the greater sin. '
God's sake, I can understand the boy getting her pregnant, but you don't
marry a waitress!' The whole affair was a classic case of Wja vu.
Twenty-four years earlier, Hobe Sound had been rocked by a similar
scandal involving the Stanfords. Emily Temple, the daughter of one of
the founding families, had committed suicide because her husband had
gotten the children's governess pregnant. Woody Stanford made no secret
of the fact that he hated his father, and the general feeling was that
he had married the waitress out of spite, to show that he was a more
honorable man than his father. The only person invited to the wedding
was Peggy's brother, Hoop, who flew in from New York. Hoop was two years
older than Peggy and worked in a bakery in the Bronx. lie was tall and
emaciated, with a pockmarked face and a heavy Brooklyn accent. ''re
getting' a great girl,' he told Woody after the ceremony.

"I know,' Woody said tonelessly. ' take good care of my sister, huh?"

"I'll do my best.' '. Cool.' An unmemorable conversation between a baker
and the son of one of the wealthiest men in the world. 92 Four weeks
after the wedding, Peggy Jost the baby. Hobe Sound is a

very exclusive
community, and Jupiter Island is the most exclusive part
of Hobe Sound.
The island is bordered on the west by the Intercoastal
Waterway and on
the east by the Atlantic Ocean. It is a haven of privacy -
wealthy,
selfcontained and protective, with indife police per
capita than almost
any other place in the world. Its residents pride
themselves on being
understated. They drive Tauruses or station wagons, and
own small
sailboats, an eighteen-foot Lightning or a
twenty-four-foot Quickstep.
If one was not born to it, one had to earn the right to be
a member of
this Hobe Sound community. After the marriage between
Woodrow Stanford
and ' waitress',' the burning question was, what were the
residents
going to do about accepting the bride into their society?
Mrs. Anthony
Pelletier, the doyenne of Hobe Sound, was the arbiter of
all social d.
isputes, and her devout mission in life was to protect her
community
against parvenus and the nouveaux riches. When newcomers
arrived at Hobe
Sound and were unfortunate enough to displease Mrs.
Pelletier, it was
her custom to have delivered to them, by her chauffeur, a
leather
traveling case. It was her way of informing them that they
were not
welcome in the community. 93 Her friends delighted in
telling the story
of the garage mechanic and his wife who had bought a house
in Hobe
Sound. Mrs. Pelletier had sent them her ritual traveling
bag, and when
the wife learned its significance, she laughed. She said,
"If that old
harridan thinks she can drive me out of this place, she's

crazy!' But
strange things began to happen. Workmen and repairmen were suddenly
unavailable, the grocer was always out of items that' she ordered, and
it was impossible to become a member of the Jupiter Island Club or even
to get a reservation at any of the good local restaurants.

And no one spoke to them. Three months after receiving the suitcase, the
couple sold their home and moved away. So it was that when word of
Woody's marriage got out, the community held its collective breath.

Excommunicating Peggy Malkovich would also mean excom-municating her
popular husband. There were bets being quietly, made. For the first few
weeks, there were no invitations to dinners or to any of the usual
community functions. But the residents liked Woody and, after all, his
grandmother on his mother's side had been one of the founders of Hobe
Sound. Gradually, people started inviting him and Peggy to their homes.

They were eager to see what his bride was like. ' old girl must have
something special orwoody never would have married her.' 94 They were in
for a big disappointment. Peggy was dull and graceless, she had no
personality, and she dressed badly. Dowdy was the word that came to
people's minds. Woody's friends were baffled. ' on earth does he see in
her? He could have married anyone.' One of the first invitations was
from Mimi Carson. She had been devastated by the news of
Woody's marriage, but she was too proud to reveal it. When
her closest friend had

tried to console her by saying, ' it, Mimi! You'll get over him," Mimi
had replied, ''ll live with it, but I'll never get over him." Woody
tried hard to make a success of the marriage. He knew he had made a
mistake, and he did not want to punish Peggy for it. He tried
desperately to be a good husband. The problem was that Peggy had nothing
in common with him or with any of his friends. The only person Peggy
seemed comfortable with was her brother, and she and Hoop spoke on the
telephone every day. ' miss him,' Peggy complained to Woody. ' you like
to have him come down and stay with us for a few days?' ' can't." And
she looked at her husband and said spitefully, ''s got a job.' At
parties, Woody attempted to bring Peggy into the conversations, but it
was quickly apparent that she 95 had nothing to contribute. She sat in
corners, tonguetied, nervously licking her lips, obviously
uncomfortable. Woody's friends were aware that even though he was
staying at the Stanford villa, he was estranged from his father and that
he was living off the small annuity that his-mother had left him. His
passion was polo and he rode the ponies owned by friends. In the world
of polo, players are ranked by goals, with ten goals being the best.

Woody was nine goals, and he had ridden with Mariano Aguerre from Buenos
Aires, Wicky el Effendi from Texas, Andres Diniz from Brazil, and dozens
of other top goals. There were only about twelve ten-goal players in the
world, and Woody's driving ambition was to be the thirteenth. ' know

why, don't you?' one of his friends remarked. ' father was ten goals.'
Because Mimi Carson knew that Woody could not afford to buy his own polo
ponies, she purchased a string for him to play. When friends asked why,
she said, ' want to make him happy in any way I can.@ When, newcomers
asked what Woody did for a living, people just shrugged. In reality, he
was living a secondhand life, making money playing skins at golf,
betting on polo matches, borrowing other people's polo ponies and racing
yachts, and on occasion, other people's wives. 96 The marriage with
Peggy was deteriorating rapidly, but Woody refused to admit it.

"Peggy,'he would say,'when we go to parties, please try to join in the
conversation.' ' should I? Your friends all think they're too good for
me.' ', they're not,' Woody assured her. Once a week, the Hobe Sound
Literary Circle met at the country club for a discussion of the latest
books, followed by a luncheon. On this particular day, as the ladies
were dining, the steward approached Mrs. Pelletier. '. Woodrow Stanford
is outside. She would like to join you.' A hush fell over the table. '
her in,' Mrs. Pelletier said. A'moment later, Peggy walked into the
dining room. She had washed her hair and pressed her best dress. She
stood there, nervously looking at the group. Mrs. Pelletier gave her a
nod, then said pleasantly, '. Stanford.' Peggy smiled eagerly, ',
ma'am.' ' won't need you. We already have a waitress." And Mrs.
Pelletier turned back to her lunch. When Woody heard the

story, he was
furious. ' dare she do that to yoiu!'He took her in his
arms.

"Next time, ask me before you do a thing like that, Peggy.
You have to
be invited to that. luncheon.' 97 11 didn't know,' she
said sullenly.

"It's all right. Tonight we're having dinner at the
Blakes', and I want
"I won't go!' ' we've accepted their invitation.' ' go.' '
don't want to
go without you.' ''m not going.' Woody went alone, and
after that, he
began going to every party without Peggy. He would come
home at all
hours, and Peggy was sure he had been with other women.
The accident
changed everything. It happened during a polo match. Woody
was playing
the number one position, and a member of the opposing
team, trying to
stroke the ball in close quarters, accidently hit the legs
of the pony
that Woody was riding. The pony went down and rolled on
top of him. In
the pile-up that followed, a second pony kickedwoody. At
the emergency
room of the hospital, the doctors diagnosed a broken leg,
three
fractured ribs, and a punctured lung. Over the next two
weeks, there
were three separate operations, and Woody was in
excruciating pain. The
doctors gave him morphine to ease it. Peggy came to visit
him every day.

Hoop flew in from New York to console his sister. Ifis
physical pain was
unbearable, and the only relief Woody had was from the
drugs the doctors
kept prescribing for him. It was shortly after Woody got
home that he

seemed to change. He began to have violent mood swings. One minute he
was his usual ebullient self, *nd the next minute he would go into a
sudden rage or a deep depression. At dinner, laughing and tellingjokes,
Woody would suddenly become angry and abusive toward Peggy and storm
out. In the middle of a sentence he would drift off into a deep reverie.

He became forgetful. He would make dates and not show up; he would
invite people to his home and not be there when they arrived. Everyone
was concerned about him. Soon, he became abusive to Peggy in public.

Bringing a cup of coffee to a friend one morning,,Peggy spilled some and
Woody sneered, ' a waitress, always a waitress.' Peggy also began to
show signs of physical abuse, and when people asked her what happened,
she would make excuses. ' bumped into, a door' or ' fell down,' and she
would make light of it. The community was outraged. Now it was Peggy
they were feeling sorry for. But when Woody's erratic behavior offended
someone, Peggy would defend her husband. ' is under a lot of stress,',
Peggy would insist. ' isn't himself.' She would not allow anyone to say
anything against him. 98 99 It was Dr. Tichner who finally brought it
out into the open. He asked Peggy to come see him in his office one day.
She was nervous. ' something wrong, doctor?' He studied her a moment.
She had a bruise on her cheek, and her eye was swollen. ', are you aware
that Woody is doing drugst . Her eyes flashed with indignation. '! I

don't believe it!' She stood up. ' won't listen to this!'
' down, Peggy.
It's about time you faced the truth. It's becoming obvious to everyone
else. Surely you've noticed his behavior. One minute he's on top of the
world, talking about how wonderful everything is, and the next minute
he's suicidal.' Peggy sat there, watching him, her face pale. ''s
addicted.' Her lips tightened.

"No,' she said stubbornly. ''s not.' ' is. You've got to be realistic.
Don't you want to help himt ' course, I do!' She was wringing her hands.
''d do anything to help him. Anything.' ' right.

Then let's start. I want you to help me get Woody into a rehabilitation
center. I've asked him to come in and see me.' Peggy looked at him for a
long time, then nodded. ''ll talk to him,' she said quietly. 100 That
afternoon, when Woody walked into Dr. Tichner's office, he was in a
euphoric mood. ' wanted to see me, doc? It's about Peggy, isn't iff
-'No. It's about you, Woody.' Woody looked at him in surprise. '?

What's my problemt ' think you know what your problem is.' ' are you
talking abouff ' you go on like this, you're going to destroy your life
and Peggy's life. What are you taking, Woodyt '.' ' heard me.' There was
a long silence. ' want to help you.' Woody sat there, staring at the
floor. When he finally spoke, his voice was hoarse.

"You're right. I've ... I've tried to kid myself, but I can't any
longer.' ' are you ont '.' ' Goff ' me, I've tried to

stop, but I ... I
can't.' ' need help, and there are places where you can
get it.' Woody
said wearily, ' hope to God you're right.' ' want you to
go to the
Harbor'Group Clinic in Jupiter. Will you try iff There was
a brief
hesitation. '.' ''s supplying you with the heroint Dr.
Tichner asked.
101 Woody shook his head. ' can't tell you that.' ' well.
I'll make
arrangements for you at the clinic.' -- The following
morning, Dr.
Tichner was seated in the office of the chief of police. '
is supplying
him with heroin,' Dr. Tichner said, ' he won't tell me
who.' Chief of
Police Murphy looked at Dr. Tichner and nodded. ' think I
know who.'
There were several possible suspects. Hobe Sound was a
small enclave,
and everyone knew everyone else's business. A liquor store
had opened
recently on Bridge Road that made deliveries to their Hobe
Sound
customers at all hours of the day and night. A doctor at a
local clinic
had been fined for overprescribing drugs. A gymnasium had
opened a year
earlier, on the other side of the waterway, and it was
rumored that the
trainer took steroids and had other drugs available for
his good
customers. But Chief of Police Murphy had another suspect
in mind. Tony
Benedotti had served as a gardener for many of the homes
in Hobe Sound
for years. He had studied horticulture and loved spending
his days
creating beautiful gardens. The gardens and lawns he
tended 102 were the
loveliest in Hobe Sound. He was a quiet man who kept to
himself, and the
people he worked for. knew very little about him. He

seemed to be too
well educated to be a gardener, and people were curious
about his past.
Murphy sent for him. ' this is about my driver's license,
I renewed it,'
Benedotti said. ' down,' Murphy ordered. ' there some kind
of problemt
'. You're an educated man, rightt SY es.

The chief of police leaned back in his chair. ' how come
you're a
gardenert ' happen to love nature.' ' else do you happen
to love?"

"I don't understand.' ' long have you been gardening?'
Benedotti looked
at him, puzzled. ' any of my customers been complaining?"

"Just answer the question.' ' fifteen years.' ' have a
nice house and a
boatt '.' ' can you afford all that on what you make as a
gardenert
Benedotti said, ''s not that big a house, and it's not
that big a boat.'
' you make a little money on the side.' 103 @What do you
... T ' work
for some people in Miami, don't yout '.1 "There's a lot of
Italians
there. Do you ever do them some little favorst ' kind of
favorst '
pushing drugs.' Benedotti looked at him, horrified. ' God!
Of course
not.' Murphy leaned forward. ' me tell you something,
Benedotti. I've
been keeping an eye on you. I've had a talk with a few of
the people you
work for. They don't want you or your mafia friends here
anymore. Is
that cleart Benedotti squeezed his eyes shut for a second,
then opened
them. ' clear.' '. I'll expect you out of here by
tomorrow. I don't want
to see your face again.' Woody Stanford went into the
Harbor Group

Clinic for three weeks, and when he came out, he was the old Woody -
charming, gracious, and delightful to be with. He went back to playing
polo, riding Mimi Carson's ponies. Sunday was the Palm Beach Polo &
Country Club's eighteenth anniversary, and South Shore Boulevard was
heavy with traffic as three thousand fans converged on the polo grounds.
They rushed to fill the 104 box seats on the west side of the field and
the bleachers at the opposite end. Some of the finest players in the
world were going to be in the day's game. Peggy was in a box seat next
to Mimi Carson, as Mimi's guest. ' told me that this is your first polo
match, Peggy.

Why haven't you been to one beforet Peggy licked her lips. ' ... I guess
I've always been too nervous to watch Woody play. I don't want him to
get hurt again. It's a very dangerous sport, isn't itt Mimi said
thoughtfully, ' you get eight players, each weighing about one hundred
and seventy-five pounds, and their nine-hundred-pound ponies racing at
each other over three hundred yards at forty miles an hour - yes,
accidents can happen.' Peggy shuddered.- .'I couldn't stand it if
anything happened to Woody again. I really couldn't. I go crazy worrying
about him.' Mimi Carson said gently, ''t worry. He's one of the best.

He studied under Hector Barrantas, you know.' Peggy was looking at her
blankly. ' ''s a ten-goal player. One of the legends of polo." 60h.@
There was a murmur from t he crowd as the ponies moved

across the field.
''s happening?' Peggy asked. ' just finished a practice session before
the game. They're ready to begin now.' 105 On the field, the two tearns
were starting to line up under the hot Florida sun, getting ready for
the umpire's throw-in. Woody looked wonderful, tan and fit and lithe -
ready to do battle. Peggy waved and blew him a kiss. Both teams were
lined up now, side by side. The players held their mallets down for the
throw-in. ' are usually six periods of play, called chukkers,' Mimi
Carson explained to Peggy. ' chukker lasts seven minutes. The chukker
ends when the bell rings. Then there's a short rest. They change ponies
every period. The team that scores the most goals wins.' '.' Mimi
wondered just how much Peggy understood.

On the field, the players' eyes were fixed on the umpire, anticipating
when the ball would be tossed. The umpire looked around at the crowd,
then suddenly bowled the white plastic ball between the two rows of
players. The game had begun. The action was swift. Woody made the first
play, getting possession of the ball and hitting an offside forehand.

The ball sped toward a player on the opposing team. The player galloped
down the field after it. Woody rode up to him and hooked his mallet to
spoil his shot. ' did Woody do thatt Peggy asked. Mimi Carson explained.
' your opponent gets 106 the ball, it's legal to hook his mallet so he
can't score or pass. Woody will use an offside stroke next to control

the ball.' The action was happening so fast that it was
almost
impossible to follow. There were cries of, '.' '."

"Leave it.. And- the players were racing doivn the field
at full speed.

The ponies - usually pure or three-quarter thoroughbred -
were
responsible for seventy five percent of their riders'
successes. The
ponies had to be fast, and have what players call polo
sense, being able
to anticipate their rider's every move. Woody was
brilliant during the
first three chukkers, scoring two goals in each one and
being cheered on
by the roaring crowd. His mallet seemed to be everywhere.
It waslhe@ old
Woody Stanford, riding like the wind, fearless. By the end
of the fifth
chukker, Woody's team was well ahead. The players went off
the field for
the break. As Woody passed Peggy and Mimi, sitting in the
front row, he
smiled at both of them. Peggy turned to Mimi Carson,
excitedly. ''t he
wonderfult She looked over at Peggy. '. In every way.'
Woody's teammates
were congratulating him. ' on the mark, old boy! You were
fabulous!' 107
' plays!' '.' ''re going out there and rub their noses in
it some more.
They haven't got a chance!' Woody grinned.

"No problem.' He watched his teammates move out to the
field, and he
suddenly felt exhausted. I pushed myse4r too hard, he
thought. I wasn't
really ready to go back to the game yet. rm not going to
be able to keep
this up. If I go out there, ra make a fool of myself He
began. to panic,
and his heart started to pound. What I need is a little

pick-me-up. No!

I won't do that. I can't. I promised But the team is waiting for me. I'll
do it just this once, and never again. I swear to God, this is the last
time. He went to his car and reached into the glove compartment. When
Woody returned to the field, he was humming to himself, and his eyes
were unnaturally bright. He waved to the crowd, and joined his waiting
team. I don't even need a team, he thought. I could beat those bastards
single-handedly. rm the best damnedplayer in the world. He was giggling
to himself. The accident occurred during the sixth chukker*, although
some of the spectators were to insist later that it was no accident. The
ponies were bunched together, racing toward the goal, and Woody had
control of the ball. Out of 108 the corner of his eye he saw one of the
opposing players closing in on him. Using a tail shot, he sent the ball
to . the rear of the pony. It was picked up by Rick Hamil-@ton, the
best player on the opposing team, who began racing toward the goal.

Woody was after him at full speed. He tried to hook Hamilton's mallet
and missed. The ponies were getting closer to the goal. Woody kept
desperately trying to get possession of the ball, and failed each time.

As Hamilton neared the goal, Woody deliberately swerved his pony to
crash into Hamilton and ride him off the ball. Hamilton and his pony
went tumbling to the ground. The crowd rose to its feet, screaming. The

umpire angrily blew the whistle and held up a hand. The
first rule in
polo is that when a player has possession of the ball and
is heading
toward the goal, it is illegal to. cut across the line in
which the
player is traveling. Any player who crosses that line
creates a
dangerous situation and commits a foul. Play stopped. The
umpire
approached Woody, anger in his voice. ' was a deliberate
foul,
Mr..Stanford!' Woody grinned. ' wasn't my fault! His
damned pony - "The
opponents will receive a penalty goal.' The chukker turned
into a
disaster. Woody committed two more blatant violations
within three
minutes of each other. The penalties resulted in two more
goals for the
other team. In each case the opponents were 109 awarded a
free penalty
shot on an unguarded goal. In the last thirty seconds of
the game, the
opposing team scored the winning goal. What had been an
assured victory,
had turned into a rout. In the box, Mimi Carson was
stunned by the
sudden turn of events. Peggy said timidly, ' didn't go
well, did itt
Mimi turned to her. ', Peggy. I'm afraid it didn't.' A
steward
approached the box. '. Carson, may I have a word with yout
Mimi Carson
turned to Peggy. ' me a moment.1 Peggy watched them walk
away. After the
game, Woody's team was very quiet. Woody was too ashamed
to look at the
others. Mimi Carson hurried over to Woody. - ', I'm afraid
I have some
terrible, terrible news.' She put a hand on his shoulder.
' father is
dead.' Woody looked up at her and shook his head from side
to side. He

began to sob. ''m ... I'm responsibleit's m ... my fault.' '. You
mustn't blame yourself. It isn't your fault."

"Yes,, it is,' Woody cried. ' it weren't for my penalties, we would have
won the game."

Chapter Eleven.

Julia Stanford had never known her father, and now he was dead, reduced
to a black headline in the Kansas, I City star: TYCOON HARRY STANFORD
"DROWNS AT SEA. She sat there, staring at his photograph on the front
age of the newspaper, filled with conflicting emotions. Do I hate him
because of the way he treated my mother. or do I love him because he's
my father? Do Ifeel guilty because I never tried to get in touch with
him, or do I feel angry because he never tried to find me? It doesn't
matter anymore, she thought. He's gone. Her father had been dead to her
all her life, and now he had died again, cheating her out of something
she had no words for. Inexplicably, she felt an overwhelming sense of
loss. Stupid! Julia thought. How can I miss someone I never knew? She
looked at the newspaper photograph again. Do I have anything of him in
me? Julia stared into the@mirror on the wall. The eyes. have the same
deep gray eyes. Julia went into her bedroom closet, removed a battered
cardboard box, and from it lifted a leather-bound scrapbook. She sat on
the edge of her bed and opened the box. For the next two hours, she
pored over its familiar contents. There were countless photographs of

her mother in her governess's uniform, with Harry Stanford and Mrs.
Stanford and their three young children. Most of the pictures had been
taken on their yacht, atkose Hill, or at the Hobe Sound villa. Julia
picked up the yellowed newspaper clippings recounting the scandal that
had happened so many years before in Boston. The faded headlines were
lurid: LOVE NEST ON BEACON HILL BILLIONAIRE HARRY STANFORD IN SCANDAL
TYCOON'S WIFE COMMITS SUICIDE GOVERNESS ROSEMARY NELSON DISAPPEARS There
were dozens of gossip columns filled with innuendos. Julia sat there for
a long time, lost in the past. She had been born at St. Joseph's
Hospital in Milwaukee. Her earliest memories were of living in dreary
walk-up apartments and constantly moving from city to city. There were,
times when there was no money at all, and little to eat. Her mother was
continually ill, and it had been difficult for her to find steady work.

The young girl quickly learned never to ask for toys or new dresses. 112
Julia started school when she was five, and her classmates would mock
her because she wore the same dress "'and scruffy shoes every day.

When the other children 1@111,teased her, Julia fought them. She was a
rebel, and she *as always being brought up before the principal. Her
teachers didn't know what to do with her. She was in tonstant trouble.

She might have been expelled except for one thing: she was the brightest
student in her class. Her mother had told Julia that her

father was
dead, and she had accepted that. But when Julia was twelve years old,
she stumbled across a picture album filled with photographs of her
mother with a group of Strangers. ' are these people?' Julia asked.

And Julia's mother decided that the time had come. ' down, my darling.'
She took Julia's hand and held it tightly. There was no way to break the
news tactfully.-'That is your father, and your half sister, and your two
half brothers.' Julia was , looking at her, puzzled. ' don't
understand.' The truth had finally come out, shattering Julia's peace of
mind. Her father was alive! And she had a half sister and two half
brothers. It was too much to comprehend.'Why ... why did you lie to me?'
' were too young to understand. Your father and I ... had an affair. He
was married, and I ... I had to leave, to have you.' ' hate him!' Julia
said. 113 ' mustn't hate him.' ' could he have done this to yout she
demanded. ' happened was my fault as much as his." Each word was agony.
' father was a very attractive man, and I was young and foolish. I knew
that nothing could ever come of our affair. He told me he loved me ...
but he was married and had a family. And ... and then I became
pregnant.' It was difficult for her to go on. ' reporter got hold of the
story and it was in all the newspapers. I ran away. I intended for you
and me to go back to him, but his wife killed herself, and I ... I could
never face him or the children again. It was my fault you see. So don't

blame him.' But there was a part of the story Rosemary never revealed to
her daughter. When the baby was born, the clerk at the hospital said,
''re filling out the birth certificate. The baby's name is Julia Nelsont
Rosemary had started to say yes, and then she thought fiercely, No!
She's Harry Stanford's daughter. She's entitled to his name, and his
support. ' daughter's name is Julia Stanford.' She had written to Harry
Stanford, telling him about Julia, but she had never had a reply. Julia
was fascinated by the idea that she had a family she had not known
about, and also by the fact that they were famous enough to be written
about in the pre ss. She went to the public library and looked up 114
everything she Could, about Harry Stanford. There , dozens of articles
about him. He was a billionaire, "and he lived in another world, a world
that Julia and her mother were totally excluded from. one day, when one
of Julia's classmates teased her , being poor, Julia said defiantly, ''m
not poor! My father is one of the- richest men in the world. We have a
yacht and an airplane, and a dozen beautiful ,.' Her teacher heard her.
', come up here.' Julia approached the teacher's desk. ' must not ttell
a lie like that."

"It's not a lie,' Julia retorted. ' father is a billionaire! He knows
presidents and kings!' The teacher looked at the young girl standing
before her in her shabby cotton dress and said, ', that's not true.@ '
1st' Julia said stubbornly. She was sent to the principal's office. She

never mentioned her father at school again. , Julia learned that the
reason she and her mother kept moving from city to city was because of
the news media. Harry Stanford was constantly in the press, and the
gossip newspapers and magazines kept digging up the old scandal.
Investigative reporters would eventually discover who Rosemary Nelson
was and where she arrived, and she would have to take Julia and flee. 115
Julia read every newspaper story that appeared about Harry Stanford, and
each time, she was tempted to telephone him. She wanted to believe that
during all those years he had been desperately searching for her mother.
I'll call and say, ' is your daughter. If you want to see us . And he
would come to them and fall in love all over again, and marry her
mother, and they would all live happily together. Julia Stanford grew
into a beautiful young woman. She had lustrous dark hair, a laughing,
generous mouth, the luminous gray eyes of her father, and a gently
curved figure. But when she smiled, people forgot about everything else
but that smile. Because they were forced to move so often, Julia went to
schools in five different states. During the summers she worked as a
clerk in -a department store, behind the counter in a drugstore, and as
a receptionist. She was always fiercely independent.

They were living in Kansas City, Kansas, when Julia finished college on
a scholarship. She was not sure what she wanted to do with her life.

Friends, impressed by her beauty, suggested that she

become a movie
actress. ''d be a star overnight!' Julia had dismissed the idea with a
casual, ' wants to get up that early every morning?' But the real reason
she was not interested was 116 use she wanted, above all, her privacy.
It seemed to Julia that all their lives, she and her mother had been
@hoiinded by the press because of what had happened so many years
earlier. Julia's dream of one day uniting her mother and father ,,ended
the day her mother died. Julia felt an overpowering sense of loss.

Myjather has to know, Julia thought. Mother was a part of his life. She
looked up the telephone number of his business headquarters in Boston. A
receptionist answered. ' morning, Stanford Enterprises.' Julia
hesitated. ' Enterprises. Hello? May I help yout Slowly Julia replaced
the receiver. Mother wouldn't have wanted me to make that call.

She was alone now. She had no one. Julia buried her mother at Memorial
Park Cemetery in Kansas City. There were no mourners. Julia stood at the
graveside and thought, It isn'tfair, Mama You made one mistake
andpaidjor it-the rest of your life. I wish I could have taken some of
your pain away. I love you very much, Mama. I'll always love you. All
she had left of her mother's years on earth was a collection of old
photographs and clippings. With her mother gone, Julia's thoughts turned
to the Stanford family. They were rich. She could go to them 117 _LL-
for help. Never, she decided. Not after the way Harry

Stanford treated
my mother. But she had to earn a living. She was faced with a career
decision. She thought wryly, Maybe I'll become a brain surgeon. Or a
painter? Opera singer? Physicist? Astronaut? She settled for a
secretarial course at night school at Kansas City, Kansas, Community
College. The day after Julia finished the course, she visited an
employment agency. There were a dozen applicants waiting to see the
employment counselor. Sitting next to Julia was an attractive woman her
age. '! I'm Sally Connors.' ' Stanford.' ''ve got to get a job today,'
Sally moaned. ''ve been kicked out of my apartment.' Julia heard her
name called. ' luck!' Sally said. '.' Julia walked into the office of
the employment counselor. ' down, please.' ' you.' ' see from your
application that you have a college education and summer work
experience. And you have a high recommendation from the secretarial
school.' 118 she looked at the dossier on her desk. ' take short. hand
at ninety words per minute, and type at sixty ,..,words per minutet ',
ma'am.' ' might have just the thing for you. There's a small firm of
architects that's looking for a secretary. The -salary isn't very large,
I'm afraid.' ''s okay,' Julia said quickly. ' well. I'm going to send
yo@ over there.' She handed Julia a slip of paper with a typed name and
address on it. ''ll interview you at noon tomorrow.1 Julia smiled
happily. ' you.' She was filled with a sense of excitement. When Julia
came out of the office, Sally's name was being called. '

hope you get
something,' Julia said. '! On an impulse, Julia decided to stay and
wait. Ten minutes later, when Sally came out of the inner office, she
was grinning. ' got an interview! She telephoned, and I'm going to the
American Mutual Insurance Company, tomorrow for a receptionist job. How
did you dot ''ll know tomorrow, too.' ''m sure we'll make it. Why don't
we have lunch together and celebratet '.' 119 At lunch they talked, and
their friendship clicked instantly. @ ' looked at an, apartment in
Overland Park,' Sally said. ''s a two-bedroom and bath, with a kitchen
and living room. It's really nice. I can't afford it alone, but if the
two of us.. Julia smiled. ''d like that.' She crossed her fingers. ' I
get the job."

"You'll get it!' Sally assured her. On the way to the offices of Peters,
Eastman & Tolkin, Julia thought, This could be my big opportunity. This
could lead anywhere. I mean, this isn't just a job. r1l be working for
architects. Dreamers who build and shape the city's skyline, who create
beauty and magic out of stone. Maybe ril study architecture myse#@,' so
that I can help them and be a part of that dream. The office was in a
dingy old commercial building on Amour Boulevard. Julia took the
elevator to the third floor, got off and stopped at a scarred door
marked PETERS, EASTMAN & TOLKIN, ARCHITECTS. She took a deep breath to
calm herself and entered. ' men were waiting for her in the reception
room, examining her as she walked in the door. ''re here

for the
secretarial jobt ', sir.' ''m Al Peters.' The bald -one.

"Bob Eastman.' The ponytail. 120 ' Tolkin.' The potbelly.
They all
appeared to be somewhere in their forties. ' understand
this is your
first secretarial job,' Al Peters said. ', it is,' Julia
replied.

Then quickly she added, ' I'm a fast learner. I'll work
very hard.'She
decided not to me ntion her idea about going to school to
study yet. She
would wait unt'il they got to know her better. ' right,
we'll try you
out,' Bob Eastman said,'and see how it goes.' Julia felt a
sense of
exhilaration. ', thank you! You won't be - 9 ' the
salary,' Max Tolkin
said. ''m afraid we can't pay very much at the beginning.'
''s all
right,' Julia said. ' ...' ' hundred a week,' A] Peters
tqld her. They
were right. It was not much money. Julia made a quick
decision. ''ll
take it.' They looked at one another and exchanged smiles.
'!' Al Peters
said. ' me show you around.' The tour took only a few
seconds. There was
the little reception room and three small offices that
looked as though
they had been furnished by the Salvation Army. The
lavatory was down the
hall. They were all architects, but Al, Peters was the
businessman, Bob
Eastman was the salesman, and Max Tolkin handled
construction. ''ll be
working for all of us,' Peters told her. 121 '.' Julia
knew she was
going to make herself indispensable to them. Al Peters
looked at his
watch. ''s twelve thirty. How about some lunch?' Julia
felt a little

thrill. She was part of the team now. they're inviting me to lunch. He
turned to Julia. ''s a delicatessen down the block. I'll have a corned
beef sandwich on rye with mustard, potato salad, and a Danish.' '.' So
much for ''re inviting me to lunch.' Tolkin said, ''ll have a pastrami
and some chicken soup: ', sir.' Bob Eastman spoke, up. ''ll have the pot
roast platter and a soft drink.' ', make sure the corned beef is lean,'
Al Peters told her. ' corned beef.' Max Tolkin said, ' sure that the
soup is hot.' '. Soup hot.' Bob Eastman said, ' my soft drink a diet
cola.' ' cola.' ''s some money.'Al Peters handed her a twentydollar
bill. Ten minutes later, Julia was in the delicatessen, talking to the
man behind the counter. ' want one lean corned beef sandwich on rye with
mustard, potato salad, and a Danish. A pastrami sandwich and very 122
hot chicken soup. And a pot roast platter and diet cola., he man nodded.
' work for Peters, Eastman, A Tolkin, huh?' and Sally moved into the
apartment in Overland the following week.

The apartment consisted of ro small bedrooms, a living room with
furniture that ' seen too many tenants, a kitchenette, dinette, and a
bathroom. 7hey'll never confuse this place with the AM, Julia thought.

"We'll take turns at cooking,' Sally suggested. '.' Sally prepared the
first meal, and it was delicious. The next night was Julia's turn.

Sally took one bite of the dish that Julia had made and said, ', I don't

have a lot of life insurance. Why don't I do the cooking and you do the
cleaning?' The two roommates got along well. On weekends they would go
to see movies at the Glenwood 4, and shop at the Bannister Mall. They
bought their clothes at the Super Flea Discount House. One night a week
they went out to an inexpensive restaurant for dinner - Stephenson's Old
Apple Farm or the cafe Max for Mediterranean specialties. When they
could afford it, they would drop in at Charlie Charlies to hear jazz.
123 Julia enjoyed working for Peters, Eastman & Tolkin. To say that the
firm was not doing well was an understatement.

Clients were scarce. Julia felt that she wasn't doing much to help build
the skyline of the city, but she enjoyed being around her three bosses.

They were like a surrogate family, and each one confided his problems to
Julia. She was capable and efficient, and she very quickly reorganized
the office. Julia decided to do something about the lack of clients. But
what? She soon had the answer. There was an item in the Kansas City Star
about a luncheon for a new executive secretary organization. The
chairperson was Susan Bandy. The following day, at noon-, Julia said to
Al Peters, ' may be a little late coming back from lunch.' . He smiled.

"No problem, Julia.' He thought how lucky they were to have her. Julia
arrived at the Plaza Inn and went to the room where the luncheon was
being given. The woman seated at the table near the door said, ' I help

Your '. I'm here for the Executive Women's luncheon.' '
name?' '
Stanford.' The woman looked at the list in front of her.

"I'm afraid I don't see your -' Julia smiled. ''t that
just like Susan?
I'll have to 124 have a talk with her. I'm the executive
secretary with
Peters, Eastman, & Tolkin.' The woman looked uncertain.

"Well .. ''t worry about it. I'll just go in and find ,.'
In the banquet
room was a group of well-dressed women chatting among
themselves. Julia
approached one of them. ' one is Susan Bandy?"

"She's over there.' She indicated, a tall, striking
looking woman in her
forties. Julia went up to her. '. I'm Julia Stanford.' '.'
''m with
Peters, Eastman, & Tolkin. I'm sure you've heard of them.'
', I ...'
''re the fastest growing architectural firm in Kansas
City." 41 see.1 '
don't have a lot of time to spare, but I would like to
contribute
whatever I can to the organization.' ', that's very kind
of you, Miss
... '.' That was the beginning. The Executive Women's
organization
represented most of the top firms in Kansas City, and in
no time at all,
Julia was networking with them. She had lunch with one or
more of the
individual members at least once a week.

125 ' company is going to put up a new building in
Olathe.' And Julia
would immediately report back to her bosses. @ '. Hanley
wants to build
a summer home in Tonganoxie.' And before anyone else found
out about it,
Peters, Eastman & Tolkin had the jobs. Bob Eastman called
Julia in one

day and said, ' deserve a raise, Julia. You're doing a great job.

You're one hell of a secretary!' ' you do me a favort Julia asked.

"Sure.' ' me an executive secretary. It will help my credibility." From
time to time, Julia would read newspaper articles about her father, or
watch him being interviewed on television. She never mentioned him to
Sally or to her employers. When Julia was younger, one of her daydreams
had been that, like Dorothy, she would one day be whisked away from
Kansas to some beautiful, magical place. It would be a place filled with
yachts and private planes and palaces. But now, with the news of her
father's death, that dream was ended forever. Welli I got the Kansas
part right, she thought wryly. I have nofamily left. But I do, Julia
corrected herself. I have two halfbrothers and a ha#sister. They'refamily.

126 Should I go visi t them? Good idea? Bad idea? I wonder how we
wouldfeel about one another? Her decision turned out to be a matter of
life or death.

Chapter Twelve.

It was the gathering of a clan of strangers. It had been years since
they had seen or communicated with one another. Judge Tyler Stanford
arrived in Boston by plaiie Kendall Stanford Renaud flew in from Paris.

Marc Renaud took the tram from New York. Woody Stanford and Peggy drove

up from Hobe Sound. The heirs had been notilied that the funeral
services would take place at King's Chapel. The street outside the
church was barricaded, and there were policemen to hold back the crowd
that had gathered to watch - the dignitaries arrive. The vice president
of the United States was there, as well as senators and ambassadors and
statesmen from as far away as Turkey and Saudi Arabia. During his
lifetime, Harry Stanford had cast a large shadow, and all seven hundred
seats in the chapel would be occupied. 128 '.Tyler and Woody and
Kendall, with their spouses, met inside the vestry. It was an awkward
meeting. They were alien to one another, and the only thing they had .
common was the body of the man in the hearse outside the church. ' is my
husband, Marc,' Kendall said. ' is my wife, Peggy. Peggy, my sister,
Kendall, . my brother, Tyler.' There were polite exchanges of hellos.
They stood there, uncomfortably studying one another, until an usher
came up to the group. ' me,' he said in a hushed voice. ' services are
about to begin. Would you follow me, please?' He led them to a reserved
pew at the front of the chapel- They took their seats and waited, each
preoccupied with his or her own thoughts. I To Tyler, it felt strange to
be back in Boston. The only good memories he had of it were when his
mother and Rosemary were alive. When he was eleven, Tyler had seen a
print of the famous Goya painting Saturn Devouring His Son, and he had
always identified it with his father. And now, Tyler, looking over at

his father's coffin as it was carried into the church by the
pallbearers, thought, Saturn is dead. V know your dirty little secret.'
The minister stepped into the chapel's historic wineglass shaped pulpit.
- 129 "'Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that
believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever
liveth and believeth in me shall never die."' Woody was feeling
exhilarated. He had taken a hit of heroin before coming to the church,
and it had not worn off yet. He glanced over at his brother and sister.
Tyler has put on weight. He looks like a judge. Kendall has turned into
a beauty, but she seems to be under a strain. I wonder if it's because
Father died? No. She hatedhim as much as Idid. He looked at his wife,
seated next to him. Im sorry I didn't get to show her off to the old
man. He would have died of a heart attack. The minister was speaking.
"'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that
fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."'
Kendall was not listening to the service. She was thinking about the red
dress. Her father had telephoned her in New York one afternoon.

"So you've become a big-shot designer, have you? Well, let's see how
good you are. I'm taking my new gir#'riend to a charity ball Saturday
night. She's your size. I want you to design a dress for her."
"Saturday? I can't, Father. I.. ''ll do it.' 130 @And she had designed
the ugliest dress she could conceive of. It had a large

black bow in
front and yards of ribbons and lace. It was a monstrosity.
She had sent
it to her father, and he had telephoned her again. ' got
the dress. By
the way, my giry'riend can't make it Saturday, so you're
going to be my
date, and you're going to wear that dress.' ' And then the
terrible
phrase: ' don't want to dbgppoint me, do yotc?' I And she
had gone, not
daring to change the dress, and had spent the most
humiliating evening
of her life. 4,For we brought nothing into this world, and
it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and
the Lord hath taken
away;blessed be the name of the Lord!"' Peggy Stanford was
uncomfortable. She was awed by the splendor of the huge
church and the
elegantlooking people in it. She had never been to Boston
before, and to
her it meant the world of Stanfords, with all its pomp and
glory. These
people were so much better than she was. She took her
husband's hand.
"'All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as
the flower of
the field ... The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but
the word of
our God shall stand forever." 131 Marc was thinking about
the blackmail
letter that his wife had received. It had been worded very
carefully,
very cleverly. It would be impossible to find out who was
behind it. He
looked at Kendall, seated next to him, pale and tense. How
much more
can she take? he wondered. He moved closer to her. "'Unto
God's gracious
mercy and protection we commit you. The Lord bless you and
keep you.
The Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious
unto you. The
Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you and

give you peace,
now and forever. Amen."' With the service finished, the minister
announced, The burial services will be private - family members only.*
Tyler looked at the coffin and thought about the body inside. Last
night, before the casket was secured, he had gone straight from Boston's
Logan International Airport to the viewing at the funeral home. He
wanted to see his father dead. Woody watched as the coffin was carried
out of the church past the staring mourners, and he. smiled: Give the
peopk what they want. The graveside ceremony at the old Mount Auburn
Cemetery in Cambridge was brief. The family watched Harry Stanford's
body being lowered to its final resting place, and as the dirt was being
thrown onto the casket 132 the minister said, "There's no need for you
to stay any longer if you don't wish to.' Woody nodded. '.' The effect
of the heroin was beginning to wear off, and he was starting to feel
-Jittery. ''s get the hell out of here.' Marc said, ' are we going?'
Tyler turned to the group. ''re staying at Rose Hill. It's all been
arranged.,We'll stay there until the estate is settled.' ' few minutes
later, they were in limousines on their way to the house. Boston had a
strict social hierarchy. The nouveaux riches lived on Commonwealth
Avenue, and the social climbers on Newbury Street.

Less affluent old families lived on Marlborough Street. Back Bay was the
city's newest and most prestigious address, but Beacon Hill was still
the citadel for Boston's oldest and wealthiest families.

It was a rich
mixture. of Victorian townhouses and brownstones, old churches and chid
shopping areas. Rose Hill, the Stanford estate, was a beautiful old
Victorian house that stood amid three acres of land on Beacon Hill. The
house that the Stanford children had grown-up in was filled with
unpleasant memories. When the limousines arrived in front of the house,
the passengers got out and stared up at the old mansion. ' can't believe
Father isn't going to be inside, waiting for us,' Kendall said.

133 Woody grinned. ''s too busy trying to run things In hell.' Tyler
took a deep breath. ''s go.' As they approached the front door it
opened, and Clark, the butler, stood there. He was in his seventies, a
dignified, capable servant who had ' at Rose Hill for more than thirty
years. He had watched the children grow up, and had lived through all
the scandals. Clark's face lit up as he saw the group. ' afternoon!'
Kendall gave him a warm hug. ', ifs so good to see you again-' ' been a
long time, Miss. Kendall.' ''s Mrs. Renaud now. This is my husband,
Marc.' ' do you do, sir?' "My wife has told me a great deal about you.'
' too terrible I hope,'sir.' , the contrary.

She has only fond memories of YOU. ' you, sir.1 Clark turned to Tyler. '
afternoon, Judge Stanford.' ', Clark.' . ''s a pleasure to
see you, sir.' ' you. You're -looking very well.' ' are you, sir. I'm so sorry
about what has happened.' ' you. Are you set up here to take care of all
of us?' 134 Goh, yes. I think we can make everyone

comfortable. ' I in
my old room?' Clark smiled. ' right.' He turned to Woody. 411m pleased
to see you, Mr. Woodrow. I want to -' Woody grabbed Peggy's arm. ' on,'
he said curtly. ' want to get freshened up.' The others watched as Woody
pushed past them ' took Peggy upstairs. The rest of the group walked
into the huge drawing room. The room was dominated by a pair of massive
Louis XIV armoires.

Scattered around the room were a giltwood console table with a molded
marble top, and an array of exquisite period chairs and couches. An olu
chandelier hung from the high ceiling. On the walls were dark medieval
paintings. Clark turned to Tyler. ' Stanford, I have a message for you.
Mr. Simon Fitzgerald would like you to telephone him to tell him when it
would be convenient to arrange a meeting with the family.' ' is Simon
Fitzgeraldt Marc asked. Kendall replied. ''s the family attorney. Father
has been with him forever but we've never met him.' ' presume he wants
to discuss the disposition of the estate,' Tyler said.

He turned to the others. ' it's all right with all of you, I'll. arrange
for him to meet us here tomorrow morning.' ' w;ll be fine,' Kendall
said. 135 ' chef is preparing dinner,'Clark told them.'Will eight
o'clock be satisfactory?' ',' Tyler said. ' you.' ' and Millie will show
you to your rooms.' Tyler turned to his sister and her husband. ''ll
meet down here at eight, shall we?' As Woody and Peggy entered their
bedroom upstairs, Peggy asked, ' you all right?' ''m

fine,' Woody
snapped. ' me alone.' She watched him go into the bathroom and slam the
door shut. She stood there, waiting.

Ten minutes later, Woody came out. He was smiling. ', baby.' '."

"Well, how do you like the old house?' ''s ... it's enormous.' ''s a
monstrosity.' He walked over to the bed and put his arms around Peggy.

"This is my old room. These walls were covered with sports posters - the
Bruins, the Celtics, the Red Sox. I wanted to be an athlete. I had big
dreams. In my senior year in boarding school, I was captain of the
football team. I got offers of admission from half a dozen college
coaches.' ' one did you take?' He shook his head. ' of them. My father
said they were only interested in the Stanford name, that they just
wanted money from him. He sent me to an engineering school where they
didn't play football.' 136 He was silent for a moment. Then he mumbled,
' could'a been a contenda .. She looked at him puzzled.

"Whaff He looked up. ''t you ever see On the Waterfront?' 6NO. t ' was a
line that Marlon Brando said. It means we both got screwed.' ' father
must have been touih.' Woody gave a short, derisive laugh.

"That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said about him. I remember when
I was just a kid, I fell off a horse. I wanted to get back on and ride
again. My father wouldn't let Ine..You'll never be a rider," he said.

"You're too clumsy."' Woody looked up at her. ''s why I became a
nine-goal polo player.' They came together at the dinner table,,strangers to one another, seated in an uncomfortable silence,
their only connection childhood traumas. Kendall looked around the room.

Terrible memories mingled with an appreciation for its beauty. The
dining table was classical French, an early Louis XV, surrounded by
Directoire walnut chairs. In one comer was a blue-and-cream. painted .

French provincial comer armoire. On the walls were drawings by Watteau
and Fragonard. Kendall turned to Tyler. ' read about your decision in
the Rorello case. He deserved what you gave him.' 137 ' must be exciting
being a judge,' Peggy said. ' it is.' ' kind of cases do you handlet
Marc inquired. ' cases - rapes, drugs, murder.' Kendall turned pale and
started to say something, and Marc grabbed her hand and squeezed it as a
warning. Tyler said politely to Kendall, ''ve become a successful
designer.' Kendall was finding it hard to breathe. '.' ' fantastic,'
Marc said. ' Marc, what do you do?' ''m with a brokerage house.' ',
you're one of those young Wall Street millionaires.' ', not exactly,
judge. I'm really just getting started.' Tyler gave Marc a patronizing
look. ' guess it's lucky you have a successful wife.' Kendall blushed
and whispered in Marc's ear, ' no attention. Remember I love you.' Woody
was beginning'to feel the effect of the drug. He turned to look at his
wife.

"Peggy could use some decent clothes,' he said. ' she doesn't care how
she looks.'Do you, angelt Peggy sat there, embarrassed, not knowing what
to say. ' a little waitress costume?'Woody suggested. 138 said, ' me.'
She got up from the table Red upstairs. They were all staring at Woody.
He grinned. ''s oversensitive. So, we're having a discussion about the
will tomorrow, eh?' ''s right,' Tyler said.

"I'll make you a bet the old man didn't leave us one dime.' Marc said,
"But there's so much money in the A*ate .. Woody snorted. ' didn't know
our father. He probably left us his old jackets and a box of cigars. He
liked to use his money to control us. His favorite, line was I I You
don't want to disappoint me, do yotc? " And we all behaved like good
little children because, as you said, there was so much money.

Well, I'll bet the old man found a way to take it with him.' Tyler said,
"We'll know tomorrow, won't we?' Early the following morning, Simon
Fitzgerald and Steve Sloane arrived. Clark escorted them into the
library. ''ll inform the family that you're here,'he said. ' you." They
watched him leave. The library was huge and opened onto a garden through
two large French doors. The room was paneled in dark-stained oak, and
the walls were lined with bookcases filled with handsome leather-bound
volumes. There was a scattering of comfortable chairs and Italian
reading lamps. In one comer stood a 139 customized beveled-glass and

ormolu-mounted mahogany cabinet that displayed Harry Stanford's enviable
gun collection. Special drawers had been designed beneath the display
case to house the ammunition. ''s going to be an interesting morning,'
Steve said. ' wonder how they're going to react.' ''ll find out soon
enough.' Kendall and Marc came into the room first. Simon Fitzgerald
said," Good morning. I'm Simon Fitzgerald. This is my associate, Steve
Sloane.' ''m Kendall Renaud, and this is my husband, Marc.' The men
shook hands. Woody and Peggy entered the room. Kendall said, ', this is
Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Sloane.' Woody nodded. '.

Did you bring the cash with YOUT ', we really ...' ''m only kidding!

This is my wife, Peggy.' Woody looked at Steve. ' the old man leave me
anything or ... T Tyler entered the room. ' morning.' ' Stanfordt - '.'
''m Simon Fitzgerald, and this is Steve Sloane, my associate. It was
Steve who arranged to have your father's body brought back from
Corsica.' Tyler turned to Steve. ' appreciate that. We're not 140 what
happened exactly. The press has had so many different versions of the
story. Was there foul @'.`play involved?' 7. '. It seems to have been an
accident. Your father's was caught in a terrible storm off the coast of
_@Xorsica. According to a deposition from Dmitri Kamv-1 y, his
bodyguard, your father was standing on the outside veranda of his cabin
and the wind blew some Oapers out of his hand. He reached ior them, lost
his R@ balance and fell overboard. By the time they

recovered W body, it
was too late.' ' a horrible way to die.' Kendall
shuddered.

"Did you talk to this Kaminsky person?'Tyler asked. ', no.

By the time I arrived in Corsica, he had left.' Fitzgerald
said, '
captain of the yacht had advised your father not to sail
into that
storm, but for he was in a hurry to return here. He had
some reason
arranged for a helicopter to bring him back. There was
some kind of
urgent problem-' Tyler asked, ' you know what the problem
wast back
here. '. I cut short my vacation to meet him 1 don't know
what Woody
interrupted. ''s all very interesting, but it's ancient
history, isn't
it? Let's talk about the will. Did he leave us anything or
nott His
hands were twitching. ' don't we sit down?' Tyler
suggested. They took
chairs. Simon Fitzgerald sat at the desk, 141 facing them.
He opened a
briefcase and started to take out some papers. Woody was
ready to
explode. '? For God's sake, did he or didn't het Kendall
said, Woody
...' ' know the answer,'Woody said angrily. ' didn't leave
us a damn
cent.' Fitzgerald looked into the faces of the children of
Harry
Stanford. ' a matter of fact,' he said, ' of you will
share equally in
the estate.' Steve could feel the sudden euphoria that
swept through the
room. Woody was staring at Fitzgerald, opennioutbed. '?

Are you seriousr Hejumped to his feet. ''s fantastic!' He
turned to the
others. ' you hear that? The old bastard finally came
through!" He

looked at Simon Fitzgerald. ' much money are we talking abouff ' don't
have the exact figure. According to the latest issue of Forbes magazine,
Stanford Enterprises is worth six billion dollars. Most of it is
invested in various corporations, but there is roughly four hundred
million dollars available in liquid assets.' Kendall was listening,
stunned. ''s more than a hundred million dollars for each of us. I can't
believe it!' Fmfree, she thought. I can pay them off and be rid of
themforever. She looked at Marc, her @ace shining, and squeezed his
hand. ',' Marc said. He knew more than 142 1.1be others what the money
would mean. Simon Fitzgerald spoke up. ' you know, ninety-nine percent of
the shares in Stanford Enterprises was held by your father. So those
shares will be divided . among you. Also, now that his father is
deceased, Judge Stanford owns outright that other one percent that had
been held in trust. Of course, there will be certain formalities.
Furthermore, I should inform you that there is a possibility of another
heir being involved.' ' heirt Tyler asked.

"Your father's will specifically provides that the estate is to be
divided equally among his issue.' Peggy looked puzzled. ' ... what do
you mean by issuet Tyler spoke up. '-born descendants and legally
adopted descendants.' Fitzgerald nodded. ' is correct. Any descendant
born out of wedlock is deemed a descendant of the mother and the father,
whose protection is established under the law of the
jurisdiction.? , -

' are you saying?' Woody -asked impatiently. ''m saying that there may
be'another claimant.' Kendall looked at him. ' Simon Fitzgerald
hesitated. There was no way to be tactful. ''m sure that you are all
aware of the fact that a number of years ago, your father sired a child
by a governess who worked here.' ' Nelson," Tyler said. 143 '. Her
daughter was born at St. Joseph's Hospital in- Milwaukee. She named her
Julia.' The room was thick with silence. "Hey!" Woody exclaimed. ' was
twenty-five years ago-P '-six, to be exact., Kendall asked, ' anyone
know where she is?' Simon Fitzgerald could hear Harry Stanford's voice:
' wrote to tell me that it was a girl. Well, ifshe thinks she's going to
get a dirne out of me, she can go to hell.' ',' Fitzgerald said slowly.
' one knows where she is."

"Then what the hell are we talking about?' Woody demanded. ' just wanted
all of you to be aware that if she does appear, she will be entitled to
an equal share of the estate.' ' don't think we have anything to worry
about,' Woody said confidently. ' probably never even knew who her
father was.' Tyler turned to Simon Fitzgerald. ' say you don't know the
exact amount of the estate. May I ask why not?"

"Because our firm handles only your father's personal affairs. His
corporate affairs are represented by two other law firms. I've been in
touch with them and have asked them to prepare financial statements as
soon as possible.' ' kind of time frame are we talking aboutt 144 @'p

Xendall asked anxiously. We will need $100.000 immediately to cover our
expenses. ' two to three months.' Marc saw the consternation on his
wife's face. He Wrned to Fitzgerald. ''t there some way to hurry
,.,things along?' Steve Sloane answered. ''m afraid not. The will has io
go through probate court, and their calendar is rather heavy right now.'
' is a probate court?' Peggy asked. ' is from the past participle of
probare - to prove. it's the act of -' ' didn't ask you for a damned
English lesson!' Woody exploded. ' can't we just wrap things up no Tyler
turned to his brother. ' law doesn't work that way. When there's a
death, the will has to be filed in the probate court. There has to be an
appraisal of all assets - real estate, closely held corporations, cash,
jewelry - then an inventory has to be prepared and filed in the court.
Taxes have to be taken care of, and specific bequests paid. After that,-
a petition is filed for permission to distribute the balance of the
estate to the beneficiaries.' Woody grinned, ' the hell. I've waited
almost forty years to be a millionaire. I guess I can wait another month
or two.' Simon Fitzgerald stood up. ' from your father's bequests to
you, there are some minor gifts, 145 but they don't affect the bulk of
the estate." Fitzgerald looked around the room. ', if there's nothing
else ..

Tyler rose. ' think not. Thank you, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Sloane. If there
are any problems, we'll be in touch.' Fitzgerald nodded to the group.

%adies and gentlemen.' He turned and went toward the door, Steve Sloane
following him. Outside, in the driveway, Simon Fitzgerald turned to
Steve. ', now you've met the family. What do you think?' ' was more like
a celebration than a mourning. I'm puzzled by something, Simon. If their
father hated them as much as they seem to hate him, why did he leave
them all that money?' Simon Fitzgerald shrugged. ''s something we'll
never know. Maybe that's why he was coming to see me, to leave the money
to someone else.' None of the group was able to sleep that night-, each
lost in his or her own thoughts. Tyler was thinking, It's happened. It's
really happenedl I can afford to give Lee the world Anything!
Everything! Kendall was thinking, As soon as I get the money, ru find a
way to buy them off permanently, and I'll make sure they never bother me
again. Woody was thinking, I'm going to have the best string 146 of polo
ponies in the world. No more borrowing other people's ponies. rm going
to be ten goals! He glanced over at Peggy, sleeping at his side.
Thefirst thing I'll do is get rid of this stupid bitch. Then he thought,
No, I can't do that ... He got out of bed and went into the bathroom.
When he came out, he was feeling wonderful. The atmosphere at breakfast
the next morning was exuberant. ',' Woody said happily, ' suppose all of
you have been making plans.' Marc shrugged. ' does one plan for
something like this? It is an unbelievable amount of money.' Tyler
looked up. ''s certainly going to change all ur live..

Woody nodded. ' bastard should have given it to us while he was alive,
so we could have enjoyed it then. If it's not impolite to hate the dead,
I have to tell you something ...' Kendall said reproachfully, "Woody
...' ', let's not be hypocrites.- We all despised him, and he deserved
it. Just look what he tried to -' Clark came into the room. He stood
there, apologetically, ' me,' he said.- ' is a Miss. Julia Stanford at
the door."

Chapter Thirteen.

Julia Stanfordp' They stared at one another, frozen. ' hell she is!"
Woody exploded. Tyler said quickly, ' suggest we adjourn to the
library.'He turned to Clark.'Would you send the young lady in there,
pleaset ', sir.' She stood in the doorway, looking at each of them,
obviously ill at ease. ' ... I probably shouldn't have come,' she said.

"You're damn right!' Woody said. ' the hell are YOUT ''m Julia
Stanford.' She was, almost stammering in her nervousness. '. I mean who
are you really?' She started to say something, then shook her head.

"I ... My mother was Rosemary Nelson. Harry Stanford was my father.' The
group looked at one another. ' you have any proof of that Tyler asked.
151 She swallowed. ' don't think I have any real proof.' ' course you
don't,' Woody snapped. ' do you have the nerve to -T Kendall
interrupted. ' is rather a shock to all of us, as you can

imagine. If
what you're saying is true, then you're ... you're our half sister.'
Julia nodded. ''re Kendall.'She turned to Tyler. ''re Tyler.' She turned
to Woody. ' you're Woodrow. They call you Woody."

"As People Magazine could have told you,' Woody said sarcastically.

Tyler spoke up. ''m surd you can understand our position, Miss ... er
... Without some positive proof, there's no way we could possibly accept
...' ' understand.' She looked around nervously. 41 don't know why I
came here.' ', I think you do,' Woody said. ''s called money.' ''m not
interested in the money,' she said indignantly. ' truth is that I ... I
came here hoping to meet my family: v Kendall was studying her. ' is
your mothert ' passed away. When I read that our father died .. '
decided to look us up,'Woody said mockingly.

Tyler spoke. ' say you have no legal proof of who you are.' '9l ... I
suppose not. I didn't even think about 152 t. But there are things. I
couldn't possibly know about unless I had heard them from my mother.' '
examplet Marc said. She stopped to think. ' remember my mother used to
talk about 4 greenhouse in the back. She loved plants and flowers, and
she would spend hours there.' Woody spoke up. ' of that greenhouse were
in a lot of magazines.' ' else did your mother tell yo@!' Tyler asked.
', there were so many things! She loved to talk about all of you and the
good times you used to have.' She thou t for a moment. ' was the day s -

gh he took you on the swan boats when you were very young. One of you
almost fell overboard. I don't remember which one.' Woody and Kendall
looked over at Tyler. ' was the one,' he said. ' took you shopping at
Filene's. One of you got lost, and everyone was in a panic.' Kendall
said slowly, ' got lost that day.' '? What elset Tyler, asked. ' took
you to the Union Oyster House and you tasted yo@r first oyster and got
sick.' ' remember that." They stared at each other, silent. She looked
at Woody. ' and Mother went to the Charlestown Navy Yard to see the USS
Constitution, and you wouldn't leave. She had to drag you away.' She
turned to Kendall. ' in the Public 153 Garden one day, you picked some
flowers and were almost arrested.' Kendall swallowed. ''s right! They
were all listening to her intently now, fascinated. ' day, Mother took
all of you to the Natural History museum, and you were terrified of the
mastodon and sea serpent skeleton.' Kendall said slowly, ' of us slept
that night.' Julia turned to Woody. ' Christmas, she took you skating.
You fell down and broke a tooth. When you were seven years old, you fell
out of a tree and had to have your leg stitched up. You had a scar.'
Woody said reluctantly, ' still do.' , She turned to the others.

"One of you was bitten by a dog. I forgot which one. My mother rushed
you to the emergency room at Massachusetts General.' Tyler nodded. ' had
to have- shots against rabies.' Her words were coming out in a torrent
now. ', when you were eight years old, you ran away. You

were going to
Hollywood to become an actor. Your father was furious with you. He made
you go to your room without -dinner. Mother sneaked some food up to your
room.' Woody nodded, silent. ' ... I don't know what else I can tell
you. I ... She suddenly remembered something. ' have a photograph in my
purse.' She opened her purse and took it out. She handed the picture to
Kendall. 154 They all gathered around to look at it. It was a picture of
the three of them when they were children, standing next to an
attractive young woman in a governess's uniform.

"Mother gave me that.' Tyler asked, ' she leave you anything else?" She
shook her head. '. I'm sorry. She didn't want anything around that
reminded. her of Harry Stanford.' ' you, of course,' Woody said.

She turned to him, defiantly. ' don't care whether you believe me or
not. You don't understand ... I ... I was so hoping -' Slid, broke off.

Tyler spoke. ' my sister said, your sudden appearance is rather a shock
for us. I mean ... someone appearing out of nowhere and claimingto be a
member of the family ... you can see our problem. I think we need a
littl e time to discuss this.' ' course, I understand.' ' are you
staying?, ' the Tremont House.' ' don't you go back there,? We'll have a
car take you. And we'll be in touch shortly.' She nodded. ' right.' She
looked at each of them for a moment, and then said softly, "No matter
what you think - you're my family.' ''ll walk you to the

door,' Kendall
said. She smiled. ''s all right. I can find my own way. I feel as-if I
know every inch of this house.' 155 They watched her turn and walk out
of the room. Kendall said,'Welll It ... it looks as though we have a
sister.' 11 don't believe it,' Woody retorted. ' seems to me ... ' Marc
began. They were -all talking at once. Tyler raised a hand. ' isn't
getting us anywhere. Let's look at this logically. In a sense, this
person is on trial here and we're her jurors. It's up to us to determine
her innocence or guilt. In a jury trial, the decision must be unanimous.
We must all agree.' Woody nodded.

"Right.' Tyler said, ' I would like to cast the first vote. I think the
lady is a fraud! ' fraud? How can she be?'Kendall demanded. ' couldn't
possibly know all those intimate details about us if she weren't real.'
Tyler turned to her. ' how many servants worked in this house when we
were childrent Kendall looked at him, puzzled.

"Why?' ', right? And some -of them would have known everything this
young lady told us. Over the years, there have been maids, chauffeurs,
butlers, chefs. Any one of them could have given her that photograph as
well.' ' mean ... she could be in league with someone?2 "One or more,'
Tyler said. ''s not forget that there's an enormous amount of money
involved.' 156 ' says she doesn't want the money.

Marc reminded them. Woody nodded. ', that's what she says.' He looked at
Tyler. "But how do we prove she's a fake? There's no way

that - ' is a
way,' Tyler said thoughtfully. They all turned to him.

"How?' Marc asked. ''ll,,have the answer for you tom6rrow.' Simon
Fitzgerald said slowly, ' you saying that Julia Stanford has appeared
after all these yearst - ' woman who claims she's Julia Stanford has
appeared.' Tyler corrected him. ' you don't believe hert Steve asked.

"Absolutely not. The only so-called -proof of her identity that she
offered were some incidents from our childhood that at least a dozen
former employees could have been aware of and an old photograph that
really doesn't prove a thing. She could be in league with any one of
them. I intend to prove she's a fraud.' Steve frowned. ' do you. propose
to do that?' ' I t s ve I ' ry simple. I want a DNA test done.' Steve
Sloane was surprised. ' would mean exhuming your father's body.' '.'
Tyler turned to Simon Fitzgerald. ' that be a problemt ' the
circumstances, I could probably obtain an exhumation order. Has she
agreed to this test?' 157 ' haven't asked her yet. If she refuses, it's
an affirmation that she's afraid of the results! He hesitated. ' have to
confess that I don't like doing this. But I think it's the only way we
can determine the truth.' Fitzgerald was thoughtful for a moment.'Very
well.' He turned to Steve, ' you handle thist ' c9urse.' He looked at
Tyler. ''re probably familiar with the procedure. The next of kin - in
this case, any of the deceased's children - has to apvly to the

coroner's office for an exhumation permit. You'll have to tell them the
reason for the request. If it's approved, the coroner's office will
contact the funeral home and give them permission to go ahead. Someone
from the coronees office has to be present at the exhumation! ' long
will this take?' Tyler asked. ''d say three or four days to get an
approval. Today is Wednesday. We should be able to exhume the body on
Monday.' '! Tyler hesitated. ''re going to need. a DNA expert, someone
who will be convincing in a courtroom, if it ever goes that far. I was
hoping you might know someone! . Steve said, J know just the man. His
name is Perry Winger.

He's here in Boston. He's given expert testimony in trials all over the
country. I'll call him.' ''d appreciate it. The sooner we get this over
with, the better it will be for all of us! 158 -ten O'clock the
following morning, Tyler walked to the Rose Hill library, where Woody,
Peggy, Kendall and Marc were waiting. At Tyler's side was a stranger. 61
want you to meet Perry Winger,' Tyler said. ' is hetwoody asked.

"He's our DNA expert.' Kendall looked at Tyler. ' in the world do we
need a DNA expert fort Tyler said, ' prove that this stranger, who so
conveniently appeared out of nowhere, is an impostor. I have no
intention of letting her get away with this.' 6you@ re going to dig the
old man upon'Woody asked. ''s right. I have our attorneys working on the
exhumation order now. If the woman is our half sister, the

DNA will
prove it. If she's not - it will prove that, too. Marc said, ''m afraid
I don't understand about this DNA.' Perry Winger cleared his throat.

"Simply put, deoxyribonucleic acid - or DNA - is the molecule of
heredity. It contains each individual's unique genetic code., it be
extracted from traces of blood, semen, saliva, hair roots, and even
bone. Traces of it can last in a corpse for more than fifty years.' '
see. So it is really quite simple,' Marc said. Perry Winger frowned.

"Believe me, it is not. There are two types of DNA testing. A PCR test,
which takes three days to get results, and the more complex RFLP 159
test, which takes six to eight weeks. For our purposes, the simpler test
will be sufficient.' ' do you do the test?' Kendall asked. ' are several
steps. First, the sample is collected and the DNA is cut into fragments.
The fragments are sorted by length by placing them on a bed of gel and
applying an electric current. The DNA, which is negatively charged,
moves toward the positive and, several hours later, the fragments have
arranged themselves by length.' He was just getting warmed up. '
chemicals are used to split the DNA fragments apart, then the fragments
are transferred to a nylon sheet, which is immersed in a bath, and
radioactive probes -' The eyes of his listeners were beginning to glaze
over. ' accurate is this testt Woody interrupted. ''s one hundred
percent accurate in deteriniffing if the man is not the

father. If the
test is positive, it's ninety-nine point nine percent
aecurate. Woody
turned to his brother. ', you're a judge. Let's say for
the sake of
argument that she really is Harry Stanford's child. Her
mother and our
father were never married. Why should she be entitled to
anything?' '
the law,' Tyler explained, 'if our father's paternity is
established,
she would be entitled to an equal share with the rest of
us.' ' I say
let's go ahead with the damned DNA test and expose her!'
160 0",Tyler,
Woody, Kendall, Marc and Julia were seated a table in the
dining-room
restaurant at the Tremont House. Peggy remained behind at
Rose Hill. '
this talk about digging up a body gives me the creeps,'
she said. Now
the group was facing the woman claiming to -be Julia
Stanford. 11 don't
understand. what you're asking me to do.' ''s really very
simple,' Tyler
informed her. ' doctor will take a skin sample from you to
compare with
our father's. If the DNA molecules match, it's positive
proof that
you're really his daughter. On the other hand, if you're
not willing to
take the test ..

"I ... I don't like it.' Woody closed in. ' nott ' don't
know.' She
shuddered. ' idea of digging up my father's body to ... to
...' ' prove
who you are.' She looked into each of their faces. ' wish
all of you
would - '?' ''s no way I can convince you, is theret ',"
Tyler said. '
to take this test.' There was a long silence. ' right.
I'll do it.' t
The exhumation order had been more difficult to obtain

than anyone had
anticipated. Simon Fitzgerald had spoken to the coroner
personally. 161
'! For God's sake, Simon! I can't do that! Do you know
what a stink that
would cause? I mean, we aren't dealing with John Doe here;
we're dealing
with Harry Stanford. If this ever leaked out, the media
would have a
field day!' ', this is important.

Billions of dollars are at stake here. So you make sure it
doesn't leak
out.' ''t there some other way you can ... T ''m afraid
not. The woman
is very convincing.' .'But the family is not convinced.'
'.' ' you think
she's a fraud, Simont ', I don't know. But my opinion
doesn't matter. In
fact, none of our opinions matters. A court will demand
proof, and the
DNA test will provide that.' The coroner shook his head. '
knew old
Harry Stanford. He would have hated this. I really
shouldn't let ...' -
' you will.' The coroner sighed. ' suppose so.

Would you do me a favort ' course.' ' this quiet. Let's
not have a media
circus.' ' have my word. Top secret. I'll have just the
family there.' '
do you want to do thist ' would like to do it on Monday.'
162 The
coroner sighed again. ' right. I'll call the neral home.
You owe me one,
Simon.' ' won't forget this.' At nine o'clock Monday
morning, the
entrance to the section of Mount Auburn Cemetery where
Harry Stanford's
body was buried was temporarily closed off ' maintenance
repairs'. No
strangers were allowed into the grounds. Woody, Peggy,
Tylei', Kendall,
Marc, Julia, Simon Fitzgerald, Steve Sloane, and Dr.

Collins, a
representative from the coroner's office, stood at the
site of Harry
Stanford's grave, watching four employees of the cemetery
raise , his
coffin. Perry Winger waited off to the side. When the
coffin reached
ground level, the foreman turned to the group. ' do you
want us to do
nowt ' it, please,' Fitzgerald said. He turned to Perry
Winger. ' long
will this taket ' more than a minute. I'll just get a
quick skin
sample.' I ' right,' Fitzgerald said.

He nodded to the foreman. ' ahead.' The foreman and his
assistants began
to unseal the coffin. I ' don't want to see this,' Kendall
said.

"Do we have tot '!' Woody told her. ' really do.' They all
watched,
fascinated, as the lid of the coffin 163 was slowly
removed and pushed
to one side. They stood there, staring down. ', my God!'
Kendall
exclaimed. The coffin was empty.

Chapter Fourteen.

Back at Rose Hill, Tyler had just gottei off the phone. '
says there
won't be any media leaks. The cemetery certainly doesn't
want that kind
of bad pubficity. The coroner has ordered Dr. Collins to
keep his mouth
shut, and Perry Winger can be trusted not to talk.' @
Woody wasn't
paying any attention. ' don't know how the bitch did it!'
he said. ' she
isn't going to get away with it!' He glared at the others.
' suppose you
don't think she arranged itt Tyler said slowly, ''m afraid
I have to

agree with you, Woody. No one else, possibly could have
had a reason for
doing this. The woman is clever and resourceful, and she's
obviously pot
working alone. I'm not sure exactly what we're up
against.' ' are we
going to do now?' Kendall asked. Tyler shrugged.

"Frankly, I don't know. I wish I did* I'm sure she plans
to go to court
to contest the wilu ' she have a chance of winning?' Peggy
asked
timidly. 165 ''m afraid she does. She's very persuasive.
She had -some
of us convinced.' ' must be something we can do,' Marc
exclaimed.

"What about bringing the police in on this?, ' says
they're already
looking into the disappearance of the body, and they've
come to a dead
end. No pun intended,' Tyler said. ''s more, the police
want this kept
quiet, or they'll have every weirdo in town turning up a
body.' ' can
ask them to investigate this phony!' Tyler shook his head.
' is not a
police matter. It's a private -' He stopped for a moment,
then said
thoughtfully, ' know ...' '?' ' could hire a private
investigator to try
to expose her.' ''s not a bad idea. Do you know onet ',
not locally. But
we could ask Fitzgerald to find someone. Or ...' He
hesitated. ''ve
never met him, but I've heard about a private detective
the district
attorney in Chicago uses a great deal.

He has an excellent reputation.' Marc spoke up. ' don't we
find out if
we can hire him?' Tyler looked around. ''s up to the rest
of you.' ' can
we loset Kendall asked. ' could be expensive,' Tyler

warned. Woody
snorted. '? We're talking about billions of dollars.' 166
Tyler nodded.
' course. You're right.' ''s his namet Tyler frowned. '
can't remember.
Simpson. Simmons ... No, that's not it. It sounds
something like that. I
can call the district attorney's office in Chicago.' The
group watched
as Tyler picked up the telephone @on the console and
dialed a number.
Two minutes later, he was speaking to an assistant
district attorney. '
is Judge Tyler Stanford. I xifiderstand that your office
retains a
private detectivelrom, time to time who does excellent
work for you. His
name is something like Simmons or =' The voice on the
other end said, ',
you must mean Frank Timmons.' '! Yes, that's it.' Tyler
looked at the
others and smiled. ' wonder if you could give me his
telephone number so
I can contact him directly?' After he wrote down the
telephone number,
Tyler replaced the receiver. He turned to the group, and
said, "Well.,
then, if we all agree, I'll try to reach him.' Everyone
nodded.

The following afternoon, Clark came into the drawing room,
where the
group was waiting. '. Timmons is here.' He was a man in
his forties,
with a pale complexion and the solid build of a boxer. He
had a broken
nose and bright, inquisitive eyes. He looked from Tyler to
167 Marc and
Woody, questioningly. ' Stanford?' Tyler nodded. ''m Judge
Stanford.' '
Timmons,' he said. ' have a seat, Mr. Timmons."

"Thank you.' He sat down. ''re the one who telephoned,
right?' '."

"To be honest, I don't know what I can do for you. I don't have any
official connections here.' ' is purely unofficial,' Tyler assured him.
' merely want to trace the background of a young woman.' ' told me on
the phone she claims to be your half sister, and there's no way of
running a DNA test.' ''s right,' Woody said. He looked at the group. '
you don't believe she's your half sistert There was a moment's
hesitation. ' don't,' Tyler told him. ' the other hand, it's just
possible that she is telling the truth. What we want to hire you to do
is provide irrefutable evidence that she is either genuine or a fraud.'
' enough. It will cost you a thousand dollars a day and -expenses.'
Tyler said, ' thousand ... T ''ll pay it.' Woody cut in.

"I'll need all the information you have on this woman.' Kendall said,
"There doesn't seem to be very much.' 168 IQ `@Tyler spoke up. ' has no
proof of any kind. She cam in with a lot of stories that she saysber
mother told her about our childhood, and He held up a band. ' it.

Who was her mothert ' purported mother was a governess we had as
children named Rosemary Nelson.' ' happened to her?' They looked at one
another uncomfortably. Woody spoke up. ' had an air with our father and
got pregnant. She ran away and had a baby girl.' He shrugged.

"She disappeared.' ' see. And this woman claims to be her child?"

"That's right.' ''s not a lot to go on.' He sat there, thinking.

Finally he looked up. ' right. I'll see what I can do.' ''s all we ask,'
Tyler said. The first move he made was to go to the Boston Public
Library and read all the microfiche about the twenty-six-year-old
scandal involving Harry Stanford, the governess, and Mrs. Stanford's
suicide. There was enough material for a novel. His next step was to
visit Simon Fitzgerald. ' name is Frank Timmons. I'm ' know who you
are,. Mr. Timmons. Judge Stanford asked me to cooperate with you. What
can I do for yout ' want to trace Harry Stanford's illegitimate
daughter. She'd be about twenty-eight, right?' 169 '. She was born
August ninth, 1969, at St. Joseph's Hospital in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Her mother named-her Julia.' He shrugged. ' disappeared. I'm afraid
that's all the information we have.' ''s a beginning,' he said. ''s a
beginning.' Mrs. Dougherty, the superintendent at St. Joseph's Hospital
in Milwaukee, was a gray-haired woman in her sixties. ', of course, I
remember,' she said. ' could I ever forget it? There was a terrible
scandal. There were stories in all the newspapers. The reporters here
found out who she was, and they wouldn't leave the poor girl alone."

"Where did she go when she and the baby left heret ' don't know. She
left no forwarding address.' ' she pay her bill in full before she left,
Mrs. Dougherty?' ' a matter of fact ... she didn't.' ' do you happen to

remember thatt .'Because it was so sad. I remember she sat in that very
chair you're sitting in, and she told me that she could pay only part of
her bill, but she promised to send me the money for the r9st of it.
Well, that was against hospital rules, of course, but I felt so sorry
for her, she was so ill when -she left here, and I said yes."

"And did she send you the rest of the moneyt ' certainly did. About two
months later. Now 170 I recall she had gotten a job at some secretarial
service.' ' wouldn't happen to remember where that was, would yout '.
Goodness, that was about twenty-five years ago, Mr. Timmons.' '.
Dougherty, do you keep all your patients' records on filet ' course.'
She looked up at him. ' you want me to go through the recordst He smiled
pleasantly. ' you wouldn't mind.' ' it help Rosemaryt ' could mean a
great deal to her.' ' you'll excuse me." Mrs. Dougherty left the office.
She returned fifteen minutes later, holding a paper in her hand. ' it
is. Rosemary Nelson. The return address is, The Elite Typing Service.
Omaha, Nebraska.' The Elite Typing Service was run by a Mr. Otto
Broderick, a man in his sixties. ' hire so many temporary employees,' he
protested. ' do you expect me to remember someone who worked here that
long agot ' was a rather special case. She was a single woman, in her
late twenties, in poor health. She had just had a baby and '!' ''s
right. Why do you remember hert 171 ', I like to associate things, Mr.
Timmons. Do you know what mnemonics 1st '.' ', that's what

I use. I
associate words. There was a movie out called Rosemary's
Baby. So when
Rosemary came in and told me she had a baby, I put the two
things
together and * * *' ' long was Rosemary Nelson with yout
', about a
year, I guess.

Then the press found out who she was, somehow, and they
wouldn't leave
her alone. She left town in the middle of the night to get
away from
them.' '. Broderick, do you have any idea where Rosemary
Nelson went
when she left here?' ', I think. She wanted a warmer
climate. I
recommended her to an agency I knew there.' ' I have the
name of that
agencyt '. It's the Gale Agency. I can remember it becauge
I associated
it with the big storms they have down in Florida every
year." Ten days
after his meeting with the Stanford family, he returned to
Boston. He
had telephoned ahead, and the family was waiting for him.

They were seated in a semicircle, facing him as he entered
the drawing
room at Rose Hill. ' said you had some news for us, Mr.
Timmons," Tyler
said. ''s right.' He opened a briefcase and pulled out 172
papers. ' has
been a most interesting case,' e said. ' I began "Cut to
the chase,'
Woody said impatiently. ' she ",a fraud or noff He looked
up. ' you
don't mind, Mr. Stanford, I y uld like to present this in
in own way.'
Tyler gave Woody a warning look. ''s fair enough. Please
go ahead.',
They watched him consult his noiis. ' Stanford governess,
Rosemary
Nelson, had a female child sired by Harry Stanford. She

and the child
went to Omaha, Nebraska, where she went to work for The
Elite Typing
Service. Her employer told me that she had difficulty with
the weather.
', I traced her and her daughter to Florida, where she
worked for the
Gale Agency. They moved around a great deal. I followed
the trail to San
Francisco, where they were living up to ten years ago.
That was the end
of the trail. After that, they disappeared! ' looked up.
''s it,
Timmonst Woody demanded. ' lost the trail ten years agot
', that is not
it! He reached into his briefcase and took out another
paper. '
daughter, Julia, applied for a driver's license when she
was seventeen!
' good is that Marc asked. ' the state of California d
rivers are
required to have their fingerprints taken.' He held up a
card. ' are the
real Julia Stanford's fingerprints! 173 Tyler said,
excitedly, ' see! If
they match -' ,'Then she would really be our sister.'
Woody interrupted.
He nodded. ''s right. I brought a portable fingerprint kit
with me, in
case you want to check her out now. Is she heret Tyler
said, ''s at a
local hotel. I've been talking to her every morning,
trying to persuade
her to stay here until we get this resolved.' ''ve got
her!' Woody said.
''s get over there!' Half an hour later, the group was
entering a hotel
room at the Tremont House. As they walked in, she was
packing a
suitcase. ' are you going?' Kendall asked. She turned to
face them.

"Home. It was a mistake for me to come here in the first
place.' Tyler

said, ' can't blame us for ... T She turned on him, furious. ' since I
arrived, I've been met with nothing but suspicion. You think rcame here
to take some money away from you. Well, I didn't. I came because I
wanted to find my family. I ... never mind.' She returned to her
packing. _Tyler said, ' is Frank Timmons. He's a private detective.' She
looked up. ' what? Am I being arrested?' ', ma'am.

Julia, Stanford obtained a driver's license in San Francisco when she
was seventeen years old.' 174 : stopped. ''s right. Is that against the
law?' ', ma'am. The point is ' point is'- Tyler interrupted -'that Julia
Stan- ','ford's fingerprints are on that license.' She looked at them. '
don't understand. What ... T Woody spoke up. ' want to check them
against your fingerprints.' Her lips tightened. '! I won't allow id' '
you saying that you won't kf us take your fingerprintst ''s right.' '
not?' Marc asked. Her body was rigid. ' all of you make me feel like I'm
some kind of criminal. Well, I've had enough! I want you to leave me
alone.' Kendall said gently, ' is your chance to prove who you really
are. We've been as upset by all this as you have. We would like to
settle it." She stood there, looking into their faces, one by one.
Finally she said wearily, ' right. Let's get this over with.' '.' '.
Timmons ..

. `:4<3' ' Tyler said. '.' He took out a small fingerprint kit and set it up on
the table. He opened the ink pad. ', if you'll just step over here,

please.' The others watched as she walked over to the table. He picked
up her hand and, one by one, pressed her fingertips onto the pad.

Next, hepressed them onto a 175 piece of white paper. '. That wasn't so
bad, was itt He placed the drivees license next to the fresh
fingerprints. The group walked over to the table and looked down at the
two sets of prints. They were identical. Woody' was the first to speak.

"They're ... the ... same.' Kendall was looking at her with a mixture of
feelings. ' really are our sister, aren't yout She was smiling through
her tears. ''s what I've been trying to tell you.' Everybody -was
suddenly talking at once. ''s incredible ... !' ' all these years .. '
didn't your mother ever come back ... T ''m sorry we gave you such a bad
time.' Her smile lit up the room. '? s all right.

Everything's all right now.' Woody picked up the fingqrprint card and
looked at it in awe. ' God! This is a billion-dollar card.' He put the
card in his pocket. ''m going to have it bronzed.' Tyler turned, to the
group. ' calls for a real celebration! I suggest we all go back to Rose
Hill.' He turned to her and smiled. ''ll give you a welcome home party.
Let's get you checked out of here.' She looked around at them, and her
eyes were 176 shining. It, s like a dream come true. I finally have a
family!' Half an hour later they were back at Rose Hill, and she was
settling into her new room. The others were downstairs, talking

excitedly. ' must feel as though she's just been through the
Inquisition,' Tyler mused. ' has,' Peggy replied. ' dodi know how she
stood it.' Kendall said, ' wonder how she's going to adjust to her new
life.' ' same way we're all going to adjust,' Woody said dryly.

"With a lot of champagne and caviar.' Tyler rose. ', for one, am glad
it's finally settled. Let me go up and see if she needs any help.' He
went upstairs and walked along the corridor to her room. He knocked at
her door and called loudly, ' ''s open. Come in.' He stood in the
doorway, and, they stared silently at each other. And then Tyler
carefully closed the door, held out his hands, and broke into a slow
grin. When he spoke, he said, ' did it, Margo! We did it!"

Chapter Fifteen.

He had plotted it with the ineffabl& skill of a chess master. Only this
had been the most lucrative chess game in history, with stakes of
billions of dollars - and he had won! He was filled with a sense of
invincible power. Is this how you felt when you closed a big deal,
Father? Well, this is a bigger deal than you ever made. rve planned the
crime of the century, and rve gotten away with it. In a sense, it had
all started with Lee. Beautiful, wonderful Lee. The person he loved most
in the world. They had met in the Berlin, the gay bar on West Belmont
Avenue. Lee was tall and muscular and blond, and he was the most
beautiful man Tyler had ever seen. Their meeting had

started with, ' I
buy you a drink?' Lee had looked him over and nodded. '
would be nice.'
After the second drink, Tyler had said, ' don't we have a
drink over at
my placet Lee had smiled. ''m expensive.' 181 '1@e '
expensivet '
hundred dollars for the night.' Tyler had not hesitated.
''s go.' They
spent the night at Tyler's home. Lee was warm and
sensitive and caring,
and Tyler felt a closeness to him that he had never had
with any other
human being. He was flooded With emotions he had not known
existed. By
morning, Tyler was madly in love. In the past, he had
picked up young
men at the Cairo and the Bijou Theater and several other
gay hangouts in
Chicago, but now he knew that all that was going to
change. From now on,
he wanted only Lee. In the morning, while Tyler was
preparing breakfast,
he said, ' would you like to do tonightt Lee looked at him
in surprise.
'. I have a date tonight." Tyler felt as though he had
been hit in the
stomach. ', Lee, I thought that you and I ...' ', dear,
I'm a very
valuable piece of merchandise. I go to the highest bidder.
I like you,
but I'm afraid you really can't afford me.' ' can give you
anything you
want,' Tyler said.

Lee smiled lazily. '? Well, what I want is a trip to St.
Tropez on a
beautiful white yacht. Can you afford thatt ', I'm richer
than all your
friends put together.' 182 '? I thought you said you are a
judge..' ', I
am, yes, but I'm going to be rich. I mean ... very rich.'
Lee put his
arm around him. ''t fret, Tyler. I'm free a week from

Thursday. Those
eggs, look delicious.' That was the beginning. Money had
been important
to Tyler before, but now it became an obsession. He needed
it for Lee.
He could not get him out of his mind. The thought of him
making 16-4e
with other men was unbearable. rve got to have him for my
own. From the
age of twelve, Tyler had known that he was homosexual.

One day, his father had caught him fondling and kissing a
boy from his
school, and Tyler had borne the full brunt of his father's
fury. ' can't
believe I have a son, who's a faggot! Now that I know your
dirty little
secret, I'm going to keep a close eye on you, sister.'
Tylet's marriage
was a cosmic joke, perpetrated by a god with a macabre
sense of humor.
''s someone I want you, to meet,' Harry Stanford said. It
was Christmas
and Tyler was at Rose Hill for the holidays. Kendall and
Woody had
already made their departures and Tyler was planning his
when the
bombshell dropped. ''re going to get married.' '? That's
out of the
question! I don't .. 183 ' to me, sister. People are
beginning to talk
about you, and I can't have that. It's bad for my
reputation. If you get
married, that will shut them UP-0 Tyler was defiant. '
don't care what
people say. This is my life.' ' I want it to be a rich
life for you,
Tyler. I'm getting older. Pretty soon ...'- He shrugged.
The carrot and
the stick. Naomi Schuyler was a plain-looking woman, from
a middle-class
family, whose flaming desire in life was
to'better'herself. She was so
impressed by Harry Stanford's name that she would probably

have married
his son if he were pumping gas instead of being a judge. Harry Stanford
had taken Naomi to bed once.

When someone asked him why, Stanford replied, ' she was there." She
quickly bored him, and he decided she would be perfect for Tyler.

What Harry Stanford wanted, Harry Stanford got. The wedding took place
two months later. It was a small wedding - one hundred and fifty people
- and the bride and groom went to Jamaica for their honeymoon. It was a
fiasco. On their wedding night Naomi said, ' kind of man have I married,
for God's sake? What have you got a dick fort 184 Tyler tried to reason
with her. ' don't need sox. We can live separate lives.

We'll stay together, but we'll each have our own ... friends.' ''re
damned right, we will!' Naomi took out her vengeance on him by becoming
a black-belt shopper. She bought everything at the most expensive stores
in the city, and took shopping trips to New York. 11 can't afford your
extravagances on my income,5 Tyler protested. ' get a raise.

I'm your wife. I'm entitled to be 5 supported. Tyler went to his father
and explained the situation. Harry Stanford grinned. ' can be damned
expensive, can't they9 You'll just have to handle it.' ', Father, I need
some - 5 ' you'll have all the money in the world.' Tyler tried to
explain it to Naomi, but she had no intentions of waiting until ''. She
sensed that that '' might never come. When Naomi had

squeezed what she
could out of Tyler, she sued for divorce, settled for what was left of
his bank account, and disappeared.

, When Harry Stanford heard the news, he said,'Once a faggot, always a
faggot.' And that was the end of that. His father went out of his way to
demean Tyler. One day, when Tyler was on the bench, in the middle of a
185 trial, his bailiff came up to him and whispered, ' me, Your Honor
...' Tyler had turned to him, impatiently. ' ''s a telephone call for
you.' '? What's the matter with you? I'm in the middle of -' ''s your
father, Your, Honor. He says it's very urgent and he must talk to you
immediately.' Tyler was furious. His father had no right to interrupt
him. He was tempted to ignore the call. But on the other hand, if it was
that urgent..'. Tyler stood up. ' is recessed for fifteen minutes.'
Tyler hurried into his chambers and picked up the telephone. ' ' hope
I'm not disturbing you, Tyler.' There was malice in his voice. ' a
matter of fact, you are.

I'm in the middle of a trial and -' ', give him a traffic ticket and
forget it.' ' .. ' need your help with a serious problem.' ' kind of
problemt ' chef is stealing from me.' Tyler could not believe what he
was hearing. He was so angry he could hardly speak. ' called me off the
bench because ... T ''re the law, aren't you? Well, he's breaking the
law. I want you to come back to Boston and 186 check out my whole staff.
They're robbing me blind!' It was all Tyler could do to

keep from
exploding. ' ...' ' just can't trust those damn employment
agencies.'
''m in the middle of a trial. I cantpossibly go to Boston
now.$ There
was a moment of ominous silence. ' did YOU' sayt ' said
...' ' aren't to
disappoint me again, are you, 90mg Tyler? Maybe I should
talk to
Fitzgerald abodt some changes in my will.' And there was
the carrot
again. The money. His share of the billions of dollars
waiting for him
when his father died. Tyler cleared his throat. ' you
could send your
plane for me ...' ', no! If you play your cards right,
judge, that plane
will belong to you one day.

Just think about that. Meanwhile, fly commercial like
everyone else. But
I want you to get your ass back here!' The Fine went dead.
Tyler sat
there, filled with humiliation. My father has done this to
me all my
life. To hell with him! I won't go. I won't go.. Tyler
flew to Boston
that evening. 187 Harry Stanford employed a staff of
twenty-two. There
was a phalanx of secretaries, butlers, housekeepers,
maids, chefs,
chauffeurs, gardeners, and a bodyguard. ', every damned
one of them,'
Harry Stanford complained to Tyler. ' you're so worried,
why don't you
hire a private detective or go to the policet ' I have
you,' Harry
Stanford said. ''re a judge, right? Well, you judge them
for me.' It was
pure malevolence. Tyler looked around the huge house with
its exquisite
furniture and paintings, and he thought of the dreary
little house he
lived in. This is what I deserve to have, he thought.

And one day, r1l have it. Tyler talked to the butler, Clark, and other
senior members of the staff. He interviewed the servants, one by one,
and checked their resumes. Most of the employees were fairly new because
Harry Stanford was an impossible man to work for. The staff turnover at
the house was extraordinary. Some of them lasted only a day or two. A
few new employees were guilty of petty pilfering, and one was an
alcoholic, but other than that, Tyler could see no problem. Except for
Dmitri Kaminsky. Dmitri Kaminsky had been hired by his father as a
bodyguard and masseur. -Sitting on the bench ' had made Tyler a good
judge of character, and there was 188 something about Dmitri that Tyler
instantly mistrusted - He was the most recent employee. Harry Stanford's
former bodyguard had quit -, Tyler could imagine why - and he had
recommended Kaminsky. The man was huge, with a barrel chest and large,
muscular arms. He spoke English with a thick Russian accent. ' want to
see met '.' Tyler gestured to a chair. ', down.' He had looked at the
man's employment record, and it had told him very little, except that
Dmitri had come from Russia recently. ' were born in Russiat '.' He was
watching Tyler warily. ' part?' '."

"Why did you leave Russia to come to Americat Kaminsky shrugged. ' is
more opportunity here.' Opportunity for what? Tyler wondered. There was
something evasive _about the man's manner. They spoke for twenty
minutes, and at the end of -that time , was convinced that

Dmitri
Kaminsky was concealing something. Tyler telephoned Fred Masterson, an
acquaintance of his with the FBI. ', I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure. If I'm ever in Chicago, will you fix my traffic ticketst ''m
serious.' 189 '.' ' want you to check on a Russian who came over here
six months ago.' ' a minute. You're talking CIA, aren't yout "Maybe, but
I don't know anyone at CIA.' ' do U ', if you could do this for me, I
would really be grateful.' Tyler heard a sigh.

"Okay. What's his namet ' Kaminsky.' ''ll tell you what I'll do.

I know someone at the Russian Embassy in DC. I'll see if he has any
information on Kaminsky. If not, I'm afraid I can't help you.' ''d
appreciate it.' That evening, Tyler had dinner with his father.

Subconsciously, Tyler had hoped that his father would have aged, would
have become more fragile, more vulnerable with time. Instead, Harry Stan
*ford looked hale and hearty, in his prime. He's going to live forever.

Tyler thought despairingly. He'll outlive all of us. The conversation at
dinner was completely one sided. ' just closed a deal to buy the'power
company in Hawaii ... - ''m flying over to Amsterdam next week to
straighten out some GATT complication ... 190 ' secretary of state has
invited me to accompany him to China-' Tyler scarcely got in a word.

At the end of the meal, his father rose. ' are you coming along with the
servant problem?' ''m still checkin g them out, Father.' ', don't take
forever,' his father growled, and walked out of the room. The following
morning, Tyler received a call from Fred Masterson at the FBI.

"Tyler?' '.' ' picked a real beauty.' 40ht ' Kaminsky was a hit man for
polgoprudnenskaya.' ''t@e hell is that ''ll explain.

There are eight criminal groups that have taken over in Moscow. They all
fight among themselves, but the two most powerful groups are the
chechens and the polgoprudnenskaya. Your friend Kaminsky worked for the
second group. Three months ago, they handed him a contract on one of the
leaders of the chechens. Instead of carrying out the contract, Kaminsky
went to him to make a better deal. The polgoprudnenskaya found out about
it and put out a contract on Kaminsky. Gangs have a quaint custom over
there. First they chop off your fingers, then they 191 let you bleed for
a while, and then they shoot you.' ' God!' ' got himself smuggled- out
of Russia, but they're still looking for him. And looking hard.' ''s
incredible,' Tyler said. ''s not all. He's also wanted by the state
police for a few murders. If you know where he is, they'd love to have
that information.' Tyler was thoughtful for a moment. He could not
afford to get involved in this. It could mean giving testimony and
wasting a lot of tirne. ' have no idea. I was just checking him out for
a Russian friend. Thanks, Fred.' Tyler found Dmitri

Kaminsky in his
room, reading a hardcore porno magazine. Dmitri rose as
Tyler walked
into the room. ' want you to pack your things and get out
of here.'
Dmitri stared at him. ''s the mattert Tm giving you a
choice. You're
either out of here by this afternoon, or I'll tell the
Russian police
where you are.' Dmitri's face turned pale. ' you
understand?' '. I
understand.' Tyler went to see his father. He's going to
be pleased, he
thought. rve done him a realfavor. He found him in the
study. 192 '
checked on all the staff,' Tyler said, ' ... " "I'm im.
Did you find any
little boys to take to bed with yout Tyler's face turned
red. '.. ''re a
queer, Tyler, and you'll always be a queer. I don't know
how the hell
anything like you came from my loins. Go on back to
Chicago with your
gutter friends.' Tyler stood there, fighting to control
himself. ',' he
said stiffly. He started to leave. ' there anything about
the staff you
found out that I should knowt Tyler turned and studied his
father a
moment. ',' he said slowly. '.' When Tyler -went to
Kaminsky's room, he
was packing.

, ''m going,' Kaminsky said sullenly. ''t. I've changed my
mind." Dmitri
looked up, puzzled. ' ' don't want you to leave. I want
you to stay on
as my father's bodyguard.' ' about ... you know, the other
thing?' ''re
going to forget about that.' Dmitri was watching him,
warily. '? What do
you want me to dot ''d like you to be my eyes and ears
here. I need
someone to keep an eye on my father, and let me know what

goes on.' 193
.'Why should IT ' if you do as I say, I'm not going to turn you over to
the Russians. And because I'm going to make you a rich man.' Dmitri
Kaminsky studied him a moment. A slow grin lit his face. ''ll stay.' It
was the opening gambit. The first pawn had been movea d. That had been
two years earlier. From time to time, Dmitri had passed on information
to Tyler. It was mostly unimportant gossip about Harry Stanford's latest
romance or bits of business that Dmitri had overheard. Tyler had begun
to think he had made a ims-, take, that he should have turned Dmitri in
to the police. And then the fateful telephone call had come from
Sardinia, and the gamble had paid off. ''m with your father on his
yacht. He just called his attorney. He's meeting On in Boston Monday to
change his will.' Tyler thought of all the humiliations his father hadd
heaped on him through the years, and he was filled with a terrible rage.
Ifhe changes his will, I've taken all those years of abusefor nothing.
-rm not going to let him get away with this!

There is only one way to stop him. ', I want you to call me again on
Saturday.' '.' Tyler replaced the receiver and sat there, thinking. It
was time to bring in the knight.

Chapter Sixteen.

In the Circuit Court of Cook C6unty, there was a constant ebb and flow
of defendants accused of arson, rape, drug dealing, murder, and a
variety of other illegal and unsavory activities. In the

course of a
month, Judge Tyler Stanford dealt with at least half a
dozen murder
cases. The majority never went to trial since the
attorneys for the
defendant would offer to plea bargain, and because the
court calendars
and prisons were so overcrowded, the State would usually
agree. The two
sides would then strike a deal and go to Judge Stanford
for his
approval. The case of Hal Baker was an exception. Hal
Baker was a man
with good intentions and bad luck. When he was fifteen,
his older
brotherhad talked him into helping him rob a grocery
store. Hal had
tried to dissuade him, and when he couldn't, he went along
with him. Hal
was caught, and his brother escaped. Two years later, when
Hal Baker got
out of reform school, he was determined never to get in
trouble with 195
the law again. One month later, he accompanied a friend to
a jewelry
store. ' want to pick out a ring for my, girlfriend.' Once
inside the
store, his friend pulled out a gun and yelled, ', is a
holdup!' . In the
ensuing excitement, a clerk was shot to death. Hal Baker
was caught and
arrested for armed robbery. His friend escaped. While
Baker was in
prison, Helen Gowan, a social worker who had read about
his case and
felt sorry for him, went to visit him. It was love at
first sight, and
when Baker was released from prison, he and Helen were
married. Over the
next eight years, they had four lovely children. Hal Baker
adored his
family. Because of his prison record, he had a difficult
time finding
jobs, and to support his family he reluctantly went to

work for his
brother, carrying out various-acts of arson, robbery and assault.

Unfortunately for Baker, he was caught flagrante delicto in the
commission of a burglary. He was arrested, held in jail, and tried in
Judge Tyler Stanford's court.- It was time for sentencing. Baker was a
second offender with a bad juvenile record, and it was such a clear-cut
case that the assistant district attorneys were making bets on how many
years Judge Stanford would give Baker. ''ll throw the book at him!" one
of them said. ''ll bet he gives him twenty 196 years. Stanford's not
called the Hanging Judge for nothing.' Hal Baker, who felt deep in his
heart that he was innocent, was acting as his own attorney. He stood
before the bench, dressed in his best suit, and said, ' Honor, I know I
made a mistake, but we're all human, aren't we? I have a wonderful wife
and four children. I wish you could meet them, Your Honor - they're
great. What I did, I did for them.' Tyler Stanford sat on the bench,
listening, his face impassive. He was waiting for Hal Baker to finish so
he could pass sentence. Does thisfool-really think he's going to get off
with that stupid sob story? Hal Baker was finishing, '... and so you
see, Your Honor, even though I did the wrong thing, I did it for the
right reason: family. I don't have to tell you how important that is. If
I go to prison, my wife and children will '. I know I made a mistake,
but I'm willing to make up for it. I'll do. anything you want me to do,

Your Honor ...' And that was the phrase that caught Tyler Stanford's
attention. He looked at the defendant before him with a new interest. '
you want me to do.' Tyler suddenly had the same instinct he had had
about Dmitri Kaminsky. Here was a man who might be very useful one day.
To the prosecutor's utter astonishment, Tyler said, "Mr. Baker, there
are extenuating circumstances in this case. Because of them and because
of your family, I 197 am going to put you on probation for five years. I
will expect you to perform six hundred hours of public service. Come
into my chambers, and we will discuss -it.' In the privacy of his
chambers, Tyler said, ' know, I could still send you to prison for a
long, long time.' Hal Baker turned pale. ', Your. Honor! You said ...'
Tyler leaned forward. ' you know the most i D mpressive thing about yout
Hal Baker sat there, trying to think what was impressive about himself.
', Your Honor.' ' feelings about your family,' Tyler said piously. '
really admire that.' Hal Baker brightened. ' you, sir. They're the most
important thing in- the world to me. I ' you wouldn't want to lose them,
would you? If I sent you to prison, your Ichildren would grow up without
you; your wife would probably find another man. Do you see what I'm
getting all Hal Baker was baffled. ' ... no, Your Honor. Not exactly.'
''m saving your family for you, Baker. I would think you'd be grateful.'
Hal Baker said fervently, ', I am, Your Honor! I can't tell you how
grateful I am."

"Perhaps you can prove it to me in the future. I may be calling on you
to do some little errands for ine.' 198 '! '. I'm placing you on
probation, and if I should find anything in your behavior that
displeases me ...' ' just tell me what you want,' Baker begged.

"I'll let you know when the time comes. Meanwhile, this will be strictly
confidential between the two of us.' Hal Baker put his hand over his
heart. ' would die before I'd tell anyone.' ''re right,' Tyler assured
him. It was a short time after that when Tyler received the phone call
from Dmitri Kaminsky. ' father just called his attorney.

He's meeting him in Boston on Monday to change his will.' Tyler knew
that he had to see that will. It was time to call Hal Baker. '... the
name of the firm is Renquist, Renquist, & Fitzgerald. Make a copy of the
will and bring it to me.' ' problem. I'll take care of it, Your Honor.'
Twelve hours, later, Tyler had a copy of the will in his hands.

He read it and was filled with a sense of elation. He and Woody and
Kendall were the sole heirs. And on Monday Father is planning to change
the will. The bastard is going to take it away from just Tyler thought
bitterly. After all we've gone through.. , those billions belong to us.

He's made us earn them! There was only one way to stop him. 199 When
Dmitri's second telephone call came, Tyler said, 1 want you to kill him.

Tonight.' There was a long silence. ' if I'm caught .. ''t get caught.
You'll be at sea. A lot of things can happen there.' ' right.

When it's over ... T ' money and a plane ticket to Australia will be
waiting for you.' And then later, the last wonderful phone call. ' did
it. It was easy.' '! No! No! I want to hear the details. Tell me
everything. Don't leave anything out ...' And as Tyler listened, he
could visualize the scene unfolding before his eyes. ' were in a bad
storm on our way to Corsica. He called and asked me to come to his cabin
and give him a massage .. Tyler found himself gripping the phone. '.

Go on ...' Dmitri had fought to keep his balance against the wild
pitching of the yacht as he headed for Harry Stanford's stateroom. He
knocked at the cabin door and, after a, moment, he heard Stanford's
voice. ' in!' Stanford yelled. He was stretched out on the massage
table. ''s my lower back.' ''ll take care of it. Just relax, Mr.
Stanford.' Dmitri went over to the massage table and spread oil on
Stanford's back. His strong fingers went to work, 200 skillfully
kneading the tight muscles. He could feel Stanford begin to relax. '
feels good.' Stanford sighed. ' you.' The massage lasted an hour, and
when Dmitri was through, Stanford was almost asleep. ''m going to run a
warm bath for you,' Dmitri said. He went into the bathroom, stumbling
with the motion of the ship. He turned on the warm seawater tap in the

black onyx tub and returned to the bedroom. Stanford was still lying on
the table, his eyes closed. '. Stanford .. Stanford opened his eyes. '
bath is ready.' ' don't think I need'.. ' will really make sure you get
a good night's sleep.' He helped Stanford off the table and steered him
toward the bathroom. Dmitri watched Harry Stanford lower himself into,
the tub. Stanford looke&up into Dmitri's cold eyes, and in that instant,
his instinct told him what was aboutto happen. '!' he cried. He started
to get up. Dmitn put his huge hands on top of Harry. Stanford's head and
pushed him under the water.

Stanford struggled violently, trying to come up for air, but he was no
match for the giant. Dmitri held him under while the seawater got into
his victim's lungs, and finally all movement stopped. He stood there,
201 breathing hard, then staggered into the other room. Dmitri went over
to the desk, fighting the rolling motion of the ship, picked up some
papers and slid open the glass door to the outside veranda, letting in
the howling wind. He scattered some of the papers OPI the veranda and
threw some overboard. Satisfied, he returned to the bathroom once more
and pulled Stanford's body out of the tub. He dressed him in his
pajamas, robe and slippers, and carried the body out onto the veranda.

Dmitri stood at the railing a moment, then heaved the body overboard. He
counted to five seconds, then picked up the telephone and shouted, '
overboard!' Listening to Dmitri recount the story of the

murder, Tyler
felt a sexual thrill. He could taste the seawater filling his father's
lungs and feel the gasping for breath, the terror. And then nothingness.

It's over, Tyler thought. Then he corrected himself. No. The game is
just beginning. It's time to play the queen.

Chapter Seventeen.

The last chess piece fell into place by accident. Tyler had been
thinking about his father's will, and he felt outraged that Woody and
Kendall were getting an equal share of the estate with him. They don't_
deserve it. If it had not been for me, they both would have been cut out
of the will completely. They would have had nothing. It's not fair, but
what can I do about it? He had the one share of stock that his mother
had given him long ago, and he remembered his father's words: ' do you
think he's going to do with that share? Take over the company?"
Together, Tyler thought, Woody and Kendall have two-thirds of Father's
Stanfordunterprises stock. How can I get control with only my one extra
share? And then the answer came to him, and it was so ingenious that it
stunned him. ' should inform you that there is a possibility of another
heir being involved ... Your father's will specifically provides that
the estate is to be divided equally among 203 his issue. Your father
sired a child by a governess who worked here ...' If Julia showed up,
there would be four of us, Tyler thought. And if I could control her

share, I would then havefifty percent of Father's stock plus the one
percent I already own. I could take over Stanford Enterprises. I could
sit in my father's chair. His next thought was, Rosemary is dead, and
she probably never told her daughter who her father was. Why does it have
to be the real Julia Stanford? The answer was Margo Posner. He had first
encountered her two months earlier, as court was called into session.

The bailiff had turned to the spectators in the courtroom. ', oyez.

The Circuit Court of Cook County is now in session, the Honorable Judge
Tyler Stanford presiding. All rise.' Tyler walked in from his chambers
and sat down at the bench. He looked down at the docket-. The first case
was State of Illinois v. Margo Posner. The charges were assault and
attempted murder. The prosecuting attorney rose. ' Honor, the defendant
is a dangerous person who should be kept off the streets of Chicago. The
State will prove that the defendant has a long criminal history. She has
been convicted of shoplifting, larceny, and is a known prostitute. She
was one of a stable of women working for a notorious pimp named Rafael.
In January of this 204 year, they got into an altercation and the
defendant willfully and cold-bloodedly shot him and his companion.' I
Did either victim diet Tyler asked. ', Your Honor.

They were hospitalized with serious injuries. The gun in Margo Posner's
possession was an illegal weapon.' Tyler turned to look at the

defendant, and be felt a sense of surprise. She did not
fit tho-image of
what he had just heard about her. She was a well-dressed,
attractive
young woman in her late twenties, and there was a quiet
elegance about
her that completely belied the charges against her. That
just goes to
prove, Tyler thought wryly, you never know. He listened to
the arguments
from both sides, but his eyes were drawn to the defendant.
There was
some- thing about her that reminded him of his sister.
When the
summations were finished the case went to the jury, and in
less than
four hours they returned with a verdict of guilty on all
counts. Tyler
looked down at the defendant and said, ' court cannot find
any
extenuating circumstances in this case. You are herewith
sentenced to.

five years at Dwight Correctional Center. Next case.' And
it was not
until Margo Posner was being led away that Tyler realized
what it was
about her that reminded him so much of Kendall. She had
the same dark
gray eyes. The Stanford eyes. 205 Tyler did not think
about Margo Posner
again until the telephone call from Dmitri. The beginning
chess game had
been successfully completed. Tyler had planned each move
carefully in
his, mind. He'd used the classical queen's gambit: Decline
opening,
moving the queen pawn two squares. It was time to move
into the middle
game. Tyler went to visit Margo Posner at the women's
prison. ' you
remember met Tyler asked. She stared at him. ' could I
forget you?

You're the one who sent me to this place.' ' are you getting along?"
Tyler asked. She grimaced. ' must be kidding! It's a hellhole here."

"How would you like to get outt ' would I ... ? Are you seriousт ''m
very serious. I can arrange it.' ', that ... that's great! Thanks.

But what do I have to do for itt ', there is something I want you to do
for me.' She looked at him, flirtatiously. '. That's no problem."

"That's not what I had in mind.' She said, warily,'What did you have in
mind, judge?' ' want you to help me play a littlejoke on someone.'-
"What kind of joke?' ' want you to impersonate someone.'
206
"Impersonate someone? I wouldn't know how to -' ''s twenty-five thousand
dollars in it for you.' Her expression changed. ',' she said quickly. '
can impersonate anyone. Who did you have in mindt Tyler leaned forward
and began to talk. Tyler had Margo Posner released into his custody. As
he explained to Keith Percy, the chief judge, ' learned that she's a
very talented artist, and she's eager to live a normal, decent life. I
think it's important that we rehabilitate that type of person whenever
we can, don't yout Keith was impressed and surprised.

"Absolutely, Tyler. That's a wonderful thing you're doing.' Tyler moved
Margo into his home and spent five full days briefing her on the
Stanford family. ' are the names of your brotherst ' and Woodruff.' '.'
''s right - Woodrow.' ' do we call himt "Woody.' ' you

have a sistert '.
Kendall. She's a designer.' ' she married?' ''s married to
a Frenchman.
His name is ... Marc Renoir.' '.' 207 '.' ' was your
mother's narnet
"Rosemary Nelson. She was a governess to the Stanford
children.' ' did
she leavet ' got knocked up by ...' '!' Tyler admonished
her.

"I mean, she became pregnant by Harry Stanford.' '
happened to Mrs.
Stanfordt ' committed suicide.' ' did your mother tell you
about the
Stanford childrent Margo stopped to think for a minute. '
"There was the
time you fell out of the swan boat.' ' didn't fall out!"
Tyler said. '
almost fell out.' '. Woody almost got arrested for picking
flowers in
the Public Garden.' ' was Kendall ...' He was ruthless.
They went over
the scenario again and again, late into the nights, until
Margo was
exhausted. ' was bitten by a dog.' ' was bitten by the
dog.' She rubbed
her eyes. ' can't think straight anymore. I'm so tired. I
need some
sleep.' ' can sleep later!' ' long is this going to go ont
she asked
defiantly. 208 ''I think you're ready. Now let's go
through it again.'
And on it went, over an dover, until Margo became letter
perfect. When
the day finally - arrived that she knew the answer to
every question
Tyler asked, he was satisfied. ''re ready,' he said. He
handed her some
legal documents.

"What's thist ''s just a technicality,' Tyler said
casually. What he had
her sign was a paper giving her share of the Stanford
estate to a

corporation controlled by a second corporation, which in turn was
controlled by an offshore subsidiary -of which Tyler Stanford was the
sole owner. There was no way they could trace the transaction back to
Tyler. Tyler handed Margo five thousand, dollars in cash. ''ll get the
balance when the job is done,' he told her. ' convince them that you're
Julia Stanford.' From the moment Margo had appeared at Rose Hill, Tyler
had played the devil's advocate. It was the classic antipositional chess
move. Irm sure you can understand our position, Miss ... er ... Without
some Positive proof, there's no way ... I think the lady is afraud ... '
many servants worked in this house when we were children? ... Dozens,
right? And some of them would have known everything this young lady told
us ... 209 Any one of them could have given her that photograph Let's
not forget that there's an enormous amount Of money involved' His
crowning move had been when he had demanded a DNA test. He had called
Hal Baker and given him his new instructions: ' up Harry Stanford's body
and dispose of it.' And then his inspiration of calling in a private
detective. With the family present, he had telephoned the district
attorney's office in Chicago.

"This is Judge Tyler Stanford I understand that your office retains a
private detective from time to time who does excellent workfor you. His
name is something like Simmons or -' ', you must mean Frank Timmons."

"Timmons! Yes, that's it. I wonder if you could give me

his telephone
number so I can contact him directly?' Instead, he had summoned Hal
Baker and introduced him as Frank Timmons. At first Tyler had planned
for Hal Baker merely to pretend to go through the motions of checking on
Julia Stanford, but then he decided it would make a more impressive
report if Baker really pursued it. The family had accepted Baker's
findings without question. Tyler's plan had gone off without a hitch.

Margo Posner had played her part perfectly, and the fingerprints had
been the crowning touch. Everyone was convinced that she was the real
Julia Stanfor-d. 210 7, for one, am glad it's finally settled Let me go
up and see if she needs any help.' He went upstairs and walked along the
corridor to Julia's room. He knocked at her door and called loudly,
Vulia?' ''s open. Come in.' He stood in the doorway and they stared
silently at each other. And then Tyler carefully closed the door, held
out his hands, and broke into a stbw grim When he spoke, he said, ' did
it, Margo! We did it!"

Chapter Eighteen.

In the offices of Renquist, Renquist & Fitzgerald, Steve Sloane and
Simon Fitzgerald were having coffee. ' the great hard once said,
"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark."' ''s bothering you?"
Fitzgerald asked. Steve sighed. ''m not sure. It's the Stanford family.

They puzzle me! Simon Fitzgerald snorted. ' the club.' '

keep coming
back to the same question, Simon, but I can't find the
answer to it-.'
''s the question?' ' family was anxious to exhume Harry
Stanford's body
so they could check his DNA against the woman's. So I
think we have to
assume that the only possible motive for getting rid of
the body would
be to ensure that the woman's DNA could not be checked
against Harry
Stanford's. The only one who could have anything to gain
from that would
be the woman herself, if she were a fraud! '.' ' yet this
private
detective, Frank Timmons - I 212 checked with the district
attorney's
-)ffice in Chicago, and he has a great reputation - ca ie
up with
fingerprints that prove she is the real 3ulia Stanford.,
My question is,
who the hell dug up Harry Stanford's body and whyt "That's
a
billion-dollar question. If .. The intercom buzzed. A
secretary's voice
came over the box. '. Sloane, there's-a call for you on
two., Steve
Sloane picked up the telephone on the desk. ' ..

The voice on the other end of the line said, '. Sloane,
this is Judge
Stanford. I would appreciate it if you could drop by Rose
Hill this
morning.' Steve Sloane glanced at Fitzgerald. '. In about
an hourt "That
will be fine. Thank you.' Steve replaced the receiver. '
presence is
requested at the Stanford house.' ' wonder what they
want."

"Ten to one they want to speed up the probate so they can
get their
hands on all-that beautiful money.' '? It's Tyler. How are
yout "Fine,

thanks.' ' really miss you.' There was a slight pause. ' miss you too,
Tyler.' The words thrilled him. ', I have some really exciting news. I
can't discuss it over the phone., but it's 213 something that's going to
make you very happy. When you and I -' ', I have to go. Someone's
waiting for me.' ' ... I The line went dead.

Tyler sat there a moment. Then he thought, He wouldn't have said he
missed me if he didn't mean it. With the exception of Woody and Peggy,
the family was gathered in the drawing room at Rose Hill. Steve studied
their faces. Judge Stanford seemed very relaxed. Steve Slanced at
Kendall. She seemed unnaturally tense. Her husband had come up from New
York the day before for the meeting. Steve looked over at Marc. The
Frenchman was good-looking, a few years younger than his wife. And then
there was Julia. She seemed to be taking her acceptance into the family
very calmly. I would have expected someone who had just inherited a
billion dollars or so to be a little more excited, Steve thought. He
glanced at their faces again, wondering if one of them was responsible
for having Harry Stanford's body stolen, and if so, which one? And why'?

Tyler was speaking. '. Sloane, I'm familiar with the probate laws in
Illinois, but I don't know how much they differ from the laws in
Massachusetts. We 214 were wondering whether there - wasn't some way to
expedite the procedure.' Steve smiled to himself. I should have made
Sinwn take that bet. He turned to Tyler. ''re already

working on it,
Judge Stanford.' Tyler said pointedly, ' Stanford name
might be useful
in speeding things up.' He's right about that, Steve
thought. He nodded.
''ll do everything I can. If it's at all possible to There
were voices
from the staircase. ' shut up, you stupid bitch! I don't
want to hear
another word. Do you understandt Woody and Peggy came down
the stairs
and into the room. Peggy's face was badly swollen, and she
had a black
eye. Woody was grinning, and his eyes were bright. ',
everybody. I hope
the party's not over.' The group was looking at Peggy in
shock. Kendall
rose. ' happened to yout '. I ... I bumped into a door.'
Woody took a
seat. Peggy sat next to him. Woody patted her hand and
asked
solicitously, ' you all right, my deart Peggy nodded, not
trusting
herself to speak. '.' Woody turned to the others. ', what
did I miss?'
Tyler looked at him disapprovingly. ' just asked Mr.
Sloane if he could
expedite the probating of the will.' Woody grinned.

"That would be nice.' He turned to 215 Peggy. ''d like
some new clothes,
wouldn't you, darlingt ' don't need any new clothes,' she
said timidly.
''s right. You don't go anywhere, do yout He turned to the
others. ' is
very shy. She doesn't have anything to talk about, do yout
Peggy got up
and ran out of the room. ''ll see if she's all right,'
Kendall said. She
rose and hurried after her. My Godf Steve thought. If
Woody behaves like
this in front of others, what must it be like when he and
his wife are
alone? Woody turned to Steve. ' long have you been with

Fitzgerald's law
firmt, ' years.' ' they could stand working for my father, I'll never
know.' Steve said carefully, ' undeistand your father was ... could be
difficult.' Woody snorted.

.'Difficult? He was a two-legged monster. Did you know he had nicknames
for all of us? Mine was Charlie. He named me after Charlie Mccarthy, a
dummy that a ventriloquist named Edgar Bergen had. He called my sister
Pony, because he said she had a face like a horse. Tyler was called ..

.' Steve said, uncomfortably, ' really don't think you should -' Woody
grinned. ''s all right. A billion dollars heals a lot of wounds.' 216
Steve rose. ', if theres nothing else, I think I had better be going.'
He could not wait to get outside, into the fresh air. Kendall found
Peggy in the bathroom, putting a cold cloth to her swollen cheek.

"Peggy9 Are you all right?' Peggy turned. ''m fine. Thank you. I ... I'm
sorry about what happened down there.' -- ''re apologizing?. You should
be furious. How long has he been beating YOUT ' doesn't beat me,' Peggy
said obstinately. 11 bumped into a door.' Kendall moved closer to her.
', why do you put up with this? You don't have to, you know.' There was
a pause. ', I do.' Kendall looked at her, puzzled. ' She tumea. ' I love
him.' She went on, the words pouring out. ' loves me, too. Believe me,
he doesn't always act like this. The thing is, he - some- times he's not
himself.' ' mean, when he's on drugs.' 6NO3 ' .. '!' ' ..

Peggy
hesitated. ' suppose so.' ' did it startt ' ... right
after we got
married." Peggy's voice 217 was ragged. ' started because
of a polo
game. Woody fell off his pony and was badly hurt. While he
was in the
hospital, they gave him drugs to help with the pain. Aey
got him
started.' She looked at Kendall, pleadingly. ' you see, it
wasn't his
fault, was it? After Woody got out of the hospital, he ...
he kept on
using drugs. Whenever I tried to get him to quit, he would
... beat me.'
', for God's sake!

He needs help! Don't you see that? You can't do this
alone. He's a drug
addict. What does he take? Cocamet '.' There was a small
silence.

"Heroin.' ' God! Can't you make him get some help?' ''ve
tried.' Her
voice was a whisper. ' don't know how I've tried! He's
gone to three
rehabilitation hospitals.' She shook her head. ''s all
right for a
while, and then ... he starts again. He ... he can't help
it.' Kendall
put her arms around Peggy. ''m so sorry,' she said. Peggy
forced a
smile. ''m sure Woody will be all tight. He's trying hard.
He really
is.' Her face lit up. ' we were first married, he was so
much fun to be
with. We used to laugh all the time. He would bring me
little presents
and Her eyes filled with tears. ' love him so much!' '
there's anything
I can do.. ' you,' Peggy whispered. ' appreciate that.'
Kendall squeezed
her hand. ''ll talk again.' 218 Kendall started down the
stairs to jo .

the others. She was thinking, When we were children, bef6re Mother died,
we made such wonderful pkms ''re going to be a famous designer, Sis, and
rm going to be the world's greatest athlete!' And the sad part of it,
Kendall thought, is that he could have been. And now this. - Kendall was
not sure if she felt-more sorry for Woody or for Peggy. As Kendall
reached the bottom of the stairs, Clark approached her, carrying a tray
with a letter on, it.

"Excuse me, Miss. Kendall. A messenger just delivered this for you.' He
handed her the envelope. Kendall looked at it in surprise. ' ... T She
nodded. ' you, Clark.' Kendall opened the envelope, and as she began to
read the letter, she turned pale. '!' she said, under her breath. Her
heart was pounding, and she felt a wave of dizziness. She stood there,
bracing herself against a table, trying to catch her breath. After a
moment, she turned and walked into the drawing, room, her face pale. The
meeting was breaking up. ' ...' Kendall forced herself to appear calm. '
I see you for a momentt - He looked at her, concerned. ', certainly.'
Tyler asked Kendall, ' you all right?" She forced a smile. ''m fine,
thank you.' She took Marc's hand and led-him upstairs. When 219 they
entered the bedroom, Kendall closed the door. Marc said, ' is iff
Kendall handed him the envelope. The letter read: Dear Mrs. Renaud@
Congratulations! Our Wild Animal Protection Association was delighted to
read of your good fortune. We know how interested you are in the work we

are doing, and we are counting on your further support. Therefore, we
would appreciate it if you would deposit I million US dollars in our,
numbered bank account in Zurich within the next ten days We look forward
to hearing from you shortly. As in the other letters, all the Es were
broken. ' bastards!' Marc exploded. - ' did they know I was heret
Kendall asked. Marc said bitterly, ' they had to do was pick up a
newspaper.' He read the letter again and shook his head. ' aren't going
to quit. We have to go to the police.' '!'Kendall cried.'Wecan't! It's
too late! Don't you see? It would be the end of everything. Everything!'
Marc took her in his arms and held her tightly. ' right. We'll find a
way.' But Kendall knew that there was no way. 220 It had happened a few
months earlier, on what had started out to be a glorious spring day.
Kendall had gone to a friend's birthday party in Ridgefield,
Connecticut. It had been a wonderful party, and Kendall had chatted with
old friends. She had had a glass of champagne. In the middle of a
conversation, she had suddenly looked at her watch. ', no! I had no idea
it was so late.

Marc is waiting for me.' There were hasty good-byes, and Ketiaall had
gotten into her car and driven off. Driving back to New York, she had
decided to take a winding country road over to 1684.1 She was traveling
at almost fifty miles per hour as she rounded a sharp curve and spotted
a car parked on the right side of the road. Kendall automatically

swerved to the left. At that moment, a woman carrying a handful of
freshly picked flowers started to cross the narrow road. Kendall tried
frantically to avoid her, but it was too late. Everything seemed to
happen in a blur. She heard a sickening thud as she hit the woman with
her left front fender. Kendall brought the car to a screeching stop, her
whole body trembling violently. She ran back to where the woman was
lying in the road, covered with blood. Kendall stood there, frozen.

Finally she bent down and turned the woman over, and looked into her
sightless eyes. ', my God!' Kendall whispered. - She felt the bile
rising in her throat. She looked up, desperate, not knowing what to do.

She swung around in a panic. There were no cars in sight. She's dead,
Kendall 22j, thought. I can't help her. This was not my fault, but
they'll accuse me of reckless dnink driving. My blood will show alcohol.

hi go to prison!' She took one last look at the body of the woman, then
hurried back to her car. The left front fender was dented, and there
were blood spots on it. I've got to put the car away in a garage,
Kendall thought. The police will be searching for it. She got into the
car and drove off. For the rest of the drive into New York, she kept
looking into the rearview mirror, expecting to see flashing red lights
and to hear the sound of a siren. She drove into the garage on
Ninety-sixth Street where she kept her car. Sam, the owner

of the
garage, was talking to@ Red, his mechanic. Kendall got out of the car.

"Evenin', Mrs. Renaud,' Sam said. ' ... Good evening.' She was@fighting
to keep her teeth from chattering. ' it away for the night?' ' ... yes,
please.' Red was looking at the fender. ' got a bad dent here, Mrs.
Renaud. Looks like there's blood on it.' The two men were looking at
her. Kendall took a deep breath. '. I ... I hit a deer on the highway.'
''re lucky it didn't do more damage,' Sam said. ' friend of mine hit a
deer and it ruined his car.' He grinned. ''t do much for the deer
either.' 222 , you'll just put it away,' Kendall, said tightly. '.'
Kendall walked over to the garage door, then looked back. The two men
were staring at the fender. When Kendall got home and told Marc about the
terrible thing that had happened, he took her in his arms and said,'Oh,
my God! Darling, how could ... T Kendall was sobbing.

"I ... I could(In't help it. She started across the road right in front
of me. She ... she had been picking flowers and '! I'm sure it wasn't
your fault. It was an accident. We've got to report this to the police."
- 11 know. You're right. I . @.. I should have stayed there and waited
for them to come. I just ... panicked, Marc. Now ifs a hit-and-run. But
there wasn't anything I could do for her. She was dead. You should have
seen her face. It was awful.' He held her for a long time, until she
quieted down. When Kendall spoke, she said tentatively, ' ... do we have

to go to the policet He frowned. ' do you men?' She was fighting
hysteria. ', it's over, isn't it? Nothing can bring her back. What good
would it do for them to punish me? I didn't mean to do it. Why couldn't
we just pretend it never happenedt ', if they ever traced -' - ' can
they? There was no one around..' ' about your car? Was it damagedt 223
''s a dent. I told the garage attendant I hit a deer.' She was fighting
for control. ', no one saw the accident. Do you know what would happen
to me if they arrested me and sent me to prison? I'd lose my business,
everything I've built up all these years, and for what? For something
that's already done! It's over!' She began to sob again. He held her
close. '! We'll see. We'll see.' The morning papers gave the story a big
play. What gave it added drama was the fact that the dead woman had been
on her way to Manhattan to be married. The New York Times covered it as
a straight news story, but the Daily News and Newsday played it up as a
heart-tugging drama: Kendall bought a copy of each newspaper, and she
became more and more horrified at what she had done. Her mind was filled
with all the terrible ifs. if I hadn't gone to Connecticut-for
my-friends birthday ... If I had stayed home that day ... If I hadn't
had anything to drink.

. If the woman had picked the flowers a few seconds earlier or a few
seconds later ... rm responsible for murdering another human being!

Kendall thought of the terrible grief she had caused the

woman's family,
and her franck's family, and she felt sick to her stomach again.

According to the newspapers, the police were asking 224 for information
from anyone who might have a clue about the hit-and-run. They have no
way offinding me, Kendall thought. All I have to do is act as if nothing
happened.' When Kendall went to the garage to pick up her car the next
morning, Red was there. 11 wiped the blood off the car,' he-.said. ' you
want me to fix the dentt . Of course! She should have thought of it
sooner. ', please.' Red was looking at her strangely. Or was it her
imagination? ' and I talked about it last night,' he said. It's funny,
you know. A deer should have done a lot more damage. 9 1 .

Kendall's heart began to beat wildly. Her mouth was Isuddenly so dry she
could hardly speak..'It was ... a small deer.' Red nodded
laconically.'Must have been real small.' Kendall could feel his eyes on
her as she drove out of the garage. When Kendall walked into her office
her secretary, Nadine, took one look at her and said, ' happened to yout
Kendall froze. ' ... what do you meant ' look shaky. Let me get you some
coffee.' '.' 225 Kendall walked over to the mirror.

Her face looked pale and drawn. They're going to know just by looking at
me! Nadine came into the office with a cup of hot coffee. '. This will
make you feel better.' She looked at Kendall curiously. ' everything all
right?' ' ... I had a little accident yesterday," Kendall said. '? Was
anyone hurt?' In her mind, she could see the face of the

dead woman. '.
I ... I hit a deer.' ' about your car?"

"It's being repaired.' ''ll call your insurance company.' ', no, Nadine,
please don't.' Kendall saw the surprised look in Nadine's eyes.

It was two days later that the first letter came: Dear Mrs. Ren=4 rm the
chairman of the Wild Animal Protection Association, which is in
desperate need, I'm sure that you would like to help us out. The
organization needs money to preserve wild animals. We are especially
interested in deer. You can wire $50,000 to "count number 804072-A at
the Credit Suisse bank in Zurich. I would strongly suggest that the
money be there within the nextfive days. 226 It was unsigned. All the Es
in the letter were broken. Enclosed in the envelope was a newspaper
clipping about the accident. Kendall read the letter twice. The threat
was unmistakable. She agonized over what to do. Marc was right, she
thought. I should have gone to the police. But now everything was worse.

She was a fugitive. If they found her now, it would mean prison and
disgrace, as well as the end of her business. At lunchtime, she went to
her bank. ' want to wire fifty thousand dollars to Switzerland.' When
Kendall got home that evening, she showed the letter to Marc. He was
stunned. ' God!' he said. ' could have sent thist ' ... nobody knows.'
She was trembling. ', someone knows.' Her body was twitching. '"here was
no one around, Marc! I ' a minute. Let's try to figure

this out. Exactly
what happened when you returned to townr "Nothing. I ... I put the car
in the garage, and She stopped. ' got a bad dent here, Mrs. Renaud.
Looks like there's blood on it.' Marc saw the expression on her face.
'?' She said slowly, ' owner of the garage and his mechanic were there.
They saw the blood on the fender. I told them I hit a deer, and they
said there 227 should have been a lot more damage.'She remembered
something else. '.. CYCST "Nadine, my secretary. I told her the same
thing. I could see that she didn't believe me either. So it had to be
one of the three of them." "No,' Marc said slowly. She stared at him. '
do you meanr ' down, Kendall, and listen to me. If any of them was
suspicious of you, they could have told your story to a dozen people.
The report of the accident has been in all the newspapers. Someone has
put two and two together. I think the letter was a bluff, testing you.
It was a terrible mistake to send that money.' ' whyt ' now they know
you're guilty, don't you see? You've given them the proof they needed.'
', God! What should I dot Kendall asked. Marc Renaud was thoughtful for
a moment. ' have an idea how we can find out who these bastards are.' At
ten o'clock the following morning, Kendall and Marc were seated in the
office of Russell Gibbons, vice president of the Manhattan First
Security Bank. ' what can I do for you, todayt Mr. Gibbons asked. Marc
said, ' would like to check on a numbered bank account in Zurich.' GYest
228 Ve want to know whose account it is.' - Gibbons rubbed

his hands
across his chin. ' there a crime involvedt Marc said quickly, '! Why do
you ask?' ', unless there's some kind of criminal activity, such as
laundering money or breaking the laws of Switzerland or the United
States, Switzerland will not violate the secrecy of its numbered bank
accounts. Their reputation is built on confidenti@iity: ', there's some
way to ... T gilm sorry. I'm afraid not.' Kendall and Marc looked at
each other.

Kendall's face was filled with despair. Marc rose. ' you for your time.'
41@m sorry I couldn't help you.' He ushered them out of his office. %
When Kendall drove into the garage that evening, neither Sam nor Red was
around. Kendall parked her car, and as she passed the little office,
through the window she saw a typewriter on a stand. She stopped, staring
at it, wondering if it had a broken letter E. I have to find out, she
thought. She walked over to the office, hesitated a moment, then opened
the door and stepped inside. As she moved toward the typewriter, Sam
suddenly appeared out of nowhere. 4 "Evenin', Mrs. Renaud,' he said. ' I
help you?' She spun around, startled. '. I ... I just left my 229 111@
car. Good night.'- She hurried toward the door. ' night, Mrs. Renaud.'
In the morning, when Kendall passed the garage office, the typewriter
was gone. In its place was a personal computer. Sam saw her staring at.
it. ', huh? I decided to bring this place into the twentieth century.'
Now that he could afford it? When Kendall told Marc about

it that
evening, he said thoughtfully, ''s a possibility, but we
need proof.'
Monday morning, when Kendall went to her office, Nadine
was waiting for
her. ' you feeling better, Mrs. Renaudt '. Thank you.' - '
was my
birthday. Look what my husband got me!' She walked over
-to, a closet
and pulled out a luxurious mink coat. ''t it beautiful?"

Chapter Nineteen.

Julia Stanford enjoyed having Sally as a roommate. She was
always upbeat
and fun and @heerful. She had had a bad marriage and had
sworn never to
get involved with a man again. Julia wasn't sure what
Sally's definition
of never was, because she seemed to be out with a
different man every
week. ' men are the best,' Sally philosophized. ' feel
guilty, so
they're always buying you presents. With a single man, you
have to-ask
yourself, why is he still singlet She said to Julia, '
aren't dating
anyone, are YOUT '.' Julia thought of the men who had
wanted to take her
out. ' don't want to go out just for the sake of going
out, Sally. I
have to be with someone I really care about.' ', have I
got a man for
you!' Sally'said. ''re going to love him! His name is Tony
Vinetti. I
told him all about you, and he's dying to meet you.' '
really don't
think -' ''ll pick you up tomorrow night at eight
o'clock.' 231 Tony
Vinetti was tall, very tall, in an appealing, ungainly
way. His hair was
thick and dark, and his smile exploded disarmingly as he
looked at
Julia. ' wasn't exaggerating. You're a knockout!' ' you,'

Julia said.
She felt a little shiver of pleasure. ' you ever been to Houston'st - It
was one of the finest restaurants in Kansas City. '.' The truth was that
she could not afford to eat at Houston's. Not even with the raise she
had been given.

"Well, that's where we have a reservation.' At dinner, Tony talked
mostly about himself, but Julia did not mind. He was entertaining and
charming. ''s drop-dead gorgeous,' Sally had said. And he was. The
dinner was delicious. For dessert, Julia had ordered chocolate
souffl6and Tony had ice cream. As they were Imigering over coffee, Julia
thought, Is he going to ask me to his apartment, and if he does, will I
go? No. I can't do that. Not on the first date. He'll think rm cheap.

When we go out the next time ... The check arrived. ' scanned it and
said, ' looks right.' He ticked off the items on the check. ' had the
pfm and the lobster.. 6yes.9 ' you had the French fries and salad, and
the souft rightt She looked at him, puzzled. ''s right ...' 232 '.' He
did some quick addition. ' share of the bill is fifty dollars and forty
cents.' Julia sat there in shock. ' beg your pardont Tony grinned.'I
know how independent you women are today.

You won't let guys do anything for you, will you? There,'he said
magnanimously, ''ll take care of your share of the tip.' ''m sorry it
didn't work out,' Sally a@ologized. ''s really a honey. Are you going to

see him again?, ' can't afford him,' Julia said bitterly.
', I have
someone else for you. You'll love '. Sally, I really don't want ...' '
me.' Ted Riddle was a man in his late thirties and, Juba had to admit,
quite attractive. He took her to Jennie's Restaurant on Historic
Strawberry Hill, famous for its authentic Croatian food. ' really did me
a favor,' Riddle said. ''re very lovely.' ' you."

"Did Sally tell you I have an advertising agency?' '. She didn't."

"Oh, yes. I have one of the biggest firms in Kansas City. Everybody
knows me.' ''s nice. I ' handle some of the biggest clients in the
country.' 233 ' do? I'm not '. yes. We handle celebrities, banks, big
businesses, chain stores ', I -' ,... supermarkets. You name it, we
represent them all.' ' - ' me tell you how I got started.' He never
stopped talking during dinner, and the only subject was Ted Riddle. '
was, probably just nervous,' Sally apologized.

"Well, I can tell you, he made me nervous. If there's anything you want
to know about the life of Ted Riddle since the day he was born, just ask
me!' ' Mckinley.' '"att ' Mckinley. I just remembered. He used to date a
girlfriend of mine. She was absolutely crazy about him?

"Thanks, Sally, but no..' ''m going to call him.' "Me following night,
Jerry Mckinley appeared. He was nice-looking, and he had a sweet and
engaging personality. When he walked in the door and looked at Julia he
said,'I know blind dates are always difficult. I'm rather

shy myself, so
I know. how you must feel, Julia.' 234 She liked him immediately. They
went to the Evergreen Chinese Restaurant on State Avenue for dinner.

"You work for an architectural firm. That must be exciting. I don't
think people realize how important architects are.' He's sensitive,
Julia thought happily. She smiled. ' couldn't agree with you more.' The
evening was delightful, and the more they talked, the more Julia liked
him. She decided to be bold. ' you like to come back to the apartment
for a nightcapt she asked. '. Let's go back to my placd."

"Your placer He leaned forward and squeezed her hand. ''s where I keep
the whips and chains.' Henry Wesson owned an accounting firm in the
building where Peters, Eastman & Tolkin was quartered. Two or three
mornings a week, Julia would find herself in the elevator with him.. He
seemed. a pleasant enough man. He was in his thirties, quietly
intelligentlooking, sandy-haired, and he wore black-rimmed glasses. The
acquaintance began with polite nods, then, ' morning,' then, ''re
looking very well today,' and after a few months, ' wonder if you'd like
to have dinner with me some evenine.' He was 235 watching her eagerly,
waiting for an answer. Julia smiled. ' right.' It was -instant love on
Henry's part. On their first date, he took Julia to EBT, one of the top
restaurants in Kansas City. He was obviously thrilled to be out with
her. He told her a little about himself. ' was born right here in good

old KC. My father was born here, too. The acorn doesn't fall far from
the oak. You know what I meant Julia knew what he meant. ' always knew I
wanted to be an accountant. When I got out of school, I went to work for
the Bigelow & Benson Financial Corporation.

Now I have my own firm.' ''s nice,' Julia said. ''s about all there is
to tell about me. Tell me about you.' Julia was silent for a moment. rm
the illegitimate daughter of one o I , the richest men in the world. You
ve probably heard of him. Hejust drowned. I'm an heiress to his estate.
She looked around the elegant room. I could buy this restaurant, if I
wanted to. I couldprobably buy this whole town, if I wanted to. Henry
was staring at her. '?' '! I ... I'm sorry. I was born in Milwaukee. My .
my father died when I was young. My mother and I traveled around the
country a great deal. When she 236 passed away, I decided to stay here
and get a job.' I hope my nose isn't growing- Henry Wesson put a hand
over hers. ' you've never had a man to take care of you.' He leaned
forward and said earnestly, ' would like to take care of YOU for the
rest of your life.' Julia looked at him in surprise. ' don't mean to
sound like Doris Day, but we hardly know each other.' ' want to change
that.' When Julia got home, Sally was waiting for her.'Well?' she asked.
' did your date got Julia said, thoughtfully, ''s very sweet, and .. ''s
crazy about you!' Julia smiled. ' think he proposed.' Sally's, eyes
widened. ' think he proposed? My God! Don't you know if the man proposed

or not?' ', he said he wanted to take care of me for the rest of my
life.' ''s a proposal!' Sally exclaimed. ''s a proposal! Marry him!
Quick! M arry him before he changes his mind!' Julia laughed. ''s the
hurry?"

"Listen to me. Invite him over here for dinner. I'll cook it,, and you
tell him you made it.' Julia laughed. ' you. No. When I find the man I
want to marry, we may be. eating Chinese food out 237 of cartons, but
believe me, the dinner table will be beautifully set with flowers and
candlelight.' On their next date, Henry said, ' know, Kansas City is a
great place to bring up kids.' ', it is.' Julia's only problem was that
she wasn't sure that she wanted to bring up his children. He was
reliable, sober, decent, but.. She discussed it with Sally. ' keeps
asking me to marry him,' Julia said. ''s he liket She thought for a
moment, trying to think of the most romantic and exciting things she
could say about Henry Wesson. ''s reliable, sober, decent ... " Sally
looked at her a moment. ' other words, he's dull.' Julia said
defensively, ' isn't exactly dull.' Sally nodded, knowingly. ''s dull.
Marry him.' ' ' him. Good dull husbands are hard to find.' Getting from
one payday to the next was a financial minefield.

There were paycheck deductions, and rent, and automobile expenses, and
groceries, and clothes to buy. Julia owned a Toyota Tercel, and it
seemed to her that she spent more on it than she did on herself. She was

constantly borrowing money from Sally. 238 One evening, when Julia was
getting dressed, Sally said, ''s another big Henry night, huh? Where's
he taking you tonigliff ''re going to Symphony Hall. Cleo Laine is
performing.' ' old Henry proposed against Julia hesitated. The truth was
that Henry proposed every time they were together. She felt pressured,
but she could not bring herself to say i6s. ''t lose him," Sally warned.
Sally is Probably right, Julia thought. Henry Wesson would make, a good
husband He's ... She hesitated. Be's sober, reliable, decent ... Is that
enough? As Julia was going out the door, Sally called, Can I borrow your
black shoest '.' And Julia was gone. Sally went into Julia's bedroom and
opened the closet door- The pair of shoes she wanted was on the top
shelf As she reached for them, a cardboard box that was sitting
precariously on the shelf fell down, and its contents spilled out all
over the floor. '!' Sally bent down to, gather up the papers.

They consisted of dozens of newspaper clippings, photographs, and
articles, and they were all about the Harry Stanford family. There
seemed to be hundreds of them. Suddenly, Julia came hurrying back into
the room. ' forgot my -' She stopped as she saw the papers on the floor.
' are you doing?' 61@m sorry,' Sally apologized. ' box fell down.' 239
Blushing, Julia bent down and started putting the papers back in the
box. ' had no idea you were so interested in the rich and famous,' Sally
said. Silently, Julia kept shoving the papers into the

box. As she
gathered a handful of photographs, she came across a small gold
heart-shaped locket ; her mother had given her before she died. Julia
put the locket aside. Sally was studying-her, puzzled.

"Juliat '.' ' are you so interested in Harry Stanfordt ''m not. I ...
This was my mother's.' Sally shrugged. '.' She reached for a paper. It
was from a scandal magazine, and the headline caught her eye: Tycoon
GETS cmldrm's GOVERNESS PREGNANT - BABY BORN OUT-017-WEDLOCK - MOTHER
AND BABY DISAPPEAR! Sally was staring at Julia, openmouthed. ' God!
You're Harry Stanford's daughted' Julia's mouth tightened. She shook her
head and contmued putung the papers back. ''t yout Julia stopped. ', I'd
rather not talk about it, if you don't mind." Sallyjumped to her feet.
''d rather not talk about it? You're the daughter of one of the richest
men in the world, and you'd rather not talk about it? Are you insane?'
240 '.. sm you know how much he was worth? Billions.' That has nothing
to do with me.' ' you're his daughter, it has everything to do with you.
You're an heiress! All you have to do is tell the aim y who you are, and
.$No.' "No ... whaff ' don't understand.' Julia rose and then sank down
on the bed. ' Stanford was an awful man. He abandoned my mother. She
hated him, and I hate ' don't hate anyone with that much money. You
understand them." Julia shook her head.' ' don't want any part of them.'
', heiresses don't live in crunnny apartments and buy clothes at flea
markets, and borrow to pay the rent. Your family would

hate knowing you
live like this. They'd be humiliated.' ' don't even know
I'm alive."

"Then you've got to tell them.' '. ' ' the subject.' Sally
looked at her
for a long time. '. By the way, you couldn't loan me a
million or two
till payday, could you ... Chapter Twenty.

Tyler was becoming frantic. For the past twenty-four hours
he had been
dialing Lee's home number, and there had been no answer.
no is he with?

Tyler agonized. What is he doing? He picked up the
telephone and dialed
once again. The phone rang for a long time, and just as
Tyler was about
to hang up, he heard Lee's voice'. '.' '! How are You?, '
the hell is
this?' ''s Tyler.' '?' There was a pause. ', yes." Tyler
felt a twinge
of disappointment. ' are you?' ',' Lee said.

"I told you I was going to. have a wonderful surprise for
you.' '?' He
sounded bored. ' you remember what you said to me about
going to St.
Tropez on a beautiful white yacht?' ' about it?' ' would
you like to
leave next month?' 242 ' yo , serioust ' bet I am.' ', I
don't know.
You've got a friend with a yacht?' ''m about to buy a
yacht.' ''re not
on. something, are you, judget ' ... ? No, no!

I've just come into some money. A lot of money.' '.
Tropez, huh? Yeah,
that sounds great. Sure, I'd love to go with you.' Tyler
felt a deep
sense of relief. ' Meanwhile, don't ...' He couldn't bring
himself even
to think about it. ''ll be in touch with you, Lee.' He

replaced the
receiver and sat on the edge of his bed. ' love to go with you.' He could
visualize the two of them on a beautiful yacht, cruising around the
world together. Together. Tyler picked up -the telephone book and turned
to the yellow pages. he offices of John Alden Yachts Inc. are located
on Boston's Commercial Wharf. The sales manager came -up to Tyler as he
entered. ' can I do for you today, sirt Tyler looked at him and said
casually, ''d like to buy a yacht.' The words rolled off his tongue. His
father's Yacht would probably be part of the estate, but Tyler had no
intention of sharing a ship with his brother and sister.

243 ' or sailt ' ... er ... I'm not sure. I want to be able to go around
the world in it.' ''re probably talking motor.' ' must be white.' The
sales manager looked at him strangely. ', of course. How large a boat
did you have in mindt Blue Skies is one hundred and eighty feet. '
hundred feet.' The sales manager blinked. '. I see. Of course, a yacht
like that would be very expensive, Mr. - ...' ' Stanford. My father was
Harry Stanford.' The man's face lit up. ' is no object,' Tyler said. '
not! Well, Judge Stanford, we're going to find you a yacht that everyone
will envy. White, of course.

Meanwhile, here is a portfolio of some available yachts. Call me when
-you decide which ones you're interested in.' Woody Stanford was,
thinking about polo ponies. All his life he had had to ride his friends'
ponies, but now he could afford to buy the finest string

in the world.

-He was on the telephone, talking to Mimi Carson. ' want to buy your
ponies,'Woody said. His voice was filled with excitement. He listened a
moment. ''s right, the whole stable. I'm very serious. Right.' The
conversation lasted half an hour, and when 244 Woody replaced the
receiver, he was grinning. He went to find Peggy. She was seated alone
on the veranda. Woody could still see the bruises on her face where he
had hit her. tpeggy ... I She looked up, warily. ' ' have to talk to
you. I ... I don't know where to She sat there, waiting. He took a deep
breath. ' know I've. been a rotten -husband. Some of the things I've
done are inexcusable. But, darling, all that is going to change now.
Don't you see? We're rich. Really rich. I want to make everything up to
you.' He took her hand. ''m going to get off drugs this time. I really
am. We're going to have a Whole different life.' -She looked into his
eyes, and said tonelessly, ' I promise. I know I've said it before, but
this it's really going to work. I've made up my minding to a clinic
somewhere where they can cure nt to get out of this hell I've been in.
Peggy .. e was desperation in his voice. ' can't do it with- "Out you.,
You know I can't.' he looked at him a long time, then cradled him in ra
s. ' baby. I know,'she whispered. ' know. 111 help you ...' 245 It was
time for Margo Posner to leave. Tyler found her in the study. He closed
the door. ' just wanted to thank you again, Margo.' She smiled. it's

been fun. I really had a good time.' she looked up at him archly. ' I
should become an actress! He smiled. ''d be good at it. You certainly
fooled this audience! 11 did, didn't IT "Here's the rest of your
money.'He took an envelope out of his pocket.

"And your plane ticket back to Chicago.' ' you.' He looked at his watch.
''d better get going! '. I just want you to know that I appreciate
everything. I mean, your getting me out of prison and all! He smiled.
''s all right: Have a good trip.' '! lie watched her go upstairs to
pack. The game was over. Check and check mate. Margo Posner was in her
bedroom finishing packing when Kendall walked in. ', Julia. I just
wanted to She stopped. ' are you doing?' ''m going home.' Kendall looked
at her in surprise. ' soon? Why? 1 246 was hoping we might spend some
time together and get acquainted. We have so many years to catch up on.'
'. Well, some other time.' Kendall sat on the edge of the bed. ''s like
a nuracle, isn't it? Finding each other after all these years- Margo
went on with her packing. '. It's a miracle, all right! ' must feel like
Cinderella. I mean, one minute you re living a perfectly average life
and the next minute someone hands you a billion dollars! Margo stopped
her packing. ' ' said ...' ' billion dollarst '. According to Father's
will, that's what we each inherit. Margo was looking at Kendall,
stunned. ' each 4 get a billion dollarst ''t they tell yout ','Margo
said slowly.'They didn't tell me.'There was a thoughtful expression on

her face. ' know, Kendall, you're right. Maybe -we should get better
acquainted! 4111., Tyler was in the solarium, looking at photographs of
yachts, when Clark approached him. ' me, Judge Stanford. There's a
telephone call for you.' ''ll take it in here.' 247 _711,@ It was Keith
Percy in Chicago. ' '.' J have some really great news for you!" 60ht '
that I'm retiring, how would you like to be appointed chiefjudge?' It
was all Tyler could do to keep from giggling. ' would be wonderful,
Keith.' ', it's yours!' ' ... I don't know what to say.' What should I
say? ' don't sit on the bench in a dirty little courtroom in Chicago,
handing out sentences to the misfits of the world?' Or '1l be too busy
sailing around the world on my yacht?' ' soon can you get back to
Chicagot ' will be a while," Tyler said. ' have a lot to do here.' ',
we'll all be waiting for you.' Don't holdyour breath. '-bye.' He
replaced the receiver and glanced at his watch. It was time for Margo to
be leaving for the airport. Tyler went upstairs to see if she was ready.
When he walked into Margo's bedroom, she was unpacking her suitcase. He
looked at her in surprise. ''re not ready.' She looked up at him and
smiled. '.

I'm unpacking. I've been thinking. I like it here. Maybe I should stay
awhile.' 248 He frowned. ' are you talking about?- You're catching a
plane to Chicago., ''ll be another- plane along, judge.' She grinned. '
I'll even buy my own., ' are you saying?' 4YOu told me You wanted me to

help you play a little joke on someone ' "Well, thejoke seems to be on
me. I'm worth a billion ..' Tyler's expression hardened. ' want you to
get out of here. Now.' ' you? I think I'll go when I'm ready,, Margo
said. ' I'm not ready., Tyler stood there, studying her. ' ... what is
It u wantt I She nodded.

"That's better. The billion dollars I'm supposed to get. You were
planning to keep it for yourself, right? I figured You were pulling a
little scam to Pick UP some extra money, but a billion dollars! That's a
different ball game. I think I deserve a share of that.' There was a
knock at the bedroom door. ' me,' Clark said. ' is served.

Margo turned to Tyler. ' go along. I won't be joining you. I have some
important errands to run.' Later that afternoon, packages began to
arrive at Rose Hill. There were boxes of dresses from Armani, 249 -
sportswear from Scaasi-Boutique, lingerie from Jordan Marsh, a sable
coat from Neiman Marcus, and a diamond bracelet from Cartier. All the
packages were addressed to Miss. Julia Stanford. When Margo walked in
the door at four thirty, Tyler was waiting to confront her, furious. '
do you think you're doing?' he demanded. She smiled. ' needed a few
things. After all, your sister has to be well dressed, doesn't she? It's
amazing how much credit a store will give you when you're a Stanford.

You will take care of the bills, won't yout ' ...' '.' She reminded him.
' the way, I saw the pictures of yachts on the table.

Are you planning to buy onet ' none of your business.' ''t be too sure.
Maybe you and I will take a cruise. Weill name the yicht Margo. Or
should we name it Julia? We can go around the world together.

I don't like being alone.' Tyler took a deep breath. ' seems that I
underestimated you. You're a very clever young woman.' ' from you,
that's a big compliment.' ' hope that you're also a reasonable young
woman.' ' depends. What do you call reasonablet ' million dollars.
Cash.' Her heart began to beat faster, ' I can keep the things I bought
todayt ' of them.' 250 e oo t k a deep breath. ' have a deal.' d. I'll
get the money to you as quickly as I can. going back to Chicago in the
next few days.' He k a key from his pocket and handed it to her. ere's
the key to my house. I want you to stay there wait for me. And don't
talk to anyone! right! She tried to hide her excitement. Maybe Id have
asked for more, she. thought. ''ll book you on the next plane out of
here.' _4 What about the things I bought ... T "I'll have them sent on
to you.' Good. Hey, we both came out of this great, didn't 3 *,E, He
nodded. '. We did! Tyler took Margo to Logan International Airport to
see her off. At the airport she said, ' are you going to tell i kr,'the
others? About my leaving, I mean.' 10 I'll tell them that you had to go
visit a very good nd who became ill, a friend in South America! e looked
at him wistfully. ' you want to know thing, judge? That yachting trip

would have been un.' Over the loudspeaker, her flight was being called.
''s me, I guess! ' a nice flight.' '. I'll see you in Chicago.' Tyler
watched her go into the departures terminal 251 and stood there, waiting
until the plane took off. Then he went back to the limousine and said to
the driver, ' Hill.' When Tyler arrived back at the house, he went
directly to his room and telephoned Chief Judge Keith Percy. ''re all
waiting for you, Tyler. When are you coming back? We're planning a
little celebration in your honor.' ' soon, Keith,' Tyler said.

"Meanwhile, I could use your help with a problem I've run into."

"Certainly. What can I do for yout ''s about a felon I tried to help.

Margo Posner. I believe I told you about her.' ' remember. What's the
problemt ' poor woman has deluded herself into believing she's my
sister. She followed me to Boston and tried to murder me.' ' God!

That's terrible!' -'She's on her way back to Chicago now, Keith. She
stole the key to my house, and I don't know what she plans to do next.

The woman is a dangerous lunatic. She's threatened to kill my whole
family. I want her committed to the Reed Mental Health Facility. If
you'll fax me the commitment papers, I'll sign them. I'll arrange for
her psychiatric examinations myself.' ' course. I'll take care of it
immediately, Tyler.' ''d appreciate it. She's on United

Airlines Flight
307. It arrives at eight fifteen tonight. I suggest that
252 ave people
there at the ai Mort to pick her up. be to be careful. She
should put in
maximum Item rity at Reed, and not allowed any visitors.'
'111 see to
it. I'm sorry you had to go through this, Tyler.' There
was a shrug in
Tyler's voice. ' know what they say, Keith: "No good deed,
no matter how
small, unpunished."' goes ed At dinner that evening
Kendall ask "Isn't
Julia join Ing us tonightt Tyler said regretfully,
"Unfortunately, no.
She asked a ke ae to s y good-bye to all of you.

She's gone to ta care o a friend in South America who's
had a stroke. f
t was r at her sudden.' t the will has not been.. ia has
given me her
power of attorney and wants to arrange for her share to go
into a trust
fund.' ant placed a bowl of Boston clam chowder in ront o
Tyler. A "Ah,'
he said. ' looks delicious! I'm hungry *... tonight.'
nited Airlines
Flight 307 was making its final roach to O'Hare
International Airport on
sched- metallic voice came over the loudspeaker. ies and
gentlemen,
would you fasten your seat ts, pleaset Margo Posner had
enjoyed the
flight tremendously. 253 -She had spent most of the time
dreaming about
what ' was going to do with the million dollars and all
the clothes
andjewelry shehadbought. Andallbecause I was bustedl Isn't
that a kick!
When the plane landed, Margo gathered the things she had
carried on
board and started to walk down the ramp. A flight
attendant stayed
directly behind her. Near the plane was an ambulance,

flanked by two
paramedics in white jackets, and a doctor. The flight
attendant saw them
and pointed to Margo. As Margo stepped off the ramp, one
of the men
approached her. ' me,' he said. Margo looked up at him. '
' you Margo
Posnert ', yes. What's ... T ''m Dr. Zimmerman.' He took
her arm. ''d
like you to come with us, please.' He started leading her
toward the
ambulance. Margo tried to jerk away.

"Wait a minute! What are YOU doing?' she demanded. The
other two men had
moved to either side of her to hold her arms. ' come along
quietly,
Miss. Posner,' the doctor said. '!' Margo screamed. ' me!'
The other
passengers were standing there, gaping. ''s the matter
with all of yout
Margo yelled. ' you blind? I'm being kidnapped! I'm Julia
Stanford! I'm
Harry Stanford's daughted' 254 course, you are,' Dr. Zi
Intnerman said
sooth- 1191y. ' calm down.' e o Th bservers watched in
astonishment as
Margo @"was cam ed into the back of the ambulance, kicking
screaming.,
side the ambulance, the doctor took out a syringe d
pressed the needle
into Margo's arm. ',' he id.

"Everything is going to be all right.' sy ou must be
crazyl' Margo said.

"You must be .@@,Her eyes began to droop. e ambulance
doors closed, and
the ambulance c, away. Tyler got the report, he laughed
out loud..He uld
visualize the greedy bitch being carried off. He uld
arrange for her to
be kept in a mental health ity for the rest of her life.
Now the game is

really over, he thought. rve done it! The old man would turnover in his
grave fhestillhad one -- #'he knew that I was getting control of
Stanford Enterprises. I'll give Lee everything he's ever dreamed of.

Pcrfect - Everything was perfect. The evcnts of the day had filled Tyler
with a sexual f @xcitement. I need some refie . He opened his suitcase
-and from the back of it took out a copy of Damron's VFp. Guide. There
were several gay bars listed in Boston, He chose the Quest on Boylston
Street. I'll skip dinner. 255 t, What ril go straight to the chib. And
then he though an oxymoron! Julia and Sally were getting dressed to go
to work. Sally asked, ' was your date with Henry last night?' 61me
same.9 ' bad, huh? Have the marriage banns been posted yet?' ' forbiff
Julia said. ' is sweet, but ... 9 She sighed. ' isn't for me.' she might
not be,' Sally said, ' these are for you.' She handed Julia five
envelopes. I They were all bills. Julia opened them. Three of them were
marked overdue and another was marked Tiurd NOTICE. Julia studied them a
moment. ', I wonder if you could lend me ... 71 Sally looked at her in
amazement. ' don't under- stand YOU- 9 ' do you mean?, ''re working like
a galley slave, you can't pay your bills, and all you have to do is lift
your little finger and you could come up with a few million dollars,
give or take some change.' ''s not my. money.' ' course, it's your
money!' Sally snap*. ' Stanford was your father, wasn't he? Ergo, you're
entitled to a share of his estate. And I don't use the

word ergo very
often.' 256 it. I told you how he treated my mother. Hen't have left me
a dime.' ly sighed. '!

And I was looking forward tong with a millionaire!' They walked down to
the parking lot where they Wt their cars. Julia's space was empty. She
stated at in shock. ''s gonep 4A worked your car here last nightt re you
sure you pa Sally asked. '.' ' stole it!" Julia shook her head. ',' she
said slowly. "AZ ' do you meant IMq-;". She turned to look at Sally. '
must have repos- it. I'm three payments behind.' ',' Sally said
tonelessly. ''s just nderful.' was unable to get her roommate's
situation out her mind. It's like a fairy tale, Sally thought. A 22 who
doesn't know she's a princess. Only in this ' knows it, but she's
tooproud to do anything t it. It's not fair! The family has all that
money, she has nothing.

Well, if she won't do something t it, I damn well will. She'll thank
me for it. @r,,'That evening, after Julia went out, Sally examined box of
clippings again. She took out a recent news- article mentioning that the
Stanford heirs had se back to Rose Hill for the funeral services. 257
If the princess won't 90 10 them, Sally thought, they-are going to come
to the princess. write a letter. it was She sat down and began to
addressed to Judge Tyler Stanford.

Chapter Twenty-one.

Tyler Stanford signed the commitment papers putting Margo

Posner in Reed
Mental Health Facility. Three psychiatrists were required to agree to
the commitment, but Tyler knew that that would be easy for him to
handle. reviewed everything he had done from the very ning, and decided
that there had been no flaws his game plan. Dmitri had disappeared in
Australia, d argo Posner had been disposed of. That left Hal Baker, but
he would be no problem. Everyone had an 4h,','.Achilles'heel, and his
was his stupid family. No, Baker ,:jwu never talk because he couldn't
bear the thought of 7 from his dear ones. his life in prison, awayf
Everything was perfect. T he minute the will is probated, 1`11 return to
Chicago pick up Lee. Maybe we'll even buy a house in 4t Tropez. He began
to get aroused at the thought. Wkv',@`,We'll sail around the world in my
yacht. I've always te to "'Wan d see Venice ... and Positano ... and
Capri We'll go on safari in Kenya, and see the Taj Mahal 259 together in
the moonlight. And who do lowe all this to? To Daddy. Dear old Daddy.
''re a queer, Tyler, and you 111 always be a queer. I don't know how the
hell anything like you came from my loins.' Well, who has the last
laugh-now, Father? Tyler went downstairs to join his brother and sister
for lunch. He was hungry again. ''s really a pity that Julia had to
leave so quickly,' Kendall said. ' would have liked to have gotten to
know her better.' ''m sure she plans to return as soon as she can,' Marc
said. That's certainly true, Tyler thought. He would make sure she
nevergot out. The talk turned to the future. Peggy said,

shyly, ' is
going to buy a group of polo ponies.' ''s not a group!' Woody snapped.
''s a string. A string of polo ponies.' ''m sorry, darling. I just '
it!' Tyler said to Kendall, ' are your planst We are counting on
yourfurther support ... We would appreciate it if you would deposit I
million US dollars ... within the next ten days.' '?' '. I'm going to
... to expand the business.

I'll open shops in London and in Paris.' 260 hat sounds exciting,' Peggy
said. ' have a show in New York in two weeks. I have K d ' run down
there and get it ready.' A ''.' to do with your share of the estate?,
all looked over at Tyler. ' are you going ', mostly. There are so Tyler
said piously, Y worthy organizations that need help.' e was only half
listening to the conversation at the table. He looked around the table
at his brother and "":.sister. If it weren't for me, you'd be getting
nothing. '@-"Nolhing! He turned to look at Woody. His brother had @t,
become. a dope addict, throwing his life away. Money ''t help h* Tyler
thought. It will only buy him more '40pe He wondered where Woody was
getting the Tyler turned to his sister. Kendall was bright and
successful, and she had made the most of her talents. Marc was seated
next to her, telling an amusing -@,Anecdote to Peggy. He's attractive
and charming. Too he's married. And then there was Peggy. He thought of
her as 0 Why she put up with Woody was beyond e must love him very much.
She certainly hasn't tten thing out of her marriage. He

wondered what
the expressions on their faces would be if he stood up and said, '
control Stanford ..... Enterprises. I had ourfather murdered, his body
dug up. I hired someone to impersonate our ha#sister.' He 261 smiled at
the thought. It was difficult holding a secret as delicious as the one
he had. After lunch, Tyler went to his room to telephone Lee again.
There was no answer. He's out with someone, Tyler thought, despairingly.
He doesn't believe me about the yacht.

Well, I'll prove it to him! When is that damn will going to be probated?

F/I have to call Fitzgerald, or that young lawyer, Steve Sloane. There
was a knock at the door. Clark stood there. ' me, Judge Stanford.

A letter arrived for you.' Probably from Keith Percy, congratulating me.

"Thank you, Clark.' He took the envelope. It had a Kansas City return
address. He stared at it a moment, puzzled, then opened it and began to
read the letter. Dear Judge Stanford, I think you should know that you
have a hay sister named Julia. She is the daughter of Rosemary Nelson
and your father. She lives here in Kansas City. Her address is 1425
Metca4(Avenue, Apartment 3B, Kansas City, Kansas. I'm sure Julia would
be most happy to hear from you. Sincerely, A Friend Tyler stared at the
letter disbelievingly, and he felt a cold chill. ' he cried aloud.

"No!' I won't have it! 262 now! Maybe she's a fake. But he

had a
terrible beling that this Julia was genuine. And now the bitch is
comingforward to claim her share of the estate! My h re, y a T ler
corrected himself. It doesn't belong to her. I can't let her come here.

It would ruin everything. I would have to explain the other Julia, and..

He shuddered. '!' I have to have her taken care of. Fast. He reached for
the telephone and d. ialed Hal Baker's number.

Chapter Twenty-two.

The dermatologist shook his head. ''ve seen cases similar to yours, but
never one this bad.' Hal Baker scratched his hand and nodded. ' see, Mr.
Baker, we were confronted with three possibilities. Your itching could
have been caused by a fungus, an allergy, or it could be
neurodermatitis. The skin scraping I took from your hand and put under
the microscope showed me that it wasn't a fungus. And you said you
didn't handle chemicals on the job .. ''s right.' ', we've narrowed it
down. What you have is lichen simplex chronicus or localized
neurodermatitis.' ' sounds awful. Is there something you can do about
itt ', there is.' The doctor took a tube from a cabinet in a comer of
the office and opetied it. ' your hand itching nowt Hal Baker scratched
again. '. It feels like it's on fire.' ' want you to rub some of this
cream on your hand.' 264 Hal Baker squeezed out some of the cream and
began to rub it into his hand. It was like a miracle. ' itching has

stopped!' Baker said. '. Use that, and you won't have any more V,
problem.' ' you, doctor. I can't tell you what a relief this is 11,11
give you a prescription. You can take the tube with you."

"Thank you.' P vin ri i g home, Hal Baker was singing aloud. It was the
first time since he had met Judge Tyler Stanford that his hand had not
itched. It was a wonderful feeling of freedom. Still whistling, he
pulled into the garage, and walked into the kitchen. Helen was waiting
for him. ' had a telephone call,' she said. ' Mr. Jones. He said it was
urgent.9 His hand began itching. 1w, Re had hurt some people, but he had
done it for the love of his kids. He had committed some crimes, but "At
was for the -family. Hal Baker did not believe he really had been at
fault. This was different. This was a cold-blooded murder. When he had
returned the phone call, he had protested. ' can't do that, judge.

You'll have to find someone else.' 265 There had been a silence. And
then, ''s the family?' The flight to Kansas City was uneventful.

Judge Stanford had given him detailed instructions. ' name is Julia
Stanford You have her address and apartment number. She won't be
expecting you. All you have to do is go there and handle her.' He took a
taxi from the Kansas City Downtown Airport to downtown Kansas City.

"Beautiful day,' the taxi driver said. '.' ' did you come in from?' '
York. I live here.' ' place to five.' ' is. I have a

little repair work
to do around the house. Would you drop me off at a hardware storet '.'
Five minutes later, Hat Baker was saying to a clerk in the store, ' need
a hunting knife.' ' have just the thing, sir. Would you come this way,
pleaset The knife was a thing of beauty, about six inches long, with a
sharp pointed end and serrated edges.

"Will this do?' ''m sure it will,' Hal Baker said. ' that be cash or
charget 266 '.' His next stop was at a stationery store. Hal Baker
studied the apartment building at 1425 Metcalf Avenue for five minutes,
examining exits and entrances. He left and returned at 8 P. m., when it
began to get dark. He wanted to make sure that if Julia Stan- ,ford had
a job, she would be home from work. He had noted that the apartment
building had no doorman. There was an elevator, but he took the stairs.
It was not smart to be in small enclosed places. They were traps. He
reached the third floor. Apartment 3B was down the hall on the left. The
knife was taped to the inside pocket of his jacket. He rang the
doorbell. A moment later, the door opened, and he found himself facing
an attractive woman. '.', She had a nice smile. ' I help yout She was
younger than he had expected, and he wondered fleetingly why Judge
Stanford wanted her killed. Well, that's none of my business.

He took out a card and handed it to her. ''m with the A.C. Nielsen
Company,' he said smoothly. ' don't'have any of the Nielsen family in

this area, and we're looking for people who might be interested.' She
shook her head. ', thanks.' She started to close the door. Ve pay one
hundred dollars a week.' The door stayed half open. 267 ' hundred
dollars a week?' 6yes, ma'am.' The door was wide open now. ' you have to
do is record the names of the programs you watch. We'll give you a
contract for one year.' Five thousand dollars! ' in,' she said. He
walked into the apartment. ' down, Mr. -' '. Jim Allen.' '. Allen. How
did you happen to select met ' company does random checking. We have to
make sure that none of the people is involved in television in any way,
so we can keep our survey accurate. You don't have any connection with
any television production programs or networks, do yout She laughed. ',
no. What would I have to do exactly99 ''s really very simple. We'll give
you a chart with all the television programs listed on it, and all you
have to do is make a check mark every time you watch a program. That way
our computer can figure out how many viewers each program has. The
Nielsen family is scattered around the United States, so we get a clear
picture of which shows are popular in which areas and with whom. Would
you be interestedt ', yes.' He took out some printed forms and a pen. '
many hours a day do you watch televisiont 268 ' very many. I work all
day., ' you do watchsome television?' ', certainly. I watch the news at
ni lit, and some- 9 times an old movie. I like Larry King.' He made a
note. ' you watch much educational television?' ' watch PBS on Sundays.'

' the way, do you live alone here?' ' have a roommate, but she's xi@t
here.' So they were alone. His hand began to itch. He started to reach
into his inside pocket to untape the knife. He heard footsteps in the
hall outside. He stopped. ' you say I get five thousand dollars a year
just for doing this?' ''s right. Oh, I forgot to mention. We also give
you a new color TV set.' ''s fantastid' The footsteps were gone. He
reached inside his pocket again, and felt the handle of the knife-. ' I
have a glass of water, please? It's been a long day.' '.' He watched
her. get up and go over to the small bar in the corner. He slipped the
knife out of its sheath and moved up behind her. She wag saying, '
roommate watches PBS more, than I do.' He lifted the knife, ready to
strike. ' Julia's more intellectual than I am.' Baker's hand froze in
midair. ' 269 ' roommate. Or she was. She's gone. I found a note when I
got home saying she had left and didn't know when she'd be -' She turned
around, holding the glass of water, and saw the upraised knife in his
hand. ' ... T She screamed. Hal Baker turned and fled. Hal Baker
telephoned Tyler Stanford. ''m in Kansas City, but the girl is gone.' '
do you mean, gonet ' roommate says she left.' He was silent for a
moment. ' have a feeling she's headed for Boston. I want you to get up
here right away.9 ', sir.' Tyler Stanford slammed down the receiver and
began to pace. Everything had been going so perfectly! The girl had to
be found and disposed of. She was a loose cannon. Even after he received

control of the estate, Tyler knew he would not rest easy as long as she
was alive. rve got to find her, Tyler thought. rve got to! But where?
Clark came into the room.

"Excuse me, Judge Stanford. There is a Miss. Julia Stanford here to see
you.' 270

Chapter Twenty-three.

it was because of Kendall that Julia decided to go to Boston. Returning
from lunch one day, Julia passed an exclusive dress shop, and in the
window was an original design by Kendall. Julia looked at it for a long
time. That's my sister, Julia thought. I can't blame her for what
happened to my mother. And I can't blame my brothers. And suddenly she
was filled with an overpowering desire to see them, to meet them; to
talk to them, to have a family at last. When Julia returned to the
office, she told. Max Tolkin that she would be gone for a few days.

Embarrassed, she said, ' wonder if I could have an advance on my salaryt
Tolkin smiled. '. You have a vacation coming. Here. Have a good time.'
Will I have a good time? Julia wondered. Or am I making a terrible
mistake? When Julia returned home, Sally had not arrived yet. I can't
wait for her, Julia decided. If I don't go now, I'll 271 never go.

She packed her suitcase and left a note.. On the way to the bus
terminal, Julia had second thoughts. What am I doing? Why did I make

this sudden decision? Then she thought wryly, Sudden? It's taken me
fourteen years! She was filled with an enormous sense of excitement.

What was her family going to be like? She knew that one of her brothers
was a judge, the other was a famous polo player, and her sister was a
famous designer. It's afwnily of achievers, Julia thought, and who am P
I hope they don't look down on me. Merely thinking about what lay ahead
made Julia's heart skip a beat. She boarded a Greyhound bus and was on
her way. When the bus arrived at South Station in Boston, Julia found a
taxi. ' to, ladyt the driver asked. And Julia completely lost - her
nerve. She had intended to say, ' Hill.' Instead, she said, T don't
know.' The taxi driver turned around to look at her. ', I don't know,
either.' ' you just drive around? I've never been to Boston before.' He
nodded. '.' They drove west along Summer Street until they reached the
Boston Common. The driver said, ' is the oldest public park in the
United States. They used to use it for hangings! 272 And Julia could
hear her mother's voice. V used to take the children to the Common in
the winter to iceskate. Woody was a natural athlete. I wish you could
have met him, Julia He was such a handsome boy. I always thought he was
going to be the successful one in thefwnily.' It was as though her
mother were with her, sharing this moment. They had reached Charles
Street, the entrance to the Public Garden. The driver said, ' those
bronze ducklings? Believe it or not, they've all got

names.' ' used to
have picnics in the Public Garden. There are cute bronze ducklings at
the entrance. They're named Jack, Kack, Lack, Mack, Nack, Ouack, Pack,
and Quack.' Julia had thought that was so funny that she had made her
mother repeat the names over an dover again. Julia looked at the meter.
The drive was getting expensive. ' you recommend an inexpensive hotelt
'. How about the Copley Square Hoteff ' you take me there, pleaset '.'
Five minutes later, they pulled up in front of the hotel. ' Boston,
lady.' ' you.' Am I going to enjoy it, or will it be a disaster? Julia
paid the driver and went into the hotel. She approached the young clerk
behind the desk. 273 '," he said. ' I help you? ''d like a room,
Please.' ' '. ' long will you be staying?' She hesitated. An hour? Ten
years? ' don't know.' '.' He checked the key rack. ' have a nice single
for you on the fourth floor.' ' you.' She signed the register in a neat
hand- Julia Stanford. The clerk handed her a key. ' you are. Enjoy your
stay., The room was small, but neat and clean. As soon as Julia
unpacked, she telephoned Sally. '? My God! Where are you?, ''m in
Boston.' ' you all rightt She sourided hysterical. '. Whyt "Someone came
to the apartment, looking for you, and I think he wanted to kill you!' '
are you talking about?' ' had a knife and ... you should have seen tho
look on his face - ..'She was gasping for breath.

"When he found out I wasn't you, he ran!' ' don't believe it!' ' said he
was with A.C. Nielsen, but I called their' office, and

they never heard
of him! Do you know anyone who would want to harm yout 274
' course not,
Sally! Don't be ridiculous! Did you call the police?' '
did. Butthere
wasn't much they could do except tell me to be more
careful.' ', I'm
just fine, so don't worry.' She heard Sally take a deep
breath. ' right.
As long as you're okay. Juliat '.' ' careful, will you?' '
course.'
Sally and her inuiginatiorli Who in the world would want
to kill me? '
you know when you're coming back?' The same kind of
question the clerk
had asked her. '.' ''re there to see your family, aren't
yout '.' ' I
uck.' ', Sally.' ' in touch.' ' will.' Julia replaced the
receiver. She
stood there, wondering what to do next. If I had any
brains, I would get
back on the bus and go, home. I've been stalling. Did I
come to Boston
to see the sights? No. Icame here to meet my family. Am I
going to meet
them? No ... Yes ... She sat on the edge of the bed, her
mind in a
turmoil. What if they hate me? I must not think that.
They're ing to
love me, and Im going to love them. She looked the
telephone and
thought, Maybe it would be better 275 see I called them.
No. Then they
might not want to me. She went to the closet and selected
her best dress.
If I don It do it now, I'll never do it, Julia decided.
Thirty minutes
later, she was in a taxi on her way to Rose Hill to meet
her family.

Chapter Twenty-four.

Tyler was staring at Clark in disbelief' ' Stanford ... is
heret "Yes,

sir.' There was a puzzled tone in the butler's voice. ' it isn't the
same Miss. Stanford who was here earlier.' Tyler forced a smile. '
course not. I'm afraid it's an impostor.' ' impostor, sir?"

"Yes. They'll be coming out of the woodwork, Clark, all claiming a right
to the family fortune.' ''s terrible, sir. Shall I call the policet
"No,' Tyler said quickly. That was the last thing he wanted . I'll
handle it. Send her into the library.' ', sir.' Tyler's mind was racing.
So the real Julia Stanford had finally showed up. It was fortunate that
none of the other members of the family was. home at the moment. He
would have to get rid of her immediately. Tyler walked into the library.
Julia was standing in the middle of the room, looking at a portrait of
Harry Stanford. Tyler stood there a moment, studying 277 the woman. She
was beautiful. Jt was too bad that ... ' Julia turned around and saw
him. '.' cyou're Tyler.' ''s right. Who are yout Her smile faded. ''t
... ? I'm Julia Stanford.' '? Yool forgive my asking, but do you have
any proof of thatt '? Well, Yes ... I ... that is ... no proof. I just
assumed - He moved closer to her.

"How did you happen to come heregg ' decided that it was time to meet my
family.' ' twenty-six yearst '.' Looking at her, listening to her speak,
there was no question in Tyler's mind. She was genuine, dangerous, and
would have to be disposed of quickly. Tyler forced a smile. ', you can
imagine what a shock this is to me. I mean, for you to

appear here out
of the blue and. 11 know. I'm sorry. I probably should
have called
first.' Tyler asked casually, ' came to Boston alonet '.'
His mind was
racing. ' anyone else know you're heret "No. Well, my
roommate, Sally,
in Kansas City.' 278 ' are you staying?' . ' the Copley
Square Hotel.'
''s a nice hotel. What room are you int ' nineteen.' '
right. Why don't
you go back to your hotel and wait there for us? I want to
prepare Woody
and Kendall for this. They're going to be as surprised as
I was.' 61@ in
sorry. I should have ' problem. Now that we've met, I know
that
everything is going to be just fine.' ' you, Tyler.' ''re
welcome' - he
almost choked on the word. '. Let me call a taxi for you.'
Five minutes
later, she was gone. Hal Baker had just returned to his
hotel room in
downtown Boston when the telephone call came. He picked it
up. '
"I'm-sorry. I have no news yet, judge. I've combed this
whole town. I
went to the airport and ''s here, stupid!' ' ''s here in
Boston. She's
staying at -the Copley Square Hotel, room four nineteen. I
want her
taken care of tonight. And I don't want any more bungling,
do you
understandt ' happened was not my 279 ' you understandt
4Yes, sir.' ' do
id' Tyler slammed down the receiver. He went to find
Clark. ', about
that young woman who was here pretending she was my
sistert ', sirt '
wouldn't say anything about it to the other members of the
family. It
would just upset them.' ' understand, sir.

You're very thoughtful.' Julia walked over to the

Ritz-Carlton for
dinner. The hotel was beautiful, just as her mother had
described it. On
Sunday, I used to take the children there for brunch.
Julia sat in the
dining room and visualized her mother there at a table
with young Tyler,
Woody and Kendall. I wish I could have grown up with
them,-Julia
thought. But at least rm going the meet them now. She
wondered whether
her mother would have approved of what she was doing.
Julia had been
taken aback by Tyler's reception. He had seemed ... cold.
But that's
only natural, Julia thought. A stranger walks in and says,
' your
sister.' Of course he would be suspicious. But rm sure I
can convince
them. When the check came, Julia stared at it in shock. I
have to be
careful, she thought. I have to have enough money left to
take the bus
back to Kansas. As she stepped outside the Ritz-Carlton, a
tour bus was
getting ready to leave. On an impulse, she boarded 280 it-
She wanted to
see as much of her mother's city as she could. Hal Baker
strode into the
lobby of the Copley Square Hotel as though he belonged
there and took
the stairs to the fourth floor. This time there would be
no mistake.

Room 419 was in the middle of the corridor. Hal Baker
scanned the
hallway to make sure no one was around, and knocked on the
door. There
was no answer. He knocked again. '. Stanfordt Still no
answer. He took a
small case from his pocket and selected a pick. It took
him only seconds
to open the door. Hal Baker stepped inside, closing the
door behind him.

The room was empty. '. Stanfordt He walked into the bathroom. Empty. He
went back into the bedroom. He took a knife out of his pocket, moved a
chair in back of the door, and sat in the dark, waiting. It was one hour
later when he heard someone approaching. Hal Baker rose quickly and
stodd behind the door, the knife in his hands. He heard the key turn in
the lock, and the door started to'swing open* ' He raised the knife high
over his head, ready to strike. Julia Stanford stepped in and pressed
the light switch on. He heard her say, ' well. Come in.' A crowd of
reporters poured into the room.

Chapter Twenty-five.

it was Gordon Wellman, the night manager at the Copley Square Hotel, who
inadvertently saved Julia! s life. He had come on duty at six o'clock
that evening, and had automatically checked the hotel register, When he
came across the name of Julia Stanford, he stared at it in surprise.

Ever since Harry Stanford had died, the newspapers had been full of
stones about the Stanford family. They had dredged up the ancient
scandal of Stanford's affair with the children's governess and the
suicide of Stanford-s wife. Harry Stanford had an illegitimate daughter
named Julia. There were rumors that she had come to Boston in secret.

Shortly after going on a shopping spree, she had reportedly left for
South America. Now, it seemed that she was back. And she's staying at my

hotel! Gordon Wellman thought excitedly. He turned to the front-desk
clerk. ' you know how much publicity this could mean for the hotelt A
minute later, he was on the telephone to the press. 282 When Julia
arrived back at the hotel after her sightseeing tour, the lobby was
filled with reporters, - eagerly awaiting her. As soon as she walked
into the lobby, they pounced. '. Stanford! I'm from the Boston Globe.

We've been looking for you, but we heard that you had left town. Could
you tell us.. I T A television camera was pointed at her. '. Stanford,
I'm with WCVB-TV. We'd like to get a statement from you ...' '.
Stanford, I'm from the Boston Phoenix. We want to know your reaction to.

- .' ' this way, Miss. Stanford! Smile! Thank you.' Flashes were
popping. Julia stood there, filled with confusion. Oh, my God, she
thought. Thefainfly is going to think that rm some kind of publicity
hound. She turned to the reporters. ''m sorry. I have nothing to say."
She fled into the elevator. They piled in after her. ' magazine wants to
do a story on your life, and what it feels like to be estranged from
your family for over twenty-five years.' -Ve heard you had gone to South
America.' ' you planning to live in Boston ... T ' aren't you staying at
Rose Hill ... T She got out of the elevator at the fourth floor and
hurried down the corridor. They were at her heels.

There was no way to escape them. Julia took out her key and opened the

door to her 283 room. She stepped inside and turned on the light. '
well. Come in.' Hidden behind the door, Hal Baker was caught by
surprise, the knife in his raised hand. As the reporters shoved past
him, he quickly put the knife back in his pocket and mingled with the
group..Julia turned to the reporters. ' right. One question at a time,
please.' Frustrated, Baker backed toward the door and slipped out.

Judge Stanford was not going to be pleased. For the next thirty minutes,
Julia answered questions as best she could. Finally, they were gone.

Julia locked the door and went to bed. In the morning, the television
stations and newspapers featured stories about Julia Stanford. Tyler
read the papers and was furious. Woody and Kendall joined him at the
breakfast table. ''s all this nonsense about some woman calling herself
Julia Stanfordt Woody asked. '? s a phony,' Tyler said glibly.

"She came to the door yesterday, demanding money, and I sent her away. I
didn't expect her to pull a cheap publicity stunt like this. Don't
worry. I'll take care of her.' He put in a call to Simon Fitzgerald.

"Have you seen the morning paperst '.' 284 she'T'shisurconistaerrtist is
going around town claiming that Fitzgerald said, ' you want me to have
her arrested?' '! That would only create more publicity". I want you to
get her out of town.' ' right. I'll take care, of it, Judge Stanford.' '

you.' Simon Fitzgerald sent for'Steve Sloane. ''s a
problem,' he said.
Steve nodded. ' know. I've heard the morning news and seen
the papers.
Who is shet ' someone who thinks she can horn in on the
family fortune.
Judge Stanford suggested we get her out of town. Will you
handle hert '
pleasure,' Steve said grimly. One hour later, Steve was
knocking on
Julia's hotel room door. When Julia opened the door and
saw him standing
there she said, ''m sorry. I'm not talking to any more
reporters. I ''m
not a reporter. May I come int "Who are yout ' name is
Steve Sloane. I'm
with the law firm representing the Harry Stanford estate.'
'. I see.
Yes. Come in." Steve walked into the room. 285 ' you tell
the press that
you are Julia Stanford?' ''m afraid I was caught off
guard. I didn't
expect them, you see, and. - .' ' you didclaim to be Harry
Stanford's
daughtert '. I am his daughter.' He looked at her and said
cynically,
"Of course, you have proof of that.' ', no,' Julia said
slowly. '
don't.' ' on,' Steve insisted. ' must have some proof.' He
intended to
nail her with her own lies. ' have nothing,' she said. He
studied her,
surprised. She was not what he had expected. There was a
disarming
frankness about her. She seems intelligent. How could she
have been
stupid enough to come here claiming to be ffarry
Stanford's daughter
without any proof? ''s too bad,' Steve said. ' Stanford
wants you to get
out of town.' Julia's eyes widened. ' "That's right.' '
... I don't
understand. I haven't even met my other brother or
sister.' So she's

determined to keep up the bluff, Steve thought. ', I don't know who you
are, or what your game is, but you could go to jail for this. We're
giving you a break. What you're doing is against the law. You have a
choice. Either you can get out of town and stop bothering the family, or
we can have you arrested.' 286 Julia stood there in shock. '? I ... I
don, t know what to say.' ''s your decision.' ' don't even want to see
met Julia asked numbly. ''s putting it mildly.' She took a deep breath.
' right. If that's what they want, I'll go back to Kansas. I promise
you, they'll never hear from me again.' Kansas. You came a long way to
pull your little scam.

"That's very wise.' He stood there a moment, watching her, puzzled.

"Well, good-bye.' She did not reply. Steve was in Simon Fitzgerald's
office. ' you see the woman, Stevet '. She's going back home.' He
seemed distracted. '. I'll tell Judge Stanford. He'll be pleased."

"Do you know what's bugging me, Simont ' ' dog didn't bark.' ' beg your
pardont ' Sherlock Holmes story. The clue was in what didn't happen.' ',
what does that have to do with ' came here without any proof. I
Fitzgerald looked at him, puzzled. ' don't understand.

That should have convinced you.' ' the contrary. Why would she come
here, all the 287 way from Kansas, claiming to be Harry Stanford's
daughter, and not have a single thing to back it upt ' are a lot of

weirdos out there, Steve.' ''s not a weirdo. You should have seen her.
And there are a couple of other things that bother me, Simon."

"Yes?' ' Stanford's body disappeared. When I went to talk to Dmitri
Kaminsky, the only witness to Stanford's accident, he had disappeared
... And no one seems to know where the first Julia Stanford suddenly
disappeared to.' Simon Fitzgerald was frowning. ' are you s . T aying.
Steve said, slowly, ''s something going on that needs to be explained.
I'm going to have another talk with the lady.' Steve Sloane walked into
the lobby of the Copley Square Hotel and approached the desk clerk. '
you ring Miss. Julia Stanford, pleaset The clerk looked up.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Miss. Stanford has checked out.' ' she leave a
forwarding address?' ', sir. I'm afraid not.' Steve stood there,
frustrated. There was nothing more he could do. Well, maybe I was wrong,
he thought philosophically. Maybe she really is an impostor. Now we'll
never know. He turned and went out into the 288 street. The doorman was
ushering a couple into a taxi. ' me,' Steve said. The doorman turned. ',
sir?' '. I want to ask you a question. Did you see Miss. Stanford come
out of the hotel this morning?.' ' certainly did.

Everybody was staring at her. She's quite a celebrity. I got a taxi for
her.' ' don't suppose you know where she went?' He found that he was
holding his breath. '. I told the cab driver where to take her." "And

where was that Steve asked impatiently. ' the Greyhound bus terminal at
South Station. I thought it was strange that someone as rich as that
would ...' ' do want a taxi.' Steve walked into the crowded Greyhound
bus terminal and looked around. Julia was nowhere to be seen.

She's gone, Steve thought despairingly. A voice on a loudspeaker was
calling out the departing buses. He heard the voice say, '... and Kansas
City,' and Steve hurried out to the loading platform. Julia was just
starting to get on the bus. ' it!' he called. She turned, startled.
Steve hurried up to her. ' want to talk to you.' She looked at him,
angry. ' have nothing more to say to you.' She turned to go.

289 IRL He grabbed her arm. ' a minute! We really have to talk.' ' bus
is leaving.' ''ll be another one.' ' suitcase is on it." Steve turned to
a porter. ' woman is about to have a baby. Get her suitcase out of
there. Quick!' The porter looked at Julia in surprise.

"Right.' He hurriedly opened the luggage compartment. ' is yours, lady?'
Julia turned to Steve, puzzled. ' you know what you're doing?"

"No,' Steve said. She studied him a moment, then made a decision. She
pointed to, her suitcase. ' one.' The porter pulled it out. ' you want
me to get you an ambulance or anything?"

"hank you. I'll be fine." Steve picked up the suitcase, and they headed
for the exit. ' you had breakfastt ''m not hungry,' she

said coldly. ''d
better have something. You're eating for two now, you
know.' They had
breakfast at Julien. Julia sat across from Steve, her body
rigid with
anger. When they had ordered, Steve said, ''m curious
about something.
What made you think you could 290 claim part of the
Stanford estate
without any proof at all of your identity?' She looked at
him
indignantly. ' didn't go there to claim part of the
Stanford estate. My
father wouldn't have left anything to me. I wanted to meet
my family.
Obviously they didn't want to meet me.' ' you have any
documents ... any
kind of proof at all of who you are?' She thought of all
the clippings
piled up in her apartment and shook her head. '. Nothing.'
''s someone I
want you to talk to.' ' is Simon Fitzgerald.' Steve
hesitated. ' ... '
Stanford.' Fitzgerald said skeptically, ' down, miss.'
Julia sat on the
edge of a chair, ready to get up and walk out. Fitzgerald
was studying
her. She had the Stanford deep gray eyes, but so did lots
of other
people. ' claim you're Rosemary Nelson's daughter.' '
don't claim
anything. I am Rosemary Nelson's daughter.' ' where is
your mother?' '
died a number of years ago.' ', I'm sorry to hear that.

Could you tell us about her?' ','Julia said. ' really
would rather
not.'She stood up. ' want to get out of here.' ', we're
trying to help
you,' Steve said. 291 She turned on him. ' you? My family
doesn9t want
to see me. You want to turn me over to the police. I don't
need that
kind of help.' She started toward the door. Steve said, '!

If you are who you say you are, you must have something that will prove
you're Harry Stanford9s daughter.' ' told you, I don't,' Julia said.

"My mother and I shut Harry Stanford out of our lives.' ' did. your
mother look liket Simon Fitzgerald asked. ' was beautiful,' Julia said.
Her voice softened. ' was the loveliest ...' She remembered something. '
have a picture of her.' She took a small gold heart shaped locket from
around her neck and handed it to Fitzgerald. He looked at her a moment,
then opened the locket. On one side was a picture of Harry Stanford, and
on the other side a picture of Rosemary Nelson. The inscription read TO
R.N. wrrh LOVE, H.s. The date was 1969. Simon Fitzgerald stared at the
locket for a long time. When he looked up, his voice was husky. ' owe
you an apology, my dear.' He turned to Steve.

"This is Julia Stanford."

Chapter Twenty-six.

Kendall had been unable to get the conversation with Peggy out of her
mind. Peggy seemed incapable of coping with the situation by herself
"Woody's trying hard. He really is ... Oh, I love him so much!' He needs
a lot of help, Kendall thought. I have to do something. He's my
brother., I must talk to him. Kendall went to find Clark. ' Mr. Woodrow
at homet ', ma'am. I believe he's in his room.' ' you.' She thought of
the scene at the table, with Peggy's bruised face. ' happened.?' '

bumped into a door ...'How couldshe haveput up with it all this time?
Kendall went upstairs and knocked on the door to Woody's room. There was
no answer. '?' She opened the door and stepped inside. A bitteralmond
smell permeated the room. Kendall stood there a moment, then moved
toward the bathroom. She could see Woody through the open door. He was
heating heroin on a pibce of aluminum foil. As it began to liquify and
evaporate, she watched Woody inhale 293 t the smoke from a rolled up
straw he held in his mouth. Kendall stepped into the bathroom. ' ... T
He looked around and grinned. ', Sis!' He turned and inhaled deeply
again. ' God's sake! Stop thatv ', relax. You know what this is called?
Chasing the dragon. See the little dragon curling up in the smoke?' He
was smiling happily. ', please let me talk to you. ', Sis. What can I do
for you? I know it's not a money problem. We're billionaires! What are
you looking so depressed about? The sun is out, and it-s a beautiful
day!' His eyes were glistening. Kendall stood there looking at him,
filled with compassion. ', I had a talk with Peggy. She told me how
you got started on drugs at the hospital.' He nodded. '. Best thing that
ever happened to me.' '. It's the most terrible thing that ever happened
to you. Do you have any idea what you're doing with your li fet "Sure I
do. It's called living it up, Sis!' She took his hand and said,
earnestly, ' need help.' '? I don't need any help. I'm fine!' ', you
aren't. Listen to me, Woody. This is your life we're talking about, and

it's not only your life. Think of Peggy. For years you've put her
through a living hell, and she stood for it because she loves you 294 so
much destroyin-gyhoeur'sre ''vnelygdoetstrooydiong your life, you, re
something about this now, before it's too late. It's not important how
you got started on drugs. The important thing is that you get off them.'
Woody's smile faded. He looked into Kendall's eyes and started to say
something, then stopped. ' . '?" He licked his lips. ' ... I know you're
right. I want to stop. I've tried. God, how I've tried. But I can't.'
Cof course, you can,' she said fiercely.

"You can do it. We're going to beat this together. Peggy and I are
behind you. Who supplies you with heroin, Woody?' He stood there,
looking at her in astonishment. ' God! You don't know?' Kendall shook
her head. '.' 4peggy.

Chapter Twenty-seven.

Simon Fitzgerald looked at the gold locket for a long time. ' knew your
mother, Julia, and I liked her. She was wonderful with the Stanford
children, and they adored her.' ' adored them, too,' Julia said. ' used
to talk to me about them all the time.' ' happened to your mother was
terrible. You can't imagine what a scandal it created. Boston can be a
very small town. Harry Stanford behaved very badly. Your mother had no
choice bui to leave.' He shook his head. ' must have been very difficult
for the two of you.' ' had a hard time. The awful thing was that 1

-think she still loved Harry Stanford, in spite of everything.' She
looked at Steve. ' don't understand what's happening.

Why doesn't my family want to see met The two men exchanged a look. ' me
explain,' Steve said. He hesitated, choosing his words carefully. '
short time ago, a woman showed up here, claiming . be Julia Stanford."
296 ' that's impossible!' Julia said. ''m ...' Steve held up a hand. '
know. The family hired a private detective to make sure she was
authentic.' ' they found out that she wasn't.' '. They found out that
she was.' Julia looked at him, bewildered. '?' ' detective said he found
fingerprints that the woman had taken when she got a-driver's license
in San Francisco when she was seventeen and they matched the prints of
the woman calling herself Julia Stanford.' Julia was more puzzled than
ever. ' I ... I've never been in Indiana." Fitzgerald said, ', there may
be an elaborate conspiracy going on to get Part of the Stanford estate.
I'm afraid you're caught in the middle of it.' ' can'tbelieve it" ' is
behind this can't afford to have two Julia Stanfords around.' Steve
added, ' only way the plan can work successfully is to get you out of
the way.' ' you say "out of the *ay ... "' She stopped, remembering
something. ', nol' ' is itt Fitzgerald asked. ' nights ago I talked to
my roommate; and she was hysterical. She said a man came to our
apartment with a knife and tried to attack her. He thought she was me!'
It was difficult for Julia to find her voice. ' ... who's doing thist

297 ' I had to guess, I'd say it's probably a member of the family,'
Steve told her. ' ... whyt ''s a large fortune at stake, and the will is
going to be probated in a few days.' ' does that have to do with me? My
father never even acknowledged me. He wouldn't have left me anything."
Fitzgerald said, ' a matter of fact, if we can prove your identity, your
share of the overall estate is more than a billion dollars.' She sat
there, numb. When she found her voice, she said, ' billion dollarst
"That's right. But someone else is after that money. That's why you're
in danger.' ' see.' She. stood there looking at them, feeling a rising
panic. ' am I going to dot ''ll tell you what you're not going to do,'
Steve told her. ''re not going back to a hotel. I want you to stay out
of sight until we find out what's going on.' ' could go back to Kansas
until.,. Fitzgerald said, ' think it would be better if you stayed here,
Julia. We'll find a place to hide you. ' could stay at my house,' Steve
suggested. ' one will think of looking for her there.' The two men
turned to Julia. She hesitated..'Well ... yes. That will be fine.' '.'
298 , Julia said slowly, ' of this would be happening if my father
hadn't fallen off his yacht.' ', I don't think he fell,' Steve told her.
' think he was pushed.' They took the service elevator to the office
building garage and got into Steve's car. ' don't want anyone to see
you,' Steve said. ' have to keep you out of sight for the next few
days.' They started driving down State Street.

"How about some luncht Julia looked over at him and smiled. ' always
seem to be feeding me.' ' know a restaurant that's off the beaten path.

It's an old house on Gloucester Street. I don't think anyone will see us
there.' L'Espalier was an elegant nineteenth-century townhouse with one
of the finest views in Boston. As Steve and Julia walked in, they were
greeted by the captain. ' afternoon,' he said. ' you come this way,
please? I have a nice table for you by the window.' ' you don't mind,'
Steve said, ''d prefer some- thing against the wall.' The captain
blinked. ' the wallt '. We like privacy.' ' course." He led them to a
table in a comer. ''ll send your waiter right over." He was staring -at
Julia, and his face suddenly lit up. '! Miss. Stanford. It's 299 11. , a
pleasure to have you here. I saw your picture in the newspaper.' Julia
looked at Steve, not knowing what to say. Steve exclaimed, ' God! We
left the children in the car! Let's go get them!" And to the captain,
''d like two martinis, very dry. Hold the olives.

We'll be right back.' ', sir.' The captain watched the two of them hurry
out of the restaurant. ' are we doing?, Julia asked. ' out of here. All
he has to do is call the press, and we're in trouble.

We'll go somewhere else.' They found a little restaurant on Dalton
Street and ordered lunch. Steve sat there, studying her. ' does it feel
to be a celebrity?' he asked. ' don't joke about that. I Teel terrible.'
' know,' he said contritely. ''m sorry.'He was finding it

very easy to
be with her. He thought about how rude he had been when
they first met.
' you ... do you really think I'm in danger, Mr. Sloanet
Julia asked. '
me Steve. Yes. I'm afraid you are. But it will be for only
a little
while. By the time the will is probated, we'll know who's
behind this.
In the meantime, I'm going to see to it that you're safe.'
' you. I ...
I appreciate it.' They were staring at each other, and
when an 300
approaching waiter saw the looks on their faces, he
decided not to
interrupt them. In the car, Steve asked, ' this your first
time in
Bostont 4yes.@ ''s an interesting city.' They were-
passing the old John
Hancock Building. Steve pointed to the tower.

"You see that beacont '.' ' broadcasts the weather.' ' can
a beacon ...
T I ''m glad you asked. When the light is a steady blue,
it means the
weather is clear. If it's a flashing blue, you can expect
clouds to be
near. A steady red means rain ahead, and flashing red,
snow instead.'
Julia laughed. They reached the Harvard Bridge. Steve
slowed down. ' is
the bridge that links Boston and Cambridge. It's exactly
three hundred,
sixty-four point four Smoots and one ear long.' Julia
turned to stare at
him.,'I beg your pardon'T Steve grinned,. ''s true.' ''s a
Smooff '
Smoot is a measurement using the body of Oliver Reed
Smoot, who was-
five feet seven inches. It started as a joke, but when the
city rebuilt
the bridge, they kept the marks. The Smoot became a
standard of length
in 1958.' 301 She laughed. ''s incredible!' As they passed

the Bunker
Hill, Monument, Julia exclaimed, "Oh! That's where the battle of Bunker
Hill took place, isn't iff '," Steve said. ' do you mean?' ' battle of
Bunker Hill was fought on Breed's Hill.' Steve's home was in the Newbury
Street area of Boston, a charming two-storey house with comfortable
furniture and colorful prints hanging on the walls. ' you live here
alonet Julia asked. '. I have a housekeeper who comes in twice a week.
I'm going to tell her not to come in for the next few days. I don't want
anyone to know you're here." Julia looked at Steve and said warmly, '
want you to know I really appreciate what you're doing for me.' '
pleasure. Come on, I'll show you your bedroom.' He led her upstairs to
the guest room. ' is it. I hope you'll be comfortable.' ', yes. It's
lovely,' Julia said. ''ll bring in some groceries. I usually eat out.' '
could -' she stopped.

"On second thought, I'd better not. My roommate says my cooking is
lethal.' ' think I'm a rair hand at a stove,' Steve said. ''ll do some
cooking for us.' He looked at her and said slowly, ' haven't had anyone
to cook for for a while.' 302 hf-;,'-Back off, he told himself. You're
way off base. You couldn't keep her in handkerchiefs. ' want you to make
yourself at home. You'll be completely safe here.' She looked at him a
long time, then smiled. ' you., They went back downstairs.

Steve pointed out the amenities. ', VCR, radio, CD player ... you'll be
comfortable.' ''s wonderful.' She wanted to say, ' like

Ifeel with you.'
', if there's nothing else,' he said awkwardly.

Julia gave him a warm smile. ' can't think of anything.' ' I'll be
getting back to the office. I have a lot of questions without answers."
She watched him walk toward the door. '?' He turned around. ' "Is it all
right if I call my roommate? She'll be worried about me.' He shook his
head. ' not. I don't want you to make any telephone calls or leave this
house. Your life may depend on it."

Chapter Twenty-eight.

"I'm Dr. Westin. Do you understand that this conversation is going to
be tape-recordedt ', doctor.' ' you feeling calmer nowt ''m calm, but
I'm angry.' ' are you angry aboutt ' shouldn't be in this place. I'm not
crazy. I've been framed.' '? Who framed yout ' Stanford.' ' Tyler
Stanfordt ''s right.' ' would he want to do thatt ' money.' ' you have
moneyt '. I mean, yes ... that is ... I could have had it. He promised
me a million dollars, and a sable coat, and jewelry.' ' would Judge
Stanford promise you thatt ' me start at the beginning. I'm not really
Julia Stanford. My name is Margo Posner.' 304 .,'When you came in here,
you insisted you were Julia Stanford.' ' that. I'm really not. Look
here's what happened. Judge Stanford hired me to pose as his sister.' '
did he do thatt ' I could get a share of the Stanford estate and turn it
over to him.' ' for doing that he promised you a million dollars, a
sable coat, and some jewelryt ' don't believe me, do you?

Well, I can
prove it. He took me to Rose Hill. That's where the
Stanford family
lives in Boston. I can describe the house to you, and I
can tell you all
about the family.' ''re aware that these are very serious
charges you're
making?' ' bet I am. But I suppose you won't do anything
about it
because he happens to be a judge.' ''re quite wrong. I
assure you that
your charges will be very thoroughly investigated.' '! I
want the
bastard locked away the same way he has me locked away. I
want out of
here!' ' understand that besides my examination, two of my
colleagues
also will have to evaluate your mental statet ' them. I'm
as sane as you
are.' '. Gifford will be in this afternoon, and then we'll
decide how
we're; going to proceed.' 305 ' sooner the better. I can't
stand this
damned place!' When the matron brought'Margo her lunch,
the matron said,
' just talked to Dr. Gifford. He'll be here in an hour.' '
you.' Margo
was ready for him. She was ready for all of them. She was
going to tell
them everything she knew, from the very beginning. And
when rm through,
Margo thought, they're going to lock him up and let me go.
The thought
filled her with s atisfaction. I'll be free! And then
Margo thought,
Free to do what? I'll be out on the streets again. Maybe
they'll even
revoke my parole and put me back in the joint! She threw
her lunch tray
against the wall. Damn them! They can't do this to me!
Yesterday I was
worth a billion dollars, and today ... Wait! Wait! An idea
flashed
through Margo's mind that was so exciting that it sent a

chill through
her. Holy God! What am I doing?

rve already proved that I'm Julia Stanford. I have witnesses. The
wholefamily heard Frank Timmons say that my fingerprints showed that I
was Julia Stan- - ford. Why the hell would I ever want to be Margo
Posner when I can be Julia Stanford? No wonder they have me locked up in
here. I must have been out of my mindf She rang the bell for the matron.

When the matron came in, Margo said excitedly, ' want to see the doctor
right away!' ' know. You have an appointment with him in 306 '.

Right now!' The matron took one look at Margo's expression -'and said,
"Calm down. I'll get him.' Ten minutes later, Dr. Franz Gifford walked
into Margo's room. @You asked to see met '.' She smiled apologetically,
''m afraid I've been playing a little game, doctor."

"Reallyt '. It's very embarrassing. You see, the truth is that I was
very upset with my brother, Tyler, and I wanted to punish him. But I
realize now that that was wrong. I'm not upset anymore, and I want to go
home to Rose Hill..' ' read the transcript of your interview this
morning. You said that your name was Margo Posner and that you were
framed.' Margo laughed. ' was naughty of me. I just said that to upset
Tyler. No. I'm Julia Stanford.' He looked at her. ' you prove thatt This
was the moment Margo had been waiting for. ', yes!' she said
triumphantly. ' proved it himself. He hired a private

detective named
Frank Timmons, who matched my. fingerprints with prints I had made for a
driver's license when I was younger. The)@re the same.

There's no question about it.' ' Frank Timmons,.you sayt 307 "That's
right. He does work for the district attorney's office here in Chicago.'
He studied her a moment. ', you're certain of this? You're not Margo
Posner you're ulia Stanfordt '.' ' this private detective, Frank
Timmons, can verify that?' She smiled. ' already has. All you have to do
is call the district attorney's office and get hold of him.' Dr. Gifford
nodded. ' right. I'll do that.' At ten o'clock the following morning,
Dr. Gifford, accompanied by the matron, returned to Margo's room. '
morning.' ' morning, doctor.' She looked at him eagerly. ' you talk to
Frank Timmonst - "Yes. I want to be sure that I understand this. Your
story about Judge Stanford's, involving you in some kind of conspiracy
was falset "Completely. I said that because I wanted to punish my
brother. But everything is all right now. I'm ready to go home.' '
Timmons can prove that you're Julia Stanfordt '.' Dr. Gifford turned to
the matron and nodded. She 308 signaled to someone- A tall, lean black
man walked into the room. He looked at Margo and said,'I'm Frank
Timmons.

Can I help you?" He was a complete, stranger.

Chapter Twenty-nine.

The fashion show was going well. The models moved

gracefully along the
runway, and each new design received enthusiastic
applause. The
ballroom- was packed. Every seat was occupied, and there
were standees
in the rear. Backstage there was a stir, and Kendall
turned to see what
was happening. Two uniformed policemen were making their
way toward her.

Kendall's heart began to race. One of the policemen said,
' you Kendall
Stanford Renaudt '.' ''m placing you under arrest for the
murder of
Martha Ryan.' '!' she screamed.1 didn't mean to do it! It
was an
accident! Please! Please! Please ... !' She woke up in a
panic, her body
trembling. It was a recurring nightmare. I can't go on
like this,
Kendall thought. I can'd I have to do something. She
wanted desperately
to talk to Marc. He had 310 reluctantly returned to New
York. ' have a
job to dop darling. They won't let me take any more time
off.' '
understand, Marc. I'll be back there in a few days. I have
to get a show
ready.' Kendall wits leaving for New York that morning,
but before she
went there was something she felt she had to do. The
conversation with
Woody had been very disturbing. He's blaming his problems
on Peggy.
Kendall found Peggy on the veranda. ' morning," Kendall
said. '
morning.' Kendall took a seat opposite her. ' have to talk
to you.' ' It
was awkward. ' had a talk with Woody. He's in bad shape.
He ... he
thinks that you're the one who's been supplying him with
heroin.' ' told
you thatt There was a long pause. ', it's true.' Kendall
stared at her

in disbelief. '? I ... I don't understand. You told me you were trying
to get him off drugs. Why would you want to keep him addictedt IL ou
really don't understand, do yout Her tone was bitter. ' live in your own
little god damned world. Well, let me tell you something, Miss. Famous
311 Designer!, I was a waitress when Woody got me pregnant. I never
expected Woodrow Stanford to marry me. And do you know why he did? So he
could feel he was better than his father. Well, Woody married me, all
right. And everybody treated me like dirt. When my brother, Hoop, came
down for the wedding, they acted like he was some kind of trash.' '. '
tell you the truth, I was dumbfounded when your brother said he wanted
to marry me. I didn't even know if it was his baby. I could have been a
good wife to Woody, but no one even gave me a chance. To them I was
still a waitress. I didn't lose the baby, I had an abortion. I thought
maybe Woody would divorce me, but he didn't. I was his token symbol of
how democratic he was. Well, let me tell you something, lady. I don't
need that. I'm as good as you or anyone else.' Each word was a blow. '
you ever love Woody?' Peggy shrugged. ' was good-looking and fun, but
then he had that bad fall during the polo game, and everything changed.
The hospital gave him drugs, and when he got out, they expected him to
stop taking them. One night, he was in pain, and I said, "I have a
little treat for you." And after that, whenever he was in pain, I gave
him his little treat. Pretty soon he needed it, whether he was in pain

or not. My brother is a pusher, and I was able to get all the heroin I
needed. I made Woody beg me for it. And sometimes I'd tell 312 I was out
of it just to watch him sweat and cry - oh, how Mr. Woodrow Stanford
needed me! He wasn't so ig 'hi hand mighty then! I goaded him into
hitting me, and then he'd feel terrible about what he had done, and he'd
come crawling back to me with gifts. You sm. when Woody is off dope, I'm
nothing. When he's on it, I'm the one who has the power. He may be a
Stanford, and maybe I was only a waitress, but I control him.' Kendall
was staring at her in horror.

"Your brother's tried to quit, all right. When it got real bad, his
friends would get him into a detox center, and I'd go visit him and
watch the great Stanford suffer the agonies of hell. And each time he
came out, I'd be waiting for him with my little treat. It was payback
time.' Kendall was finding it hard to breathe. ''re a monster,' she said
slowly. ' want you to leave.' ' bet! I can't wait to get out of this
place.' She grinned. ' course, I'm not leaving for nothing. How much of
a settlement will I gett ' it is,' Kendall said; ' will be too much. Now
get out of here.' '.' Then she added with an affected tone, ''ll have my
lawyer call your lawyer.' ''s really leaving met '.' ' means ...' 313 '
know what it means, Woody. Can you handle it?' He looked at his sister
and smiled. ' think so. Yes. I think I can.' ''m sure of it.' He took a
deep breath. ', Kendall.

I would never have had the courage to get rid of her.' She smiled. ' are
sisters fort That afternoon, Kendall left for New York. The fashion
showing would be in one week. Clothing is the single biggest business in
New York. A successful fashion designer can have an effect on the
economy all around the world. A designer's whim has a far-flung impact
on everyone from cotton pickers in India to Scottish weavers to
silkworms in China and Japan. It has an effect on the wool industry and
the silk industry. The Donna Karans and Calvin Kleins and Ralph Laurens
are a major economic influence, and Kendall had arrived in that
category. It was ru- mored that she was about to be named the Women's
Wear Designer of the Year by the Council of Fashion Designers of
America, the most prestigious award a designer could receive.. Kendall
Stanford Renaud led a busy life. In September she looked at large
assortments of fabrics, and in October she selected the ones she wanted
for her new designs. December and January were devoted to designing the
new fashions, and February to refining 314 ""Iheni In April, she was
ready to show her fall coi- lection. Kendall Stanford Designs was
located at 550 Seventh Avenue, sharing the building with Bill Blass and
Oscar de la Renta. Her next showing was going to be at the Bryant Park
tent, which could seat up to a thousand people. When Kendall arrived at
her office, Nadine said, 619 ve got good news. The showing is completely
booked" ' you,' Kendall said absently. Her mind was on other things. '

the way, there's a letter marked urgent for you on your desk. It was
just delivered by messenger.' The words sent a jolt through Kendall's
body. She walked over to, her desk and looked at the envelope.

The return address was Wild Animal Protection Association, 3000 Park
Avenue, New York, New York She stared at it for a long time. There was
no 3000 Park Avenue. Kendall opened the letter with trembling fingers.

Dear Mrs. Renaud, My Swiss banker informs me that he has not yet
received the million dollars that my association requested In view of
your delinquency, I must inform you that our needs have been increased
to 5 million 315 dollars. If thispayment is made, Ipromise we will not
bother you again. You have fifteen days to deposit the money in our
account.

Ifyoufail to do so, I regret that we shall have to communicate with the
appropriate authorities. It was unsigned. Kendall stood there in a
panic, reading it over an dover, again and again. Five million dollars!

It's impossible, she thought@. I can never raise that kind of money that
quickly. What a fool I was! When Marc came home that night, Kendall
showed him the letter. ' million dollars!' he exploded. ''s ridiculous!
Who do they think you aret ' know who I arn,' Kendall said. ''s the
problem. I've got to get hold of some money quickly.

But howt ' don't know ... I suppose a bank would loan you

money against
your inheritance, but I don't, like the idea of ...' ', it's my life I'm
talking about. Our fives. I'm going to see about getting that loan.'
George Meriwether was the vice president in charge of the New York Union
Bank. He was in his forties and had worked his way up from a junior
teller. He 316 ' ambitious man. One day I'll be on the board of "s an
.@,,zkrectors, he thought, and after that ... who knows? His thoughts
were interrupted by his secretary. '. Kendall Stanford is here to see
you.' He felt a small frisson of pleasure. She had been a good customer
as a successful designer, but now she was one of the wealthiest women in
the world. He had tried for several years to get Harry Stanford's
account, without success. And now ... ' her in," Meriwether told his
secretary. When Kendall walked into his office, Meriwether rose and
greeted her with a smile and a warm handshake. ''m so pleased to see
you,' he said. ' sit down. Some coffee, or something strongert '.
thanks,' Kendall said. ' want to offer my condolences on the death of
your father.' His voice was suitably grave. ' you."

"What can I do for yout He knew what she was going to say. She was going
to turn her billions over to him to invest ... ' want to borrow some
money.' He blinked. ' beg your pardont ' need five million dollars." He
thought rapidly. According to the newspapers, her share of the estate
should be more than a billion dollars. Even with taxes ... He smiled.

"Well, I don't think there will be any problem. You've always been 317
one of our favorite customers, you know. What security would you like to
put up7' 61@m an heir in my father's will.' He nodded. '. I read that.'
''d like to borrow the money against my share of the estate.' ' see. Has
your father's will been probated yeff ', but it will be soon.' ''s
fine.' He leaned forward. ' course, we'd have to see a copy of the
will.' ',' Kendall said eagerly. ' can arrange that."

"And we would have -to have the exact amount of your share of the
inheritance.' ' don't know the exact amount,' Kendall said. ', the
banking laws are quite strict, you know. Probates can take some time.

Why don't you come back after the probate, and I'll be happy to -' '
need the money no*,' Kendall said desperately. She wanted to scream.

"Oh, dear. Naturally, we want to do everything we can to, accommodate
you.' He raised his hands in a helpless gesture. ' unfortunately,
ourhands are tied until -' Kendall rose to her feet. ' you.' ' soon as
.. She was gone. When Kendall returned to the office, Nadine said
excitedly, ' have to talk to you.' 318 She was in no mood to hear
Nadine's problems. ' is itt Kendall asked. ' husband called me a few
minutes ago. His company is transferring him to Paris. So, I'll be
leaving.' ''re go ... going to Parist Nadine beamed. '! Isn't that
wonderful? I'll be sorry to leave you. But don't worry. I'll stay in

touch.' So it was Nadine. But there's no way to prove it. First the mink
coal and now Paris. With five million dollars, she can afford to live
anywhere in the world How do I handle this? Ifilellher that Iknow,
she'lldeny it. Maybe she'll demand more. Marc will know what to do.

"Nadine.. One of Kendall's assistants came in. '! I have to talk to you
about the bridge collection. I don't think we have enough designs for
Kendall could bear no more. ' me. I don't feel well. I'm going home.'
Her assistant looked at her in amazement. ' we're in the middle of ..
''m sorry ...' And Kendall was gone. When Kendall walked into her
apartment, it was empty. Marc was working late. Kendall looked around at
all the beautiful things in the room, and thought, They'll never stop
until they take everything. They're going to bleed me dry.

Marc was right. I should have gone to the police that night. Now I'm a
criminal. I've 319 got to confess. Now, while I have the courage. She
sat there, thinking about what this was going to do to her, to Marc, and
to her family. There would be lurid headlines, and a trial, and probably
prison. It would be. the end of her career. But I can't go on like this,
Kendall thought. rfl go crazy. Almost in a daze, she got up and walked
into Marc's den. She remembered that he kept his typewriter on a shelf
in the closet. She took it down and put it on the desk. She rolled a
sheet of paper into the platen and began to type. To Whom It May
Concern: My name is Kendall She stopped. The letter E was

broken.

Chapter Thirty.

"Why? Marc? For God's sake, why?' Kendall's voice was
filled with
anguish. ' was your fault.' '! I told you. It was an
accident! I ...
"I'm not talking about the accident. I'm talking about
you! The big
successful wife who was too busy to find time for her
husband.' It was as
though he had slapped her. ''s not true. I ...' ' you ever
thought about
was yourself, Kendall. Everywhere we went, you were always
the star. You
let me tag along like a pet poodle.' ''s not fair!' she
said. ''t it?
You go off to your fashion shows all over the world so you
can get your
picture in the papers, and I'm sitting here alone, waiting
for you to
return. Do you think I liked being "Mr. Kendall?" I wanted
a wife. Don't
worry, my darling Kendall. I consoled myself with other
women while you
were gone.' Her face was ashen. ' were real
flesh-and-blood women, who
had 321 time for me. Not some damned made-up empty shell.'
"Stop it!'
Kendall cried. ' you told me about the accident, I saw a
way to become
free of you. Do you want to know some- thing, my dear? I
enjoyed
watching you squirm when you read those letters. It paid
me back a
little for all the humiliation I've gone through.' ''s
enough! Pack your
bags and get out of here. I never want to see you again!'
Marc grinned.
''s very little chance of that. By the way, do you still
plan to go to
the police?' ' out!" Kendall said. '!' ''m leaving. I
think I'D go back

to Paris. And, darling, I won't tell if you won't. You're safe.' An hour
later, he was gone. At nine o'clock in the morning, Kendall put in a
call to Steve Sloane. ' morning, Mrs. Renaud. What can I do for YOUT ''m
returning to Boston this afternoon,' Kendall said. ' have a confession
to make." She was seated across from Steve, looking pale and drawn. She
sat there frozen, unable to begin. Steve prompted her. ' said you had a
confession to make.' '. I ... I killed someone.' She began to cry.

"It was an accident, but ... I ran away.' Her face was a 322 C, of
anguish. ' ran away . and left her there: T Ake it easy,' Steve said. '
at the beginning., She began to talk. Thirty minutes later, Steve looked
out his window, thinking about what he had just heard. ' you want to go
to the police?'. '. It was what I should have done in the first place. I
... I don't care what they ao' to me anymore.' Steve said thoughtfully,'Since you're giving yourself up voluntarily and it was an
accident, I think the court will be lenient.' She was trying to control
herself ' just want it over with.' ' about your husbandt She looked up.
' about him?' ' is against the law. You have the number of the account
in Switzerland where you sent the money he stole from you. All you have
to do is press charges and -' '!' Her tone was fierce. ' don't want
anything more to do with him. Let him go on with his life. I want to get
on with mine.' Steve nodded. ' you say. I'm going to take you down to
police headquarters. You. may have to spend the night in jail, but I'll

have you bailed out very quickly.' Kendall smiled wanly. ' I can do
something I've never done before.' 323 ''s thatt "Design a dress in
stripes.' That evening, when he got home, Steve told Julia what had
happened. Julia was horrified. ' own husband was blackmailing her?
That's terrible.' She studied him for a long moment. ' think it's
wonderful that you spend your life helping people in trouble.' Steve
looked at her and thought, rm the one m trouble. Steve Sloane was
awakened by the aroma of fresh coffee and the smell of cooking bacon. He
sat up in bed, startled. Had the housekeeper come in today? He had told
her not to. Steve put on his robe and slippers, and hurried down to the
kitchen. Julia was in there, preparing breakfast. She looked up as Steve
entered. ' morning,' she said cheerfully. ' do you like your eggst ' ...
scrambled.' '.

Scrambled eggs and bacon are my specialty. As a matter of fact, my one
specialty. I told you, I'm a terrible cook.' Steve smiled. ' don't have
to cook. If you wanted to, you could hire a few hundred chefs.' ' I
really going to get that much money, Stevet 324 ''s right. Your share of
the estate will be over a billion dollars.' She found it difficult to
swallow. ' billion. ? I don't believe id' ''s true."

"There's not that much money in the world, Steve.' ', your father had
most of what there was.' ' ... I don't know what to say.' ' may I say
something?, ' course.' ' eggs are burning.' '! Sorry.' She quickly took

them off the stove. ''ll make another batch.' ''t bother. The burned
bacon will be enough., She laughed. ''m sorry." Steve walked over to the
cabinet and took out a box of cereal. ' about a nice cold breakfast?'
',' Julia said. He poured some cereal into a bowl for each of them, took
the milk out of the refrigerator, and they sat down at the kitchen
table. ''t you have someone to cook for yout Julia asked. ' mean, am I
involved with anyonet She blushed. ' like that.' . '. I was in a
relationship for two years, but it didn't work out.' ''m sorry.' ' about
yout Steve asked. 525 She thought of Henry Wesson. ' don't think so. He
looked at her, curious. ' aren't sure?' ''s difficult to explain. One of
us wants to get married,' she said tactfully, ' one of us doesn't.' '
see. When this is over, will you be going back to Kansas?' - ' honestly
don't know. It seems so strange, being here. My mother talked to me so
often about Boston. She was born here, and loved it. In a way, it's like
coming home. I wish I could have known my father.' No, you don't, Steve
thought. ' you know him?' '. He dealt only with Simon Fitzgerald.' They
sat there talking for more than an hour, and there was an easy
camaraderie between them. Steve filled Julia in on what had hippened
earlier - the arrival of the stranger who called herself Julia Stanford,
the empty. grave and Dmitri Kaminsky's disappearance. ''s incredible!'
Julia said. ' could be behind thist ' don't know, but I'm trying to find
out,' Steve assured her. ' the meantime, you'll be safe here. Very

safe.' She smiled, and said, ' feel safe here. Thank you.' He started to
say something, then stopped.

He 326 looked at his watch. ''d better get dressed and get down to the
office. I have a lot to do.' Steve was meeting with Fitzgerald. '
progress yeff Fitzgerald asked. Steve shook his head. ''s all smoke.

Whoever planned this is a genius. I'm trying to trace Dmitri Kaminsky.

He flew from Corsica to-Paris to Australia. I spoke to the Sydney
police. They were stunned to learn that Kaminsky is in their country.

There's a circular out from Interpol, and they're looking for him. I
think Harry Stanford signed his own death warrant when he called here
and said he wanted to change his will. Someone decided to stop him. The
only witness to what happened on the yacht that night is Dmitri
Kaminsky. When we find him, we'll know a lot more.', ' wonder if we
should bring our police in on thist Fitzgerald suggested. Steve shook
his head. ' we know is all circumstantial, Simon. The only crime we can
prove is that someone dug up a body - and we don't even know who did
that.' ' about the detective they hired, who verified the'woman's
fingerprints?' ' Timmons. I've left three messages for him. If I don't
hear back from him by six o'clock tonight, I'm going to fly to Chicago.
I believe he's deeply involved.' 327 ' do you suppose was meant to
happen to the shires of the estate that the impostor was

going to gett '
hunch is that whoever planned this had her sign her share over to them.
The person probably used some dummy trusts to hide it. I'm convinced
that we're looking for a member of the family ... I think we can
eliminate Kendall as a suspect.' He told Fitzgerald about the
conversation he had had with her. ' she were behind this, she wouldn't
have come forth with a confession, not at this time, anyway. She would
have waited until the estate was settled and she had the money. As far
as her husband is concerned, I think we can eliminate Marc. He's a
small-time blackmailer. He isn't capable of setting up anything like
this.' ' about the otherst - ' Stanford. I talked to a friend of mine
with the Chicago Bar Association. My friend says everyone thinks very
highly of Stanford. In fact, he's just been appointed chief judge.

Another thing in his favor: Judge Stanford was the one who said that the
first Julia who appeared was a fraud, and he was the one who insisted on
a DNA test. I doubt he'd do something like this. Woody interests me. I'm
pretty sure he's on drugs, and that's an expensive habit. I checked on
his wife, Peggy. She isn't smart enough to be behind this scheme. But
there's a rumor she has a brother who's bad business. I'm going to look
into it.' Steve spoke to his secretary on the intercom. ' 328 get me
Lieutenant Michael Kennedy of the Boston police., A, few minutes later,
she buzzed Steve. ' Kennedy is on line one.' Steve picked up the phone.

'. Thank you for taking my call. I'm Steve Sloane with Renquist,
Renquist, & Fitzgerald. We're trying to locate a relative in the matter
of the Harry Stanford estate.' '. Sloane, I'd be glad to help if I can.'
', you please check with the New York City police to see if they have
any files on Mrs. Woodrow Stanford's brother. His name is Hoop
Malkovich. He works in a bakery in the Bronx.' ' problem. I'll get back
to you.' '.' After lunch, Simon Fitzgerald stopped by Steve's office.
''s the investigation going?' he asked. ' slow to suit me. Whoever
planned this covered his or her tracks pretty thoroughly.' ' is Julia
holding upt Steve smiled. ''s wonderful.' There was something in the
tone of his voice that made Simon Fitzgerald take a closer look at him.
''s a very attractive young lady.' ' know,' Steve said wistfully. '
know.' 329 An hour later, the call came in from Australia. '. Sloanet '.
' Inspector Mcphearson here from Sydney.' ', Chief Inspector.' ' found
your man.' Steve felt his heart jump. ''s wonderful! I'd like to arrange
immediate extradition to bring him ...' ', I don't think there's any
hurry. Dmitri Kaminsky is dead.' Steve felt his heart sink.

'91hat?' ' found his body a little while ago. His fingers had been
chopped off, and he had been. shot several times.' ' Russian gangs have
a quaint custom. First they chop off your fingers, then they let you
bleed, and then they shoot you.' ' see. Thank you, inspector! Dead end
Steve sat there, staring at the wall. All his leads were

disappearing.

He realized how heavily he had been counting on Dmitri Kaminsky's
testimony. Steve's secretary interrupted his thoughts. ''s a Mr. Timmons
for you on line three.' Steve looked at his watch. It was 5:55 P.m. He
picked up the telephone. '. Timmonst ' ... I'm sorry I couldn't return
your calls earlier. I've been out of town for the past two days. What
can I do for yout 330 A lot, Steve thought. You can tell me how youfaked
thosefingerprints. Steve chose his words carefully. ''m calling about
Julia Stanford. When you were in Boston recently, you checked out her
fingerprints and .. '. Sloane ...' ' ''ve never been in Boston.' Steve
took a deep breath. '. Timmons, -according to the register at the
Holiday Inn, you were here on .. ' has been using my name.' Steve
listened, stunned. It was the final dead end, the last lead. ' don't
suppose you have any idea who it is?, ', it's very strange, Mr. Sloane.
A woman claimed that I was in Boston and that I could identify her as
Julia Stanford. I'd never seen her before in my life.' Steve felt a
surge of hope. ' you know who she 1st '. Her name is Posner. Margo
Posner.' Steve picked up a pen. ' can I reach hert ''s at the Reed
Mental Health Facility in Chicago., ' a lot. I really appreciate this.'
''s keep in touch. I'd like to know what's going on myself. I don't like
people going around impersonating me.' '.' Steve replaced the receiver.
Margo Posner. 331 When Steve got home that evening, Julia was waiting to

greet him. ' fixed dinner," she told him. ', I didn't exactly fix it. Do
you like Chinese foodt He smiled. ' it!' '. We have eight cartons of
it.' When Steve walked into the dining room, the'table was set with
flowers and candles, "Is there any newst Julia asked. Steve said
cautiously, ' may have gotten our first break. I have the name of a
woman who seems to be involved in this. I'm flying to Chicago in the
morning to talk with her.

I have a feeling we may have all the answers tomorrow.' ' would be
wonderful!' Julia said excitedly. ''ll be so glad when this is over."
"So will I,' Steve told her. Or will P She'll be a real part of the
Stanford fainfly - way out of my reach. Dinner lasted two hours, and
they were not even aware of what they were eating. They talked about
everything and they talked about nothing, and it was as though they had
known each other forever. They discussed the past and the present, and
they carefully avoided talking about the future. There is nofuturefor
us, Steve thought unhappily. Finally, reluctantly, Steve said, ', we'd
better go to bed., 332 She looked at him with raised eyebrows, and they
both burst out laughing. ' I meant ...' ' know what you meant.

Good night, Steve.' ' nigh t, Julia."

Chapter Thirty-one.

Early the following morning, Steve boarded a United Ilight for Chicago.

From Chicago's O'Hare Airport he took a taxi. ' to?' the driver asked. '
Reed Mental Health Facility.' The driver turned around and looked at
Steve. ' you okay?' '. Why?' ' asking.' At Reed, Steve approached the
uniformed security guard at the front desk. The guard looked up. ' I
help yout '. I? d like to see Margo Posner.' ' she an employeet That had
not occurred to Steve. ''m not sure.' The guard took a closer look at
him. ''re not sure?' ' I know is that she's here.' The guard reached in
a drawer and took out a roster with a list of names. After a moment, he
said, ' 334 doesn't work here. Could she be a patientt 61 I ... I don't
know. It's possible.' The guard gave Steve another look, then reached
into a different drawer and pulled out a computer printout. He scanned
it, and in the middle, he stopped. '. Margo.' ''s right.' He- was
surprised. ' she a patient here?' '-huh. Are you a relative?"

"No ...' ' I'm afraid you can't see her.' ' have to see her,' Steve
said. ''s very important.' '. I have my orders. Unless you've been
cleared beforehand, you can't visit any of the patients.' ''s in charge
here?' Steve asked. 61 am.1 ' mean, in charge of the hospital."

"Dr. Kingsley.' - ' want to see him.' '! The guard picked up the
telephone and dialed a number. '. Kingsley,.this is Joe at the front
desk. There's a gentleman here who wants to see you. He looked up at
Steve. ' namet ' Sloane. I'm an attorney.' ' Sloane. He's an attorney

... right.' He replaced the receiver and turned to Steve.

"Someone will be along to take you to his office.' Five minutes later,
Steve was ushered into the office 335 of Dr. Gary Kingsley. Kingsley was
a man in his fifties, but he looked older and careworn. ' can I do for
you, Mr. Sloaner ' need to see a patient you have here. Margo Posner.'
', yes. Interesting case. Are you related to hert ', but I'm
investigating a possible murder, and it's very important that I talk to
her. I think she may be a key to it.' ''m sorry. I can't help you." "You
have to,' Steve said. ''s .. '. Sloane, I couldn't help you even if I
wanted to.' ' nott ' Margo Posner is in a padded cell. She attacks
everyone who goes near her. This morning, she tried to kill a matron and
two doctors.' '? ' keeps changing her identity and screaming for her
brother, Tyler, and the crew of her yacht. The only way we can quiet her
is to keep her heavily sedated.' ', my God," Steve said. ' you have any
idea when she might come out of it?' Dr. Kingsley shook his head. ''s
under close observation. Perhaps in time she'll calm down, and we can
reevaluate her condition. Until then ... " Chapter Thirty-two.

At Six A. M., a harbor patrol boat was cruising along the Charles River,
when one of the policemen aboard spotted an object floating in the water
ahead.. ' the starboard bow!' he called. ' looks like a log. Let's pick
it up before it sinks something.' The log turned out to be a body, and
even more startling, a body that had been embalmed. The

policemen stared
down at it and said, ' the hell did an embalmed body get into the
Charles Rivert Lieutenant Michael Kennedy was talking- to the coroner. '
you sure of that?' The coroner replied, '. It's Harry Stanford. I
embalmed him myself. Later, we had an exhumation order, and when we dug
up the coffin ... Well, you know, we reported it to the police. ' asked
to have the body exhumed?' ' family. They handled it through their
attorney, Simon Fitzgerald.' 337 11 think I'll have a talk with Mr.
Fitzgerald.' When Steve returned to Boston from Chicago, he went
directly to Simon Fitzgerald's office. ' look beat," Fitzgerald said. '
beat - beaten. The whole thing is falling apart, Simon. We had three
possible leads: Dmitri Kaminsky, Frank Timmons, and Margo Posner. Well,
Kaminsky is dead, it's the wrong Timmons, and Margo Posner is locked
away in an asylum. We have nothing to The voice of Fitzgerald's
secretary came over the intercom. ' me. There's a Lieutenant Kennedy
here to see you, Mr. Fitzgerald.' ' him in." Michael Kennedy was a
rugged-looking man with eyes that'had seen everything. '. Fitzgeraldt '.
This is my associate Steve Sloane. I believe you two have spoken on the
phone. Sit down. What can we do for yout Ve just found the body of Harry
Stanford.' '? Where?' ' in the Charles. You ordered his body dug up,
didn't you?' '.' ' I ask whyt Fitzgerald told him. When Fitzgerald, was
finished, Kennedy said, ' 338 have no idea who it was that posed as this
investigator, Timmons. '. I talked to Timmons. He has no

idea, either.'
Kennedy sighed. ' gets curiouser and curiouser.' ' is
Harry Stanford's
body nowt Steve asked. ''re keeping him at the morgue for
the present. I
hope he doesn't disappear again.' 11 do, too,' Steve said.

"We'll have Perry Winger run DNA test on Julia.' When
Steve called Tyler
to tell him that his father's body had been found, Tyler
was genuinely
shocked. ''s terrible!' he said. ' could have done a thing
like thatt
''s what we're trying to find out,' Steve told him. Tyler
was furious.
That incompetent idiot, Baker! He's going to pay for this.
I have to get
this settled before it gets out of hand '. Fitzgerald, as
you may be
aware, I've been appointed chief judge of Cook County. I
have a very
heavy caseload, and they're pressuring me to return. I
can't delay much
longer. I'd appreciate it if you could do. something to
get the probate
finished quickly.' ' put in a call this morning,' Steve
told him. It
should be closed within the next three days.' ' will be
fine. Keep me
informed, please.' ''ll do that, judge.' 339 Steve sat in
his office
reviewing the events of the past few weeks. He recalled
the conversation
he had had with Chief Inspector Mcphearson. I Wejound his
body a little
while ago. Hisfingers had been chopped off and he had been
shot several
tines.' But wait, Steve thought. There's something he
didn't tell me.
He picked up the telephone and put in another call to
Australia. The
voice on the other end of the telephone said, ' is Chief
Inspector
Mcphearson.' gym, inspector. This is Steve Sloane. I

forgot to ask you a
question. When you found Dmitri Kaminsky's body, were
there any papers
on him?... I see ... that's fine. Thank you very much.'
When Steve hung
up the phone, his secretary's voice came over the
intercom. ' Kennedy
holding on line two.' Steve punched the phone buttion. '.
Sorry to keep
you waiting. I was on an overseas call.' ' NYPD gave me
some interesting
information on Hoop Malkovich. He seems to be quite a
slippery
character.' Steve picked up a pen. ' ahead.' ' police
believe that the
bakery he works for is a front for a drug ring.' The
lieutenant paused,
then continued.

"Malkovich is probably a drug pusher. But he's clever.
They haven't been
able to nail him yet.' ' else?' Steve asked. 340 ' police
believe the
operatio , is tied into the French mafia with a connection
thr, ugh
Marseilles. If I learn anything else, I'll call.' ',
Lieutenant. That's
very helpful.' Steve put down the phone and headed out the
office door.
When Steve arrived home, filled with anticipation, he
called, '?' There
was no answer. He began to panic. '!" She's been kidnapped
or killed, he
thought, and he felt a sudden sense of alarm. Julia
appeared at the top
of the stairs. '?' He took a deep breath. ' thought ...'
He was pale. '
you all right?' 6yes.1 She came down the stairs. ' things
go well'in
Chicago?' He shook his head. ''m afraid not.' He told her
what had
happened. ''re going to have a reading of the will on
Thursday, Julia.
That's only three days from now. Whoever is behind this

has to get rid
of you by then or his - or her - plan can't work.' She
swallowed. ' see.
Do you have any idea who it is?, ' a matter of fact
...'The telephone
rang. ' me.

9Steve picked up the telephone. '?' ' is Dr. Tichner in
Florida.

Sorry I didn't call earlier, but I've been away.' 341 '.
Tichner. Thank
you for returning my call. Our fir Mi represents the
Stanford estate."

"What can I do for yout ''m calling about Woodrow
Stanford. I believe
he's a patient of yours.' '.' ' he have a drug problem,
doctort "Mr.
Sloane, I'm not at liberty to discuss any of my patients.'
' understand.
I'm not asking this out of curiosity. It's very important
.

..' ''m afraid I can't .. ' did have him admitted to the
Harbor Group
Clinic in Jupiter, didn't yout There was a long
hesitation. '.

That's a matter of record.' ' you, doctor. That's all I
needed to know.'
Steve replaced the receiver ' stood there a moment. ''s
unbelievable!' '
Julia asked. ' down.' Thirty minutes later, Steve was in
his car headed
for Rose Hill. All the pieces had finally fallen into
place. He's
brilliant. It almost worked. It could still work if
anything happened to
Julia, Steve thought. At Rose Hill, Clark answered the
door. ' evening,
Mr. Sloane.' ' evening, Clark. Is Judge Stanford int 342
''s in the
library. I'll tell him you're here."

"Thank you.' He watched Clark walk off. A minute later, the butler
returned. ' Stanford will see you now.' ' you.' Steve walked into the
library. Tyler was sitting in front of a chess board, concentrating. He
looked up as Steve walked in. ' wanted to see met "Yes. I believe the
young woman who came to see you several days ago is the real Julia. The
other Julia was a fake.' ' that's not possible."

"I'm afraid it's true, and I've found out who's behind all this.' There
was a momentary silence. Then Tyler said slowly, ' havet '. I'm afraid
this is going to shock you. it's your brother, Woody., Tyler was looking
up at Steve in amazement. Are you saying that Woody is responsible for
what's been happening?' ''s right.' ' ... I can't believe it.'. ' could
1, but it all checks out. I talked to his doctor in Hobe Sound. Did you
know your brother is on drugst ' ... I've suspected it., ' are
expensive. Woody isn't working. He 343 needs money, and he was obviously
looking for a bigger share of the estate. He's the one who hired the
fake Julia, but when you came to us and asked for a DNA test, he
panicked and had your father's body removed from the coffin because he
couldn't afford to have that test made.

That's what tipped me off. And I suspect that he sent someone to Kansas
City to have the real Julia killed. Did you know that Peggy has a
brother who's tied into the mob? As long as Julia's alive and there are
two Julias around, his plan can1t work.' ' you sure of all

thist
"Absolutely. There's something'else, judge.' 4Yest ' don't think your
father fell off his yacht. I believe that Woody had your father
murdered. Peggy's brother could have arranged that too. I'm told he has
connections with the Marseilles mafia. They could easily have paid a
crew member to do it. I'm flying to Italy tonight to have a talk with
the captain of the yacht.' Tyler was listening intently. When he spoke,
he said approvingly, ''s a good idea.' Captain Vacarro knows nothing.
''ll try to be back by Thursday for the reading of the will." - Tyler
said, ' about the real Julia? ... Are you sure she's safet "Oh, yes,'
Steve said. ''s staying where no one can find her. She's at my house."

Chapter Thirty-three.

"The -gods are On MY side. He could not believe his good fortune. It
was. an incredible stroke of luck. Last night, Steve Sloane had
delivered Julia into his hands. Hal Baker is an incompetent fool, Tyler
thought. ru take care of Julia myse#' this time. He looked up as Clark
came into the room. ' me, Judge Stanford. There's a telephone call for
you.' It was Keith Percy. '?' ', Keith.' ' just wanted to bring you up
to date on the Margo Posner matter.' ' '. Gifford just called me. The
woman is insane. She's carrying on so badly that they have to have her
locked away in the violent ward.' Tyler felt a sharp sense of relief.
''m sorry to hear that.' ', I wanted to ease your mind and let you know

that she's no longer any danger to you or your family! 345
11 appreciate
that,' Tyler said. And he did. Tyler went to his room and telephoned
Lee. There was a long delay before Lee answered. '?' Tyler could hear
voices in the background. 61-=?V "Who is this?' ''s Tyler.' ', yeah.
Tyler.' He could hear the tinkling of glasses. ' you having a party,
Leet '-huh. Do you want to join just Tyler wondered who was at the party.
' wish I could. I'm calling to tell you to get ready to go on that trip
we talked about." Lee laughed. ' mean, on that great big white yacht to
St. Tropez?" "That's right.' '. I can be ready anytime,' he said
mockingly. ', I'm serious.' ', come off it, Tyler. Judges don't have
yachts. I have to go now. My guests are calling me.' ' a minute!' Tyler
said desperately. ' you know who I am?' ', you're -' ''m Tyler Stanford.
My father was Harry Stanford.' There was a moment of silence.

"Are you kidding me?9 '. I'm in Boston now, settling up the estate." 346
"My God! You're that Stanford. I didn't know. I'm sorry. I ... I've been
hearing stuff on the news, but I didn't pay much attention. I never
figured it was you., ''s all right.' ' really meant it about taking me
to St. Tropez, didn't you?' ' course I did. We're going to do a lot of
things together,' Tyler said. ' is, if you-want to.' ' certainly dop
Lee's voice was suddenly filled with enthusiasm. ', Tyler, this is
really great news ...' When Tyler replaced the receiver, he was smiling.
Lee was taken care of. Now, he thought, it's time to take

care of my
ha4(sister. Tyler went into the library where Harry Stanford's gun
collection was kept, opened the case, and removed a mahogany box. From a
drawer below the case, he took out some ammunition.

He put the ammunition in his pocket and carried the wooden box upstairs
to, his bedroom, locked the door behind him and opened the box. Inside
were two matching Ruger revolvers, Harry Stanford's favorites. Tyler
removed one, carefully loaded it, and then placed the extra ammunition
and the box containing the other revolver in his bureau drawer. One shot
will do it, he thought. They had taught him to shoot well at the
military school his father had sent him to. Thank you, Father. Next,
Tyler picked up a telephone directory and looked for Steve Sloane's home
address. 347 280 Newbury Street, Bostom Tyler made his way to the
garage, where there were half a dozen cars. He chose the black Mercedes
as being the least conspicuous. He opened the garage door and listened
to see if the noise had disturbed anyone. There was only silence. On
the drive to Steve Sloane's house, Tyler thought about what he was about
to do. He had never physically committed a murder before. But this time
he had no choice. Julia Stanford was the last obstacle between him and
his dreams. With her gone, his problems would be over. Forever, Tyler
thought. He drove slowly, careful not to attract attention. When he
reached Newbury Street, Tyler cruised past Steve's address. A few cars
were parked on the street, but no pedestrians were around.

He parked the
cat a block away and walked back to the house. He rang, the doorbell and
waited. Julia's voice came through the door. ' is iff ''s Judge
Stanford.' Julia opened the door. She looked at him in surprise. ' are
you doing here? Is anything wrong@' ' ', not at all,' he said easily. '
Sloane asked me to have a talk with you. He told me you were here. May I
come int ', of course.' Tyler walked into the hall and watched Julia
close 348 the door behind him. She led the way into the living room. '
isn't here,' she said. ''s on his way to San Remo.' ' know.' He looked
around. ' YOU alone? Isn't there a housekeeper or someone to stay with
yout '. I'm safe here. May I offer you something?, ', thanks.' ' did you
want to talk to me abouff ' came to talk about you, Julia. I'm
disappointed in you.' ' ... T ' should never havecome here. Did you
really think you could walk in and try to collect a fortune that doesn't
belong to yout She looked at him a moment. ' I have a right to -, ' have
a right to nothing!' Tyler snapped. ' were you all those years when we
were being humiliated and punished by our father? He went out of his way
to hurt us every chance he got. He put us through hell. You didn't have
to go through any of that. Well, we did, and we deserve the money. Not
you.' ' ... what do you want me to dot Tyler gave a short laugh. ' do I
want you to do? Nothing. You've done it already. You damned . spoiled
everything, do you know that ' don't understand.' 349 ''s really quite
simple.' He took out the revolver. ''re going to

disappear.' She took a
step back. ' I ... ''t say anything. Let's not waste time.
You and I are
going on a little trip.' She stiffened.

"What if I won't go?' ', you'll be going. Dead or alive.
Suit yourself.'
In the moment of silence that followed, Tyler heard his
voice boom out
from the next room. ', you'll be going- Dead or alive.
Suit yourse@r'He
whirled around. ' ... 9' Steve Sloane, Simon Fitzgerald,
Lieutenant
Kennedy, and two uniformed policemen stepped into the
living room. Steve
was holding a tape recorder. Lieutenant Kennedy said, ' me
the gun,
judge.' Tyler froze for an instant, then he forced a
smile.

"Of course. I was just trying to scare this woman into
getting out of
here. She's a firmid, you know.' He put the gun in the
detective's
outstretched hand. ' tried to claim part of the Stanford
estate.

Well, I wasn't about to let her get away with it. So I ..
''s over,
judge,' Steve said. ,'What are you talking about? You said
Woody was
responsible for ...' ' wasn't up to planning anything as
clever as this,
and Kendall was already very successful. So I started
checking up on
you. Dmitri Kaminsky was killed in Australia, but the
Australian police
found your telephone number in his pocket. You used him
350 to murder
your father. You're the one who brought in Margo Posner
and then
insisted she was an impostor to throw suspicion off
yourself. You're the
one who insisted on the DNA test and arranged to have the

body removed.

And you're the one who put in the phony call to Timmons. You hired Margo
Posner to impersonate Julia, then had her committed to a psychiatric
ward.' Tyler looked around the room, and when he spoke, his voice was
dangerously calm. ' a phone nwnber on a dead man is yourevidence? I
can't believe this! You set up your pitiful little trap based. on that?

You don't have a shred of proof. My telephone number was in Dmitri's
pocket because I thought my father might be in danger. I told Dmitri to
be careful. Obviously, he wasn't careful enough. Whoever killed my
father probably killed Dmitri. That's who the police should be looking
for. I called Timmons because I wanted him to find out the truth.

Someone impersonated him. I have no idea who. And unless you can find
him and tie him to me, you have nothing. As far as Margo Posner is
concerned, I really believed that she was our sister. When she suddenly
went crazy, going on a buying spree and threatening to kill us all, I
persuaded her to go to Chicago. Then I arranged to have her picked up
and committed. I wanted to keep all this out of the press to protect the
family.' Julia said, ' you came here to kill me.' Tyler shook his head.
' had no intention of killing 351 you. You're an impostor. I just wanted
to scare you away- ''re lying.' He turned to the others.

"There's something else you might consider. IVs possible that none of

the family is involved. It could be some insider who's manipulating
this, someone who put in an impostor and planned to convince the family
she was genuine and then split a share of the estate with her. That
didn't occur to any of you, did iff He turned to Simon Fitzgerald. ''m
going to sue you both for slander, and I'm going to take away everything
you've got. These are my witnesses. Before I'm through with you,
you'llwish you had never heard of me. I control billions, and I'm going
to use them to destroy you.' He looked at Steve. ' promise you that your
last act as a lawyer will be the reading of the Stanford will. Now,
unless you want to charge me with carrying an unlicensed weapon, I'll be
leaving.' The group looked at one another uncertainly. '? Well, good
evening, then.' They watched helplessly as he walked out the door.

Lieutenant Kennedy was the first one to find his voice. ' Goff he said.

"Do you believe that ''s bluffing,'Steve said slowly.'But we can't
prdve it. He's right. We need proof. I thought he would crack, but I
underestimated him.' Simon Fitzgerald spoke. ' looks like our little
plan 352 backfired. Without Dmitri Kaminsky or the testimony of the
Posner woman, we have nothing but suspicions.' ' about the threat on my
life?, Julia protested. Steve said, ' heard what he said. He was just
trying to, scare you because he thought you were an impostor. ' wasn't
just trying to scare me,' Julia said. ' intended to kill me."

"I know. But there isn't a thing we can do. Dickens had it right: "The
law is a ass ... " We're right back where we started.' Fitzgerald
frowned.

"It's worse than that, Steve. Tyler meant what he said about suing us.

Unless we canprove our charges, we're in trouble.' When the others had
left, Julia said to Steve, ''m so sorry about all this. I feel
responsible in a'way. If I hadn't come ...' ''t be silly,' Steve said.

"But he said he's going to ruin you. Can he do that Steve shrugged.

"We'll have to see.' Julia hesitated. ', I'd like@ to help you: He
looked at her, puzzled. ' do you mean?' ', I'm going to have a lot of
money. I'd like to give you enough so you can -' . He put his hands on
her shoulders. ' you, Julia. I can't take your money. I'll be fine.' '
... I ''t worry about it., 353 She shuddered. ''s an evil man.' `It was
very brave of you to do what you did.' ' said there was no way to get
him, so I thought if you sent him here, that could be the way to trap
him.' ' looks as though were the ones who fell into the trap, doesn't
iff That night, Julia lay in her bed, thinking about Steve and wondering
how she could protect him. I shouldn't have come, she thought, but if I
hadn't come, I wouldn't have met him In the next room, Steve lay in bed,
thinking about Julia. It was frustrating to think that she was lying in

her bed with only a thin wall between them. What am I
talking about?
That wall is a billion dollars thick. Tyler was in an
exuberant mood. On
the way home, he thought about what had just taken place,
and how he had
outwitted them. They're pygmies trying to fell a giant, he
thought. And
he had no idea that these were once his father's thoughts.
When Tyler
reached Rose Hill, Clark greeted him. ' evening, Judge
Tyler. I hope
you're well this evening.' ' better, Clark. Never better.'
' I get you
anythingt "Yes. I think I'd like a glass of champagne.'
354 ' course,
sir.' It, was a celebration, the celebration of his
victory. Tomorrow
r1l be worth over two billion dollars. He said the phrase
lovingly over
an dover.

"Two billion dollars ... two billion dollars ...' He
decided to call
Lee. This time Lee recognized his voice immediately. '!
How are you?'
His -voice was warm. ', Lee.' ''ve been waiting to hear
from you: Tyler
felt a little thrill. ' you? How would you like to come to
Boston
tomorrowt ' ... but what fort ' the reading of the will.
I'm going to
inherit over two billion dollars.' , ... that's
fantastic!' ' want you
here at my side. We're going to pick out that yacht
together.' ', Tylerl
That sound's wonderful!' ' you'll comet "Of course, I
will.' When Lee
replaced the receiver, he sat there saying lovingly over
an dover, '
billion dollars ... two billion dollars."

Chapter Thirty-four.

The day before the reading of the will, Kendal l and Woody were seated
in Steve's office. ' don't understand why we're here,. Woody said. '
reading is supposed to be tomorrow.' ''s someone I want you to meet,'
Steve told them. ' ' sister.' They were both staring at him. ''ve
already met her,' Kendall said. Steve pressed a button on the intercom.
' you ask her to come in, pleaset Kendall and Woody looked at each
other, puzzled. The door opened, and Julia Stanford walked into the
office. Steve stood up. ' is your sister, Julia."

"What the hell are you talking aboutt Woody exploded. ' are you trying
to pulff ' me explain,' Steve said quietly. He spoke for fifteen
minutes, and finished by saying, ' Winger confirmed that her DNA matches
your father's.' 356 When he was through, Woody said, "Tyler! I can't
believe it!' ' it.' ' don't understand. The other woman's fingerprints
prove that she is Julia,' Woody said. ' still have the fingerprmt card.'
Steve felt his pulse pounding. ' dot "Yeah. I kept it as kind of a
joke,-' ' want you to do me a favor," Steve said. At ten o'clock the
next morning, a large group was gathered in the conference room of
Renquist, Renquist & Fitzgerald. Simon Fitzgerald sat at the head of a
table. In the room were Kendall, Tyler, Woody, Steve, and Julia. In
addition, there were several strangers present. Fitzgerald introduced
two of them. ' is William Parker and Patrick Evans. They're with the law
firms that represent Stanford Enterprises. They've brought with them the

financial report on the company. I'll discuss the will first, then they
can take over the meeting.' ''s get on with it,' Tyler said impatiently.
He was sitting apart from the others. I'm not only going to get the
money, but Im going to destroy you bastards. Simon Fitzgerald nodded. '
well.' In front of Fitzgerald was a large file marked HARRY STANFORD -
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT. ''m going to give each of you a copy of the
will so it won't be 357 necessary to wade through all the technicalities. I 9ve already told you that Harry Stanford's children
ill equally inherit the estate.' Julia glanced over at Steve, a look of
bemusement on her face.

Fm gladfor her, Steve thought. Even though it puts her way out of my
reach. Simon Fitzgerald was going on. ' are a dozen or so bequests, but
they're all minor.' Tyler was thinking, Lee will be here this afternoon.
I want to be at the airport to meet him ' you were told earlier,
Stanford Enterprises has assets of approximately six billion dollars.'
Fitzgerald nodded toward William Parker.'I'll let Mr. Parker take it
from here.' William Parker opened a briefcase and spread some papers out
on the conference table. ' Mr. Fitzgerald said, there are six billion
dollars in assets. However ... 9 , was a pregnant pause. He looked
around the room. ' Enterprises is in debt in excess of fifteen billion
dollars.' Woody was on his feet. ' the hell are you sayine.' Tyler's
face turned ashen. ' this some kind of macabre joket ' has to be!'
Kendall said hoarsely. Mr. Parker turned to one of the men

in the room.
'. Leonard Redding is with the Securities and Exchange Commission. I'll
let him explain.' 358 Redding nodded. ' the last two years, Harry
Stanford was convinced that interest rates were going to fall. In the
past, he had made millions by betting on that. When interest rates
started to rise, he was still convinced they would drop again, and he
kept leveraging his bets. He did massive borrowing to buy long-term
bonds, but the interest rates went up and his borrowing costs jumped,
while the value of the bonds tumbled. The banks were willing to do
business with him because of his reputation and his vast fortune, but
when he tried to recoup his losses by starting to invest in high-risk
securities, they began to get worried. He made a series of disastrous
investments. Some of the money he borrowed was pledged by securities he
had bought with borrowed money as collateral for' further borrowing.' '
other words,' Patrick Evans interjected, ' was pyramiding his debts,
operating illegally.' ' is correct.

Unfortunately for him, interest rates underwent one of the steepest
climbs in financial history. He had to keep borrowing money to cover the
money he had already borrowed. It was a vicious circle.' They sat there,
hanging on Redding's every word. ' father gave his personal guarantee to
the company's pension plan and illegally used that money to buy more
stock. When the banks began to question what he was doing, he set up
decoy companies and provided false records of solvency and

fake sales of
his 359 properties to drive up the value of his paper. He
was committing
fraud. In the end, he was counting on a consortium of
banks to bail him
out of trouble., They refused. When they told the
Securities and
Exchange Commission what was happening, Interpol was
brought into the
picture.' Redding indicated the man seated next to him.

"This is Inspector Patou, with the French Sftret6.
Inspector, would you
explain the rest of it, pleaset Inspector Patou spoke
English with a
slight French accent. ' the request of Interpol, we traced
Harry
Stanford to St.-Paul-de-Vence, and I sent three detectives
there to
follow him. He managed to elude them. Interpol had put out
a green code
to all police departments that Harry Stanford was under
suspicion and
should be watched. If they had known the extent of his
crimes, they
would have circulated a red code, or top priority, and we
would have
apprehended him.' Woody -was in a state of -shock. ''s why
he left us
his estate. Because there was nothing in it!' William
Parker said,
"You're right about that. You were all in your father's
will because the
banks refused to go along with him and he knew that, in
essence, he was
leaving you nothing. But he spoke to Ren6 Gautier at
Cr6dit Lyonnais,
who promised to help him. The moment Harry Stanford
thought that he was
solvent again, he planned to change his will to cut you
out of it., 360
"But what about the yacht, and the plane, `:4<3' and the
housest Kendall asked.

"I'm sorry,' Parker said. ' will be sold to pay off part
of the debt.'
Tyler sat there, numb. It was a nightmare beyond
imagining.

He was no longer Tyler Stanford, Multibillionaire. He was
merely a
judge. Tyler got up to leave, shaken. ' I don't know what
to say.

If there's nothing else.. He had to get to the airport
quickly to meet
Lee and try to explain what had happened. Steve spoke up.
' is something
else.' He turned. '?' Steve nodded to a man standing at
the door. The
door opened, and Hal Baker walked in. ', judge-' The
breakthrough had
come when Woody told Steve that he had the fingerprint
card. ''d like to
see it,' Steve told him. Woody had been puzzled.

"Why? It just has the woman's two sets of fingerprints on
it, and they
matched. We all checked it.' ' the man who called himself
Frank Timmons
took the fingerprints, right?' '.' ' if he touched the
card, his
fingerprints will be on it.' 361 Steve's hunch had proved
to be right.
Hal Baker's prints were all over the card, and it had
taken less than
thirty minutes for the computers to reveal his identity.
Steve had
telephoned the district attorney in Chicago. A warrant was
issued, and
two detectives had appeared at Hal Baker's house. He was
in the yard
playing catch with Billy. '. Bakert '.' The detectives
showed their
badges. ' district attorney would like to talk to you.' '.
I can't.' He
was indignant. ' I ask whyt one of the detectives asked.

"You can see why, can't you? I'm playing ball with my son!' The district
attorney had read the transcript of Hal Baker's trial. He looked at the
man seated in front of him and said, ' understand you're a family man."
"That's right,' Hal Baker said proudly. ''s what this country is all
about. If every family could -' '. Baker. He leaned forward. ''ve been
working with Judge Stanford.' ' don't know any Judge Stanford."

"Let me refresh your memory. He put you on parole. He used you to
impersonate a private detective named Frank Timmons, and we have reason
to believe he also asked you to kill a Julia Stanford.' ' don't know
what you're talking about.' 362 ' I'm talking about is a sentence of ten
to twenty years. I'm going to push for the twenty.' Hal Baker turned
pale. ' can't do that! Why, my wife and kids would ...' '. On the other
hand,' the district attorney said, ' you're willig to turn state's
evidence, I'm prepared to arrange for you-to get off very lightly.' Hal
Baker was beginning to pefspire. ' ... what do I have to dot - ' to me.'
Now, in the conference room of Renquist, Renquist & Fitzgerald, Hal
Baker looked at Tyler, and said, ' are you, judget Woody looked up and
exclaimed, '! It's Frank Timmons!' Steve said to Tyler, ' is the man you
ordered to break into our offices to get you a copy of your father's
will, to dig up your father's body, and to kill Julia Stanford.' It took
a moment for Tyler to find his voice. ''re crazy! He's a convicted
felon. No one is going to take his word against mine!' '

one has to take
his word,' Steve said. ' you seen this man beforet '
course. He was
tried in my court.' ''s his namet "His name is ...' Tyler
saw the trap.
' mean ... he probably has a lot of aliases.' 363 ' you
tried him in
your courtroom, his name was Hal Baker.' ' ... that's
right.' ' when he
came to Boston, you introduced him as Frank Timmons.'
Tyler was
floundering. ', I ... I ... ' had him released into your
custody, and
you used him to try to prove that Margo Posner was the
real Julia.' '! I
had nothing to do with that. I never met that woman until
she showed up
here.' Steve turned to Lieutenant Kennedy. ' you get that,
Lieutenant?'
'." Steve turned back to Tyler. ' checked on Margo Posner.
She was also
tried in your courtroom and released into your custody.
The district
attorney in Chicago issued a search warrant-this morning
for your
safe-deposit box. He called a little while ago to tell me
that they
found a document giving you Julia Stanford's share of your
father's
estate. The document was signed five days before the
supposed Julia
Stanford arrived in Boston.' Tyler was breathing hard,
trying to regain
his wits. ' ... I ... This is preposterous!' Lieutenant
Kennedy said,
"I'm placing you under arrest, Judge Stanford, for
conspiracy to commit
murder. We'll arrange for extradition papers. You'll be
sent back to
Chicago.' 364 Tyler stood there, his world collapsing
around him. ' have
the right to remain silent. If you choose to give up this
right anything
you say can and will be used against you in a court of

law. You have the
right to talk to a lawyer and have him present with you
while you are
being questioned. If you cannot afford to hire a lawyer,
one will be
appointed to represent you before any questioning, if you
yvish one. Do
you understandt Lieutenant Kennedy asked. '.' And then a
slow triumphant
smile lit his1ace. I know how to beat them! he thought
happily. ' you
ready, judget He nodded and said calmly, '. I'm ready. I'd
like to go
back to Rose. Hill to pick up my things.' ''s fine. We'll
have these two
policemen accompany you.% Tyler turned to look at Julia,
and there was
so much hatred in his eyes that it made her shudder.
Thirty minutes
later, Tyler and the two policemen reached Rose Hill. They
walked into
the front hall. , will take me only a few minutes to
pack,' Tyler said.
They watched as Tyler went up the staircase to his room.
In his room,
Tyler walked over to the bureau containing the revolver
and loaded it.
The sound of the shot seemed to reverberate forever.

Chapter Thirty-five.

Woody and Kendall were seated in the drawing room at Rose
Hill. Half a
dozen men in white overalls were taking down paintings
from the walls
and starting to dismantle the furnishings. ''s the end of
an era,"
Kendall sighed. ''s the beginning,' Woody said. He smiled.
' wish I
could see Peggy's face when she finds out what her half of
my fortune
is!' He took his sister's hand. ' you okay? About Marc, I
mean.' She
nodded. ''ll get over it. Anyhow, I'm going to be very

busy. I have a
preliminary hearing in two weeks. After, that, I'll see
what happens."

"I'm sure everything will be all right.' He rose. ' have
an important
telephone call to make,' Woody told her. He had to break
the news to
Mimi Carson. ',' Woody said apologetically, ''m afraid I'm
going to have
to go back on our deal. Things haven't worked out as I had
hoped they
would.' ' you all right, Woodyt 366 '. A lot has been
going on here.
Peggy and I are finished.' There was a long pause. '? Are
you coming
back to Hobe Sound?' ', I don't know what I'm going to
do.' Voody?' Her
voice was soft. ' back, please.' Julia and Steve were out
on the patio.
''m sorry about the way things turned out," Steve said. '
your not
getting the money, I mean.' Julia smiled at him. ' don't
really need a
hundred chefs.' ''re not disappointed that your trip here
was wastedt
She looked up at him. ' it wasted, Stevet They never knew
who made the
first move, but she was in his arms, and he was holding
her, and they
were kissing. ''ve been wanting to do this since the first
time I saw
you. Julia shook her head. ' first time you saw me, you
told me to get
out of town!' He grinned. ' did, didn't I? I don't ever
want you to
leave.' And she thought of Sally's words. ''t you know if
the man
proposep"Is that a proposal?' Julia asked. 367 He held her
tighter. '
bet it is. Will you marry me? v ', yes!' Kendall came out
to the patio.
She was holding a piece of paper in her hand. ' ... I just
got this in

the mail.' Steve looked at her, worried. ' another. 9' '. I've been
named Women's Wear Designer of the Year.' Woody and Kendall and Julia
and Steve were seated at the dining-room table. All around them workmen
were moving chairs and couches, and carrying them off. Steve turned to
Woody. ' are you going to do TIOVOP ''m going back to Hobe Sound. First,
I'm going to check in with Dr. Tichner. Their a friend of mine has a
string of ponies that I'm going to ride.' Kendall looked at Julia. ' you
going back to Kansas City?' When I was a little girl, Julia thought, I
wished that someone would take me out of Kansas and bring me to a
magical place where I wouldfind my prince. She took Steve's hand. ','
Julia said.

"I'm not going back to Kansas.' They watched two men take down the huge
portrait of Harry Stanford. ' never did like that picture,' Woody said.